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A WEDDING FEAST.

"A smile of God thou art"

"Go not, happy day, from the shining fields."

THE COMING OF CHRIST, THE COMFORTER.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

AND NOW THE SUMMER SCHOOLS. I hear that the outlook for both Cliff Haven and Madison is brighter than ever. I know of many priests and laymen who intend to go to a Catholic summer school this summer for the first time. I also know of many more who do not intend to do any such thing.

It is my private opinion that an immense amount of advertising, explaining and arousing, which ought to be done, is not done, or, at best, half done. Many have no idea what these schools are: many more have a wrong idea; others make no bones at all about pooh-poohing the whole movement as a fad especially appealing to single ladies of devout habits and numerous summers, and to clergymen apt to be scrupulous in the nice points of finger-nails and wrist-bands.

Those who know what they are talking about and who are capable of really large ideas of any sort, are unanimous in their advocacy of the movement.

Sad, indeed, is the spectacle of a Catholic possessing the measureless opportunity, which any Catholic in this country possesses, for becoming a member of the mighty invading army of the people of God—invading the promised land of ever higher civilization and deeper culture—missing the signs of the times and actually retarding by his indifference the glorious (and inevitable) consummation.

Nothing is easier than criticism. Any lazy man can point out flaws in the best laid plans of the brave and noble who are *doing* anything. People, stupid and shallow, find it easier to refrain from helping a great intellectual work by objecting to its *modus operandi,* than by openly confessing that they themselves are clams and jellyfish who have read absolutely nothing since they left college, except the newspapers, and are now mentally so lethargic that anything like thought is utterly beyond their powers. Depend upon it! the man who objects to features and details in the summer school movement may be put down unhesitatingly as an intellectual oyster.

If he really cared a fig about the elevation of the Catholic people he would not spend his vacation at Saratoga or Atlantic City, picking flaws in the summer schools from the indolent verandahs of those shoddy caravansaries amid the fumes of Havanas and

surrounded by the vulgar idleness of the rich and nasty; but he would be at Plattsburgh or Madison correcting the flaws and doing his earnest and manly best to perfect the system. The schools are magnificent successes. Each of the men and women connected with them is worth a host of the brainless others who are not.

I think in these things we are very apt to look at the wrong end. The wonder is not that so few strive for the higher things.

Let us face facts. Most men may not be fools, but there certainly is a powerful lot of them around. And to every born fool there are a hundred fellows who never get very much beyond the clod level. A full stomach, something to look at, noises to hear, true men to criticise, a spittoon handy —what need for more in this life! And, then, we must remember that these vegetables say their prayers, fill their corner of the garden, and, please God, come to Heaven at last. Gray matter is scarce, say what you like.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS are a power for good in no end of ways. As far as an outsider can see, the order has a surprising lack of tomfoolery, and an abundance of exactly that kind of active spirit which is most desperately needed in the crude and superficial semi-civilization in which we find ourselves. The loftiest ideals are proclaimed by these *fin de siècle* crusaders, and Truth for them seems to have direct bearing on the very least details of social existence. Their "high emprise" seems to have room for the consideration of everything in the make-up of a gentleman from a pious and frequent use of the holy sacraments, down to the little punctillios of good-breeding. More power to them! They have recently been giving very practical evidence of the reality and vigor of their Christian patriotism.

It seems that through duly appointed committees they have been reaching the thousands of Catholic "boys" now under arms for the country in several camps, with the result that in the matter of prayer-books *and warm socks* many a lad has been made happy. Papers, magazines, toothbrushes, rosaries, cheery words and sound advice, have been scattered wholesale by these true Knights of the Cross and of common-sense.

THE AMERICAN(?) PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION and the Spanish spies and other friends of Uncle Sam, are at present conducting their campaign from the safe distance of Canada. Poor old gouty *A. P. A.!* These must be sad days for that aggregation of bugaboo hunters. Imagine one of their ghost-dances in the lodges of Ottawa or the primeval forests of Manitoba! Hear the wail of their mighty Sagamores! Oh! the lamentations of their squaws! Catholics by tens of thousands rushing to the front to die for America! Woe! Not a single A. P. A. regiment, company, squad, or individual, but has rushed also—to burrow in back alleys in Toronto! A Catholic fires the first gun; several of these enemies of civilization again are found at Cardenas, Cienfuegos, Santiago! At Manila scores of them on each ship, at each point of danger! Of Hobson's six heroes, one was Murphy and another was Kelly, and two others suspected of Catholicity! Howl, ye pines! Ye winds of heaven moan! Were ever times so bad! And the true friends of man not even able to protest against this scandalous Catholic patriotism as they have taken to the woods where only the ground-hog and the badger and the *Mephitis Mephitica* or *Spilogale Putorius*, (see dictionary), can witness their indignation and heaviness of soul!

AN EVANGELICAL MINISTER has recently written a terrific arraignment of Evangelicalism, in which he proves

to his own satisfaction (and ours) that this religious movement has missed all of its opportunity in the past, has been of immense value to the forces inimical to true Christian civilization, and stands today a ludicrous humbug and failure, whose sheer impotency and folly alone save it from the execrations of mankind.

This is rather a low estimate to make of one's own mother, but whether or not all of the reverend gentleman's aspersions are just, his tirade serves one very useful end. It teaches, it seems to me, the lesson, that it is not only unkind, but unnecessary, for us to attack these moribund sects. Why need a Catholic attack a communion whose own members are saying such saucy things about their mother? Leave it to their own ministers, and in a generation or two neither creeds, confessions, nor Bibles, will remain. We have need to fear the impending atheism more than any existing distortions of divine truth.

SOME ZEALOUS CHURCHMEN are wondering if, after all, Gladstone did not die a Catholic and the fact kept secret for state reasons. Fudge! Beyond a certain breadth of feeling and sense of justice compelling him to espouse the cause of Catholic liberties, the Grand Old Man, as far as I know, never gave the slightest sign of dissatisfaction with Anglicanism. He was a devout High-Churchman, and as such his life and beliefs closely approximated to the true Catholic standards; but it would be hard to reconcile some of his published opinions with any desire on his part to submit to the authority of the Holy See. He told me once (in an interview which chance procured for me), that he was a life-long admirer and disciple of Dr. von Döllinger. He had a magnificent portrait of the great German apostate, and while showing it to me he launched out into affectionate praise of the man, and, inferentially, into condemnation of Papal infallibility and the policy of the Roman Curia, which had forced so noble a mind as von Döllinger's into revolt. Had this wretched man remained a Catholic, who knows but Gladstone might have had the gift of faith sooner or later? As it was, his noble life was a boon to a faithless age. His simple, unaffected piety, his childlike dependence upon God, even in little things, his great, pure, duty-doing character, his stern devotion to justice and chivalrous enthusiasm for humanity, all make him a great man. Such God will reward. *Requiescat in pace.*

THAT AMERICA IS "ANGLO-SAXON" and Protestant is proved (if at all), by the desire of our A.-S. and Protestant friends to *live* in America. The Catholic "foreigners" have always, on the other hand, manifested a willingness to *die* for America.

THE DANGEROUS ELEMENTS in our population have gone to the front in such large numbers that the thoroughly reliable Americans, who stayed home, must be breathing easier.

IT LOOKS NOW AS if the wonderful improvement in the binding, printing and paper of "religious" books, had come to stay. It was time! Now, if the publishers will only sell us good books at—say, about twice as much as the Devil furnishes his works at—we shall, indeed, be happy. Trash at fifty cents a volume, handsomely illustrated; and righteousness and truth at two dollars, tends to make ordinary mortals wonder if God does not care for our brains.

HEAVEN HELP THE MAN OR WOMAN who discovers only on the day of judgment, what anybody, but a fool, knows now; namely, that to send a child to a public school when a Christian school is nearby is as bad morals

and bad sense as to give it poisoned or unwholesome food in preference to that which is sound and good. It may manage to pull through alive; but Hell is not good enough for the vain coxcomb who risks his child's soul for the sake of getting it into "better" society for a day or two here in this two-penny world.

THE ALMOST FORGOTTEN CRY of "No Popery!" has been heard twice in England of late. Once was on the now famous occasion when a Mr. Kensit, a rabid Evangelical, violently protested against some popish ceremonies in a ritualistic parish church in London in Holy Week. And the other was a few days since in Cambridge University, when a large majority voted down a proposition to allow the affiliation of a Catholic college with the University. The surprise does not lie in the sudden resounding of the old war-cry, but in the remarkable character of the circumstances which called it forth. Poor Kensit has been squelched by popular opinion, and ritualism has scored another triumph. As to Cambridge: when one remembers how short a time ago no Catholic could study at the University, one need not wonder at the present unwillingness to see an avowed Roman Catholic College built and becoming part of Cambridge. But it will come —and soon.

Oxford—if anything, more conservative and anti-Catholic than Cambridge—has already a Catholic College, under the charge of the Jesuits at that!

No! Great is truth, and even English buckram and the starched bands (and brains) of the whole Bench of Right Reverend and Wrong Reverend Pomposities, cannot resist her melting and winning ways. "No Popery!" yelled John Bull until he was redder than ever in the face. And then he has seen "Popery" make its converts by the tens of thousands from the very flower of his sons; he has seen a Catholic hierarchy set up; Catholic emancipation acts passed in Parliament; Catholic rights extended year by year; his own Established Church "Romanizing" herself in creed and ceremonies; Papists admitted to the universities, and attaining to the very highest positions in arts, letters, politics, law, medicine and society; and, at last, a Jesuit College in Oxford! One more good bellow, Jonathan, and the Queen herself will get her to a nunnery, and Exeter Hall be turned into a shrine, and Guy Fawkes be made the patron saint of Britain.

AGAIN I DESIRE TO SAY that Dr. Condé Pallen's "New Rubáiyát" is a piece of very strong workmanship. The poor little "Catholic critics" say that it is a very nice little poem; but in spite of this I hope the readers of *Donahoe's* will believe me when I tell them that we have had nothing to equal its chaste and profound spirit for many a moon.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Tall, raw-boned and emaciated, with a fixed resolve stamped upon features that had doubtless been pleasant and attractive in early life, Aunt Matty bustled energetically about her kitchen, and spoke sharply to the girl helping her.

"It ain't him that I'm disliking," she said. "I don't know anything agin him; he's a likely enough chap. But it's the railroad he's working for. I won't have nothing to do with anybody that works for that soulless corporation. Didn't they kill your father, I'd like to know, Hetty Wilson? and didn't they kill my Matthew? Poor Matthew, he was wuth his weight in gold to me! And what did we get for them? Nothing—absolutely nothing. No; you shouldn't be a-falling in love with anybody on that road."

"But, Aunty, Wilson has to make a living," protested Hetty, with a flush on her cheeks and a bright sparkle in her eyes. "He wouldn't ask me to marry him if he didn't have a good position."

"It don't make no difference," interrupted the elder woman abruptly. "Tell him to get out of that company, and then he can come here and marry you. But so long's he's part and parcel of that road he ain't coming to my house."

"Why, Aunty, don't be unreasonable—"

"Don't talk that way. I ain't more unreasonable than that railroad company. They killed your father when he was working for them, and they killed poor Matthew when he was in the prime of life. Didn't I ask them polite enough to give me a new horse—not that any one could take poor Matthew's place—and didn't they refuse, telling me to my face that it was my fault? Could I help being deaf in one ear, and poor Matthew blind in one eye, I'd like to know?"

"No," faltered the girl, "but I don't see what that has to do with Wilson; he's only a conductor on the road; and it wasn't his train that ran over Matthew."

"Humph! No, of course not," sniffed the woman, "but wasn't it one of the trains of that company, and ain't he working for them?—and won't he one day kill some other poor woman's horse?"

"I hope not," Hetty answered with a dubious expression on her face.

Then, with more animation, she asked:

"Did you apply regularly for damages, Aunty, after Matthew was killed?"

"Did I? I should think I did. Then they refused me, and I tried to force them. I gave them all the trouble I could. I used to grease the tracks on the grade above Pembroke until they couldn't move the train a foot until they had sanded it. Then I'd run out at night with a torch and stop the express, and tell the conductor to tell the superintendent to pay me for my horse. This made 'em so mad that they threatened to arrest me. But I told 'em I must have damages for my Matthew. Then they laughed at me, and called me a crazy woman. But I ain't crazy—and never will be."

The woman gave a harsh laugh that revealed a glimpse of a past life of suffering, disappointment and grim determination that made Hetty stop and think.

The following Sunday when Wilson

Seymour came down from Pembroke to see her she spoke to him at an opportune moment about Matthew.

"Can't something be done to collect damages for his death?" she asked innocently.

"Why, bless you, my dear, the old horse was killed ten years ago," he replied, laughing. "He wasn't worth ten dollars, and the company wasn't responsible for his death."

"But Aunt Matty says that it was," Hetty answered, wishing to present her aunt's side of the question, "and I'd believe her quicker than I would the company."

"Of course, of course! Your aunt believes it, and probably she had some good reason. But it happened so long ago that nothing could be done now. The incident is closed on the company's books, and they wouldn't reopen the question. You know we've had two new presidents since then."

Hetty did not reply for some time, but walked meditatively along the wooded road, on her lover's arm.

"I wish," she said finally, "that you could do something in the matter. You know Aunt Matty has strong prejudices, and a will that can't be broken."

"I should think so," Wilson answered lightly. "The trouble she's given the road would indicate that. You know all the engineers have special orders when passing her house?"

"No, I hadn't heard of that," Hetty replied quickly.

She had lived with Aunt Matty only a year and a half, and her knowledge of the past history of the place was only vague and hazy.

"Well," Wilson replied, "she acted so queerly a few years ago that the company decided to prosecute her for interfering with travel. Then they decided that she was queer—crazy, it says in the report—and that they wouldn't do anything unless absolutely necessary. Her actions were annoying, but harmless. She would grease the tracks, and stop the trains at night with all sorts of signals. Finally orders were issued not to pay any attention to her signals, and for every engineer to sand the track thoroughly when they passed her house to start up the grade toward Pembroke. That kind of got the best of her, and she soon stopped bothering us. We have not had any trouble with her for a long time now. I believe she sends in an annual claim for damages for her horse, with interest charged to date. But that is all."

Hetty's cheeks were growing more crimson as she listened to this story. She felt that there must be some justification for her aunt's actions, and the slight sense of mortification she experienced was off-set by compassion.

"Poor aunty must have had a good deal of provocation to make her act like that," she said slowly. "I think the railroad ought to pay her something for the horse."

She stopped in her walk and faced her lover. Wilson looked a little puzzled at the serious expression of her face.

"Well, my dear, I wish the company would," he replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Then why don't you try—to get them—to use your influence?"

"I? Why, they wouldn't listen to me."

"But you can try," persisted the girl.

"And make a fool of myself—and probably be dismissed for my pains."

"That wouldn't matter if you did it in a righteous cause," Hetty continued, trying hard to hold her ground.

"But, my dear, the thing is so unreasonable," he began in a pleading voice. "I would do anything for you—"

"Then do this," interrupted Hetty. "Suppose I should say that I would not, or could not, marry you until

aunty got some damages for her horse."

He looked at her to see if she were serious; but as no trace of a smile broke out upon her lips he answered gravely:

"I should say, then, we would never marry."

A slight shudder made her tremble, but she answered bravely: "Well, that is practically what aunty says, and you know I can never marry without her consent. She is so prejudiced and set in her ways that—"

"Yes, I know, but she hasn't come between us. I shall marry—"

But Hetty stepped back, and avoided his grasp. "Not until you have made the effort to win me," she said.

"Why, Hetty, will you let a dead horse separate us?" he asked earnestly. "Old Matthew wasn't worth it. I'll pay the damages myself if it will satisfy your aunt."

"But it wouldn't satisfy me. I have made up my mind that the railroad shall be made to pay damages for Matthew, and if you won't help me I'll do it alone. Until then we won't talk anything more about marrying."

A few hours later Wilson left her in that obstinate mood, and returned to his duties in a bewildered and perplexed state of mind.

"What is the matter with her?" he asked himself. "I believe that old aunt has some baleful influence over her, or is that horse always going to be a Jonah to this road? I wish the company would pay for the old animal, and get it off the books."

His train passed through Pembroke and past Aunt Matty's cottage every night shortly after nine o'clock. A welcome light, and a face pressed against the panes of a certain window, always told him that one soul was thinking of him as he rushed by, and the remembrance of the picture brightened his thoughts on the up journey. It was only twice a week—Sundays and Wednesdays—that he could get off long enough to run down and see Hetty, and he improved every such opportunity to its full extent. On Monday, after his peculiar parting with Hetty, it rained incessantly, and as his train passed the cottage at night he could barely make out the face and figure at the window through the sheets of mist. It rained all day Monday and Tuesday, the water pouring down in sheets. The country was flooded, and strong rivulets formed on the mountainsides, rushed down into the valleys with the violence of tornadoes. At sundown on Tuesday the clouds broke away, and the wet landscape received a short glimpse of the setting sun. After the storm the country looked more attractive than ever. Hetty stepped out upon the porch and viewed the glorious sight with pleasure.

"Oh, Aunty, come out a minute, and enjoy this sight," she called. "The air is so refreshing and invigorating. I feel just like a romp."

"If it's cleared off for good I believe I'll go to Pembroke after supper and get some things," Aunt Mattie replied, shading her eyes from the light of the sun. "We ain't got much tea nor salt."

"I'll go with you, then," Hetty answered quickly. "I'll enjoy the walk."

"Yes, it will do both of us a sight of good."

It was eight o'clock before they started down the railroad track. Pembroke was two miles away, but neither minded a four-mile walk. Hetty thought of Wilson, and wondered if he would miss her familiar face at the window. She lighted the lamp before leaving, and left it burning in its accustomed place.

In the dusk of the evening the walk along the track was pleasant enough, and they knew before they started to return that the moon would break

through the rifted clouds, and light up their way. From Aunt Matty's cottage to Pembroke it was a slight up-grade all the way, and the express trains had to puff hard to retain their full speed. A long trestle bridge crossed the Pembroke river about one mile out, and, as the trains had to slow up a little in crossing this wooden structure, their progress up the grade was made more difficult. When the two women approached the bridge, Hetty took hold of her aunt's arm and said: "I hate to cross the bridge when it's so dark. If we should fall through what would happen?"

"Nonsense, child!" replied Aunt Matty. "We won't fall through."

She took hold of the girl's arm reassuringly, and strode forward boldly. Hetty followed, but her eyes were bent close to the ground. She was anxious to discover the first cross-tie that marked the beginning of the bridge. Suddenly she drew back with a half-smothered scream.

"What is it, Hetty?" Aunt Matty said. "Dont' be so nervous. Come on, I'll hold your arm."

"Stop, Aunty," Hetty exclaimed, holding back. "Something is wrong."

"What do you mean? I don't see anything."

Hetty was peering intently through the darkness.

"The bridge, Aunty! Where is it?" she exclaimed.

"Why, here; right ahead of us."

"No, it isn't; it's gone. Oh, aunty, the bridge is washed away!"

The girl uttered these words in a voice that expressed all the horror of the situation.

"Nonsense, Hetty; I see the bridge," replied Aunt Matty.

"No, no, come back; it's gone," Hetty cried, as her aunt persisted in advancing.

"Well, I'll find out; I can't see's well as you, maybe."

She got down on her hands and knees, and crawled out upon the ties. She disappeared in the gloom; but a moment later returned.

"Is it gone?" Hetty gasped.

"Yes; it's clean gone; broke right in the middle," the woman replied, gravely.

There was silence for a minute. Then Hetty suddenly remembered her situation.

"Oh, Aunt Hetty, the nine o'clock express!" she gasped.

"Yes, it will be here soon," the elder woman replied, quietly.

"But we must stop it."

"It's Providence's work," Aunt Matty answerd in a hard voice.

Hetty looked at her in horror. What horrible thought of revenge was she entertaining? She shrunk from her for the first time in her life.

"Then it's our duty to undo Providence's work," Hetty replied, hotly.

Aunt Matty stood quiet and unmoved; she neither replied nor took notice of her niece. She was lost in her own thoughts. For a moment Hetty's indignation swept away all other considerations; then the thought of the coming express frightened her.

"I must stop it!" she moaned. "I must stop it! Oh, Wilson! what will happen if I'm not in time?"

Forgetting everything else in her fear, she ran back along the track toward her home, leaving her aunt standing near the broken bridge. There was nothing very definite in her mind. She simply knew that the train would soon come from that direction, and that she must intercept it. Possibly she had some vague notion of reaching Aunt Matty's cottage and securing a torch in time to signal the train before it started up the grade. However that may be, she barely found herself within five hundred yards of the house, with the light shining in the window as she had left it, when the shrill whistle of the ap-

proaching express startled the echoes of the quiet valley. For an instant Hetty's heart thumped wildly and her head buzzed. What could she do? She was not a heroine; she was only a modest, ordinary girl, with no claims to courage, or any desire to figure in an impending catastrophy. The one all-absorbing thought that overpowered her was that Wilson was on the train which would soon be hurled to destruction. This gave her the courage that sometimes enables nervous, highly-strung people to perform deeds of great daring in an emergency.

The shriek of the whistle made her feet fly more rapidly over the track, and before the headlight of the engine burst into view down the track Hetty plunged into the cottage. She seized the shawl around her shoulders, and igniting it by the flame of the lamp she hurried out into the cool air again. Before she reached the track with her flaming torch the express hove in sight around the curve, and the headlight flashed down the shining rails like streams of liquid fire. Hetty plunged boldly forward to meet it, waving her burning shawl over her head, and shouting at the top of her voice. The engine shrieked out a series of sharp whistles, and the speed seemed to slacken. Hetty jumped off the track, and, seeing that her mission was accomplished, she dropped the burning shawl to save her hand from getting scorched. The train bore down upon her at a speed that seemed only a little diminished, and as the engine flashed by her she caught a glimpse of the engineer's face, and heard the words:

"Not this time, old lady; some other day."

In a moment he train had passed her, and the engine was puffing up the grade toward the broken bridge.

Hetty stood petrified. It took some moments for the truth to dawn upon her mind. The engineers had orders not to stop for any of Aunt Matty's signals, and in the dark she had been taken for her aunt. She had not succeeded in her mission, and the train was even now rushing toward doom. The girl stared at the disappearing lights of the rear car, and then, as they went around the curve, she flung herself upon the ground and moaned aloud.

"Oh, God, what can I do? Save him!—save him!" she cried.

In her despair she expeced nó answer to her appeal, but the words came naturally from her parched lips. She lay there in the dirt and cinders, moaning and praying, and trying to bring her mind to comprehend the awful tragedy on the bridge. Would they find his body Would it be torn and mangled? or would he providentially escape? Such things had happened before. But the river was deep and the plunge down from the bridge was fully fifty feet. No reasonable hope could be entertained that any of the people on the ill-fated train could be saved. Once, in her dread and agony, she lost consciousness. When she recovered again her face was lying flat against the cold, cruel stones and cinders, and she felt the sharp pain in the cheek where they pressed against it. The truth of her position dawned slowly upon her. Then she moaned and sobbed aloud, and half raised her head from the earth.

"Hetty, is that you?" a voice cried out of the darkness.

Then the remembrance of Aunt Matty's cruel vengeance swept over her, and she refused to answer.

"Hetty, I say, is that you?" the voice repeated.

She did not speak; but Aunt Matty caught sight of her on the track.

"Land's-o-sake, child, what are you doing on that wet ground?" she asked, stooping over to lift her up. "You'll catch your death o' cold. Besides,

they'll back the train up in a moment, and run over you. Get up at once."

"Back the train up?" Hetty asked, queerly. "What train? Didn't the express go through the broken bridge into the water?"

"Humph! I guess not. This company don't waste their property that way. They're too mean an' stingy."

"What do you mean, Aunty?" the girl exclaimed, rising suddenly to her feet. "Hasn't there been an accident? Didn't Wilson get killed? Is the train safe? Answer me quick. I tried to stop it, but—"

"They paid no attention to your signals," Aunt Matty interrupted. "Of course they didn't; I knew they wouldn't."

"But the train—is it safe—and what stopped it?" gasped the girl.

"I guess the tracks were too slippery for 'em to go up the grade," slowly answered the elder woman.

"You mean," began Hetty, "that you—"

"Greased the tracks. Yes, and it ain't the first time. I put all that fat grease on that I b'iled out to take to Cousin John's wife. It was a pity to waste it on this old railroad that wouldn't pay for poor old Matthew. But something had to be done right quick."

"Oh, Aunt Matty; and I was thinking such hard things of you," Hetty exclaimed, throwing her arms around her neck. "You stopped the train, while I just ran blindly away and did nothing."

"But you didn't know the engineers wouldn't stop for signals here; but fat grease will stop 'em every time, whether they want to or not."

Then, relinquishing herself from Hetty's grasp, she added:

"But come, child; they're backing up the train now, and we want to get into the house."

In a few minutes swinging lights appeared up the track, and when the rear of the express stopped just in front of Aunt Matty's cottage Hetty closed the front door softly, and said to herself:

"I guess the company will pay for old Matthew when they learn all of this story."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY HANNAH T. DOWLING.

All through the rolling world, both night and day,
A ceaseless voice ascends from those who pray:
"Thy will be done on earth, as now in Heaven,
Unto our souls a perfect choice be given."

All 'round the rolling world, both night and day,
A ceaseless answer comes to those who pray:
"By shattered hopes, crossed plans, and fruitless pains,
Thy Heavenly Master thy allegiance trains."

Guessing some portion of His vast design,
Thou seek'st to forward it by ways of thine;
He who the world disposes as is meet,
Sees a necessity for thy defeat.

Yet, to the faithful, there is no such thing
As disappointment—failures only bring
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,
'His purpose stands, though mine has passed away."

ROSSNAREE.

A BALLAD.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon.)

THE LORD of high-walled Rossnaree,
I met him by the grove;
Tho' lord he be of Rossnaree,
He spoke me words of love.
Oh, soft and low as streamlets flow
His voice was in my ear,
And many a maid of noble line
Would joy his words to hear.

"My mountain girl, your ruddy lips
The cherries red excel.
I look into your laughing eyes
And feel their beauty's spell —
Those two dark-curtained, holy wells
Where heaven's lustres shine.
My Maureen fair, the world is bare
If you be aught but mine!"

Tho' lord he be of Rossnaree,
I snatched away my hand
And trusted not myself to speak
Or longer there to stand.
I turned and fled, nor looked behind,
But left him there alone,
All ashen white, like one in fright,
And still as changed to stone.

Today I wandered by the gates
That guard his broad demesne;
Each throstle's start would thrill my heart
And flush my cheeks to pain;
I saw the flowery spreading lawns,
The parks where red-deer stray;
I saw before his castle door
The marble fountains play.

And visions fairer e'en than these
Filled up my fancy's eye;
I saw the glory of the world
The wonders wealth could buy;
Fair climes where gardens ever bloom,
And perfumes cloy the breeze;
No sorrow there or needy care,
But pleasure-haunts and ease.

Then came a whisper to my heart,
And all the visions fled.
Tho' Rossnaree unrivalled be,
Its lord I'll never wed.
The castle and the flowery lawns,
The fountains, faded whole,
But in their place came Owen's face
And waked my sleeping soul.

Not lord is he of Rossnaree,
Nor rich in gold or land;
He served his trodden country well,
And traitors fear his hand.
Oh, tall is he, and fair to see
His face and soulful eyes
As when the sun o' summer morn
Makes glad the tinted skies.

He wooed me by the Shannon's stream,
He won my heart for aye,
(Dear Shannon, kissed by rainbow mist,
How sweet your song that day!)
For loving well his hapless isle
He's banished from her shore.
Ah! Rossnaree, thou 'rt naught to me,
I'm his forevermore!

My Owen sends me troth and trust
Unchanging, o'er the sea;
His steadfast love I prize above
Broad-landed Rossnaree.
He says "the days are dark to me,
Thou absent from my side,
I'll call thee soon, Maureen Aruin,
To be my own sweet bride!"

A CATHOLIC SUNDAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY MATTHEW WHALEN.

The day breaks with a clear sky, and as the sun makes its appearance from behind the eastern hills, there is a response to the call, first by the outward things of nature, then by the brutes of the field and lastly by man, upon whom God has bestowed His greatest blessings.

There is a hush, even in the very air, which seems to whisper "Peace be still." Occasionally the stillness is broken by the twitter of the birds, who seem to raise their tiny voices, as if in praise of their Creator.

The sun is now a few hours high. As I watch from my window, people begin to pass, seemly all bent for the same destination. There is a lack of hurry about their pace, and even in their features. One but slightly versed in the study of human nature, might miss that look of anxiety and fear, which has grown to be such an outward sign that the heart within says "hurry," upon the faces of humanity, as they go forth upon other mornings of the week, with their struggle for even an existence pushing them roughly.

They pass along, greeting their fellow-man with more of the air of a brother, and even the rough and gruff toiler, in this respect, seems to feel the inspiration.

Where are they going? It is yet early, but those are the devout Catholics making their way to the parish church, where the first Mass will be celebrated. Isn't the morning walk refreshing? and does not all nature seem to say "praise be to God?" See the large concourse of people! Some with whom the world has dealt lightly, others showing that a heavy, or hard, week of toil has been passed by them. The young pass along in a happy, chatting mood, while the old and decrepit make their way along the street in a manner which seems to say "Thy will be done."

Even the cripple you may chance to pass seems to have an easier gait this morning, and his usual smile seems to show more of happiness, or an outward sign that "it might have been worse."

The church reached, the prayers said, the Holy Sacrifice assisted at, the sermon listened to, and one goes forth with a heart made still more light by having been in the very presence of his Maker.

As you leave the church, the congregation, which will assist at the second celebration of the greatest of Sacrifices, has already begun to assemble. There are pleasant greetings among the people, and the reverend pastor, mayhaps, meets a portion of his flock in the church yard, greeting them with a smile and a pleasant "Good morning."

The day has now burst forth in all its splendor. The church bells have begun to ring, reminding other denominations that they, too, have a Creator, and already they have begun to assemble in their respective places of worship. The spirit of the day seems also, to have laid claim upon their hearts, for their greetings seem to have lost that stiffness characteristic of the New Englander upon other days of the week, and a feeling that "all men are equal" seems to have taken its place.

Hush! the calmness. Though the streets are thronged, yet with all the stillness note how bright. Faces are brighter than usual, the verdure seems brighter, and even the sun seems to send forth his brightest rays to be in

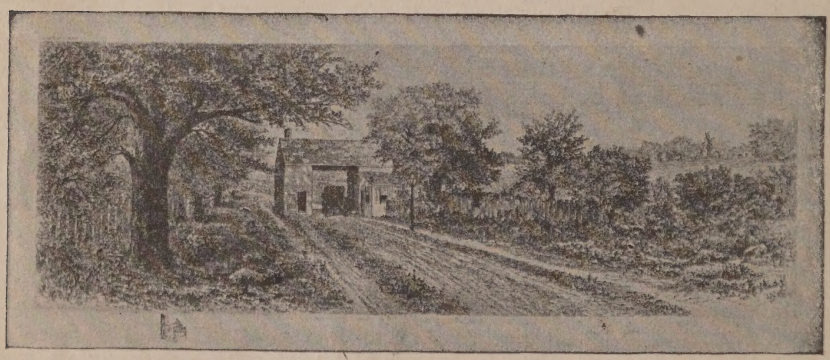
harmony with the spirit of the day. Have you not, Gentle Reader, much to be thankful for? What a gift has been yours this blessed morning. What a contrast to a few short years ago, when to have knelt before a Catholic altar was a privilege accorded to so few in New England. Stop and think for a moment, and then see if you can agree with the pessimist that "the world is growing worse."

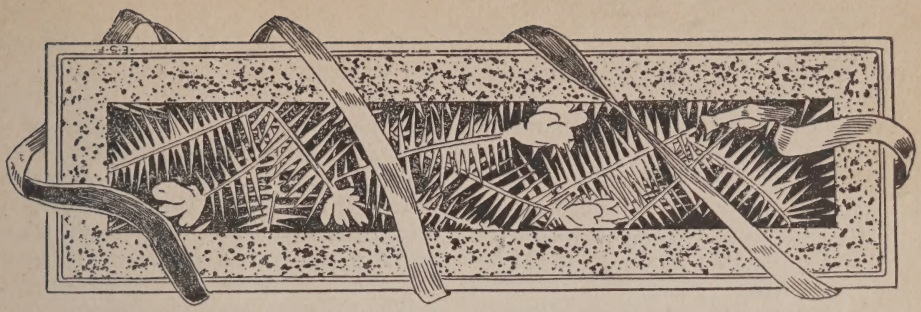
Returning from the church, the day is spent, by some in reading, by others in pleasant walks or drives. Still others, mayhap, think it a good time to call upon, and give cheer to, a sick friend or neighbor. As the hour of three ("the holiest of the twenty-four") draws near some of the more devout Catholics have again turned their footsteps towards the church, where they assemble to sing praises to their Maker and Redeemer. Does not the vesper chant sound grand? and does not the sweet smell of the incense, as the benediction is offered, lift one's thoughts to a something beyond creation?

The vesper services over and you turn your steps homeward. The sun has already begun to sink in the western sky, and seemingly has passed into a haze which has dimmed its brightness. All nature seems to note the parting of the Sunday, which was ushered in with so much brightness, for there is a quietness in the very atmosphere, which seems to betoken a regret at the parting of the blessed day.

Now comes the time for reflection, when the devout Catholic can commune with his soul, and note what advantage has been taken of the gifts which have been offered it this day. Notice again the stillness, as if the very universe was afraid of disturbing the council. Ah! what moments those are. Moments of supreme happiness, or moments filled with vain regrets, according to the manner in which the day has been spent.

While you are still meditating the sun has stolen noiselessly behind the western hills, twilight has begun to surround you, and that day, which shall return no more, has departed.





A NATIONAL PAINTER.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

If the number of American dignitaries who have had themselves put on canvas by Charles A. Whipple in the last five years may be considered a criterion, this man of facile and well-matured talent must be justly called a national painter. The men, and women, too, whose portraits he has executed are advanced types of American citizenship.

My serious attention was first called to this artist's work about three years ago, when his full length portrait of General Nelson A. Miles was on exhibition at Schaus's on Fifth Avenue, New York, a place, by the by, where art-lovers can always find feasts of the vision and where those who clearly come simply to see are treated with just as much courtesy as those who evidently have entered with purchasing intentions.

Thanks are due to Mr Gill of the Gill Engraving Company—a Boston man, who has reached the top of this artistic business in the city of New York,—for the use of several of the illustrations of celebrities accompanying this article, Mr. Gill having lately contracted with the artist for the sole right of reproducing his national canvases.

This remark leads me to record the observation that persons who deal in articles of art, perhaps on account of the subtle influence of the beautiful things by which they are surrounded, have less of the shopkeeper manner and method about them, as a rule, than persons in other vocations. The hunger to make a sale is not constantly smouldering in their eyes or lurking in the intonations of their voices.

That picture of General Miles, to which I have referred, is unquestionably the best picture of a soldier yet painted by an American. It is not merely a portrait; it stands for a type; and by that same token establishes Whipple's rank and right to be called an artist, not a mere copyist in colors.

The subject is depicted in his full uniform as a major-general, wearing on his breast the bronze medal voted to him by Congress for distinguished gallantry at the battle of Chancellorsville. At his side hangs a sword, presented to him by the citizens of Arizona for freeing that territory from the fear of Indian inroads or outbreaks. This weapon is a wonder of the goldsmith's art, a complete history of the Indian campaign being en-

graven in solid gold on the sheath, and at the extreme end a likeness of Geronimo, chief of the Sioux nation. At the head is an immense Indian sapphire.

All this richness and delicate detail have been painted in a free, smooth way, without the least affectation, either of precision or impressionism. The face of the general has not been flattered, but on the contrary it has all the dints of trials, the hints of battles, the tints of time. Perhaps this makes the commanding fineness of it as a face and as a picture.

Such rare fidelity and engaging simplicity in the presentation of a popular chieftain like General Miles, where a painter might have been tempted to attempt a bizarre canvas with a sage-brush and alkali desert for a background and a group of conquered savages *en evidence*, gave me a desire to visit the studio of Whipple and learn something more of his work.

I went at my first opportunity and have been there often since then. His home is at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, in the Sherwood Building, where several other artists abide. Note that artists, unlike men of letters, musicians or newspaper geniuses, have a tendency to flock together, are apt to be found in colonies. The studio of Whipple, like that of William M. Chase, which I pen-pictured several years ago in this magazine, is one of the most attractive places of its kind in the great and splendid city, and for the same reason, since it often has a class of very pretty girls absorbed in study and serenely unconscious of the visitor in their devotion to the curves of the model.

One of the pictures here presented shows part of a class—three of the loveliest maidens of Manhattan whose modesty differentiates them from the general run of professional beauties to the extent that, while graciously permitting the use of this picture, they do not wish their names given.

The girl at the spinning wheel has just been posing to Whipple for a charming painting of Goethe's Marguerite in that sweet, sad, mystical poem, "Faust," and Whipple has proposed that he take a photograph of her and the others as a souvenir for them. He has recently, for amusement, learned practical photography, and has all of an amateur's delight and innocent vanity in his new accomplishment. The result in this case must be admitted peculiarly felicitous—an artistic arrestment of the Three Graces *au serieux*.

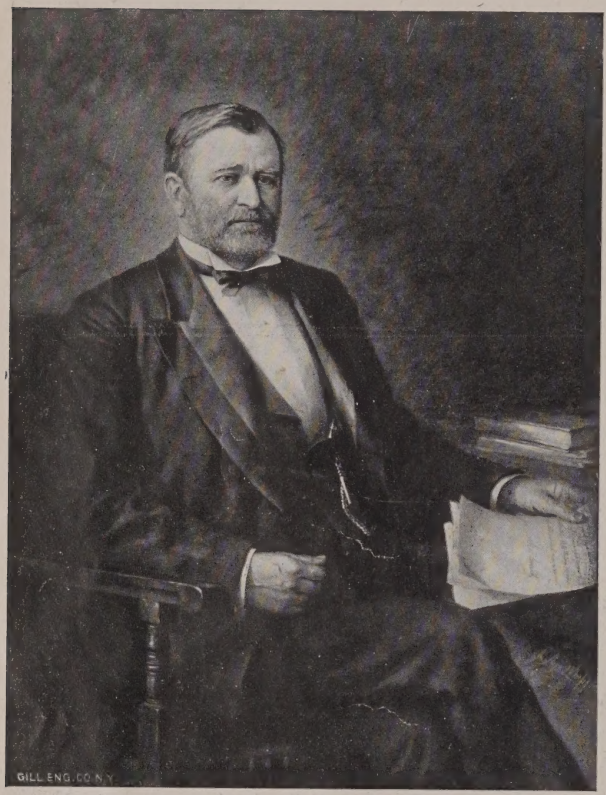
Whipple in his capacity of art-instructor, having been brought up in the schools of France, tries to instill the principles and habits of art as there understood, namely, intense attention to the subject so that a kind of mental fusion, instead of confusion, ensues; the very closest study of the human figures as a basis for solid drawing and for the laying on of color that has depth to it.

His studio, like his mind, is richly furnitured. On entrance one beholds in an alcove a carved jewel cabinet, redolent of the Renaissance, a settle where a Turkish lamp depends, a charcoal of Millet by Millet, a mirror which reflected beauty in the days when Louis XIII. was young, and some rare old pottery that is almost poetry.

The portiere, whereunder one passes to the center of the studio, is an ancient Spanish tapestry of the Good Samaritan. The walls are draped with Gobelin and Flemish tapestries.

A Norman battle-axe and two big swords that recall Rome in the days when her sword and pens—or styluses—were of equal valiance and value, adorn the wall, contrasting with those emblems of peace by the fireside, a pair of antique bellows.

WHIPPLE AT WORK ON GEN. DODGE.



GEN. U. S. GRANT.

A large armoire with carvings of Diana, Bacchus and Venus and a curiously-carved German buffet with a portrait of Francois de Balsac above it in a rich Florentine frame, with a copy of the Venus of Melos near by, with Spanish vases, bronzes and India rugs, appeal to the eye with those delicate invitations of harmonious form and color, which always make one linger and wish to come again.

Comparatively a young man—born in Massachusetts in 1859—he began to study drawing at twenty in the State Normal Art School, and then went to the Museum of Fine Arts, after which he betook himself to Paris, where, under Bouguereau, Fleury and Ferrier, he studied with that fervidity of feeling, that hunger and thirst for beauty and for the power of expressing it, which make at times the glory, at times, the despair of the true artist.

The Paris professors and connoisseurs commended his work for its uncompromising conscientiousness, and his drawing from the nude was often chosen for the "Concours." His latest master, Ferrier, also considered that the young American gave assurance of superior rank as a colorist. This early promise a study of Whipple's work ends to confirm.

Another illustration represents Whipple at work on a picture of that old hero, Major General Grenville M. Dodge. This is technically interesting, since it indicates the freedom and ease which are noteworthy points of this artist's work from beginning to end. One of Whipple's most impressive paintings is his portrait of ex-President Harrison, but, as that has been reproduced so often, perhaps the reading public would prefer to see the grandson of the Presidential grandson of a President, namely, Master Benjamin Harrison McKee, who, for aught we know or can guess to the contrary, may be the third of his tribe in due unfoldment of time to receive the highest gift in the world from the hands of a proud, free people.

Recently at Schaus's was exhibited another masterpiece of portraiture by Whipple, that bluff American whose name has recently become a fame and precious national possession, Brigadier-General Fitz-Hugh Lee. This man's countenance has been reproduced so wretchedly by New York

weekly papers that it is only justice to give an illustration that will resemble the original and not look more like a ward politician after a particularly

man, General Miles, Colonel H. H. Adams, Honorable John Sherman, Honorable T. C. Platt, and others of importance and interest.

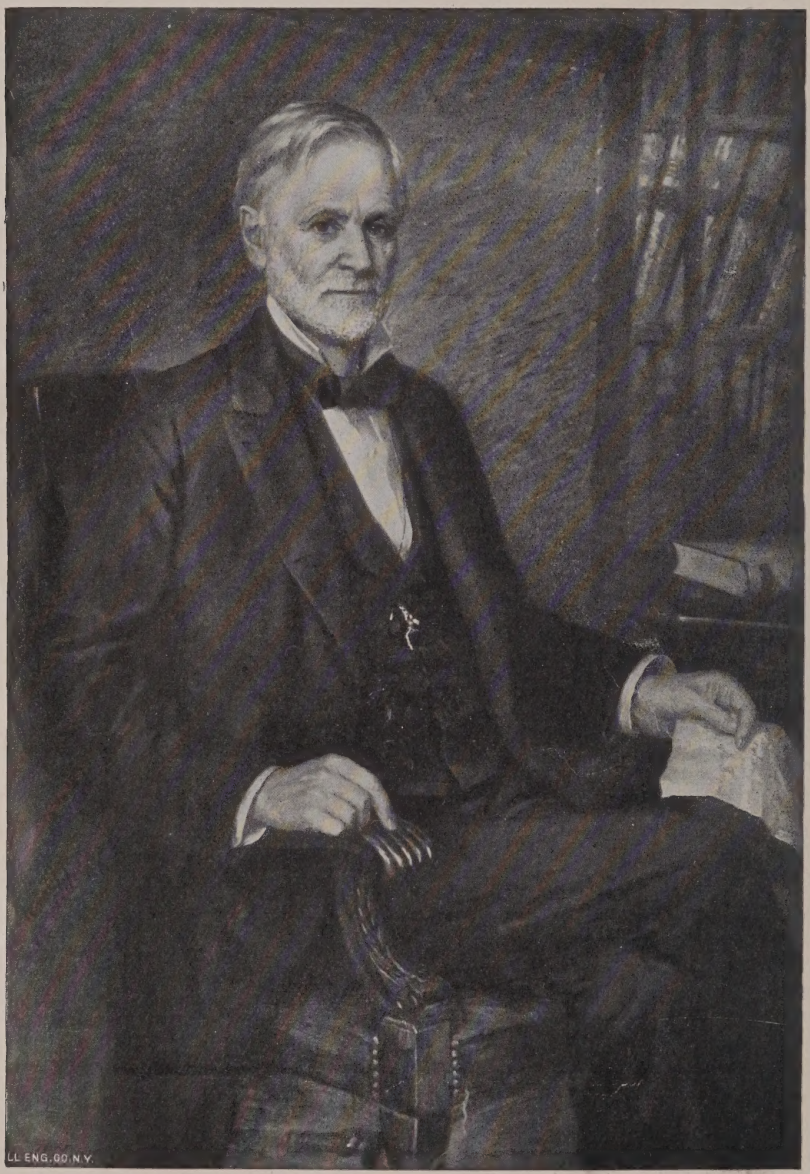
MAJOR-GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

solid (and liquid) dinner.

The list of Whipple's famous portraits is a long and steadily lengthening one, such names as General Grant, General Tracy, General Sher-

Mention of these last two colossal and portentous figures in our political Pantheon reminds me of an amusing anecdote Whipple told me the other day.

When Senator Platt came to Whipple's studio to have his portrait painted for his family—and incidentally, of course, for the admiration of a grateful country and the veneration of a devout posterity, the sweet singer of Tioga happened to find himself confronted with a portrait of John Sherman, just finished and awaiting shipment. "Honest" Tommy stared hard at the likeness of the venerable statesman for a few minutes, then abruptly

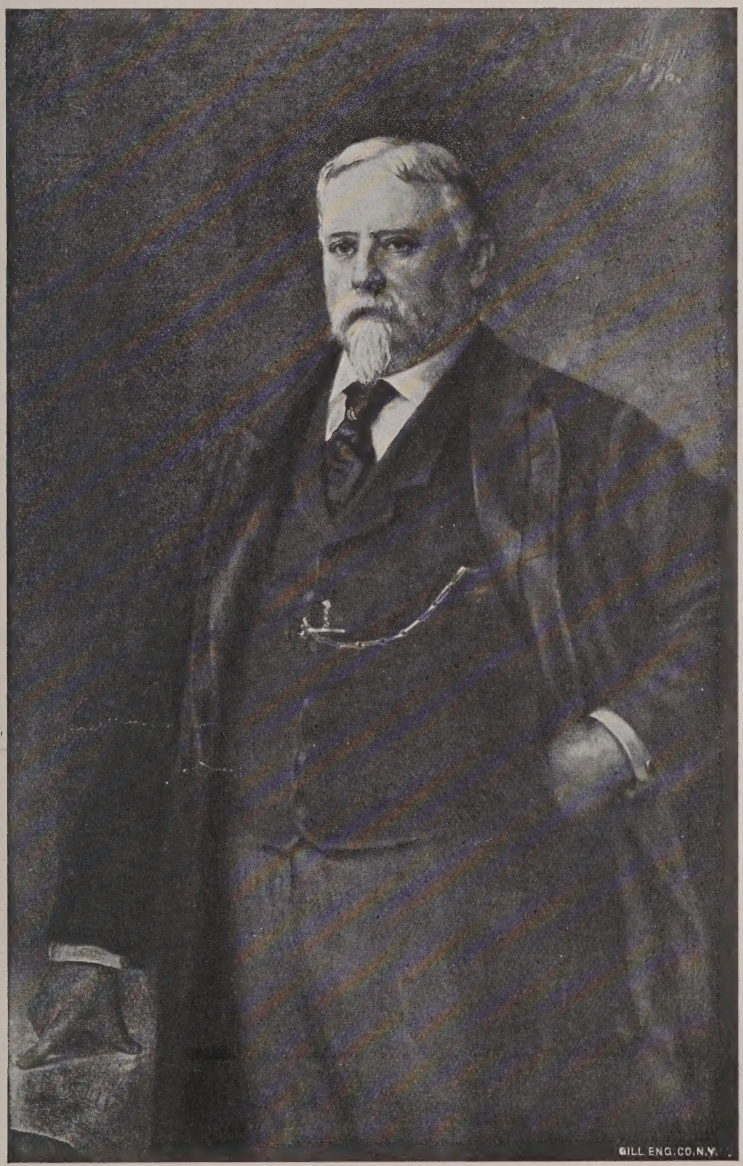


HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

turned his back on it with a covert smile on his inscrutable countenance.

"Senator," said the artist, with pardonable curiosity at such a performance, "how does it strike you?"

"John Sherman strikes me everywhere we meet," Platt answered gaily. "He even says in his book that I prevented his getting the Presidency."



MAJOR-GEN. FITZ-HUGH LEE.

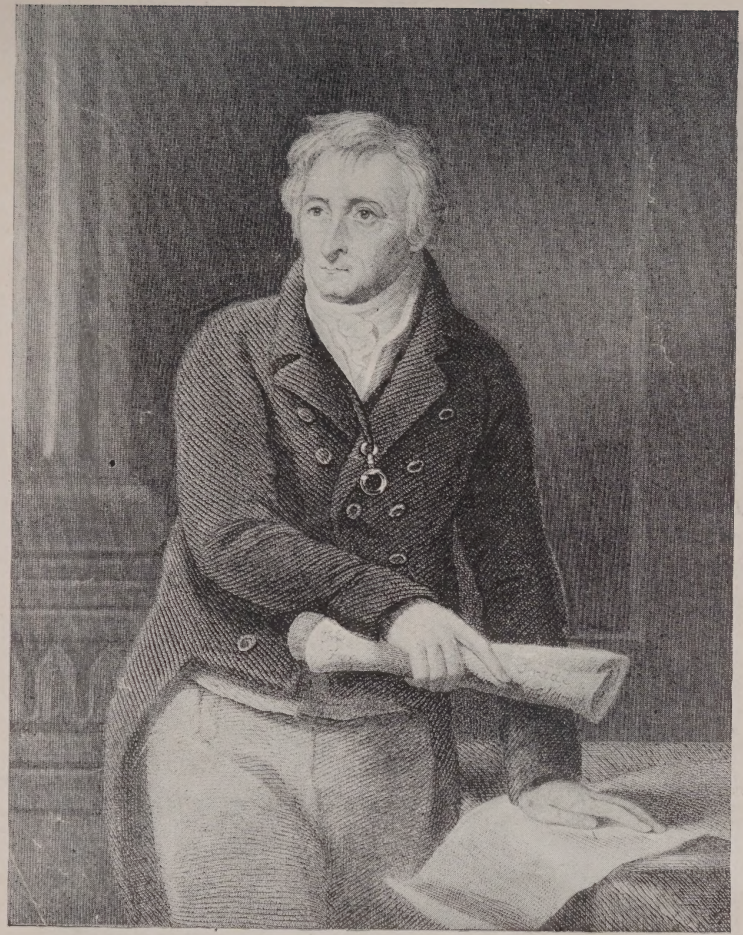
Whipple's fine portrait of this magnificent financier now hangs in the State Department at Washington,

having been purchased by the government.

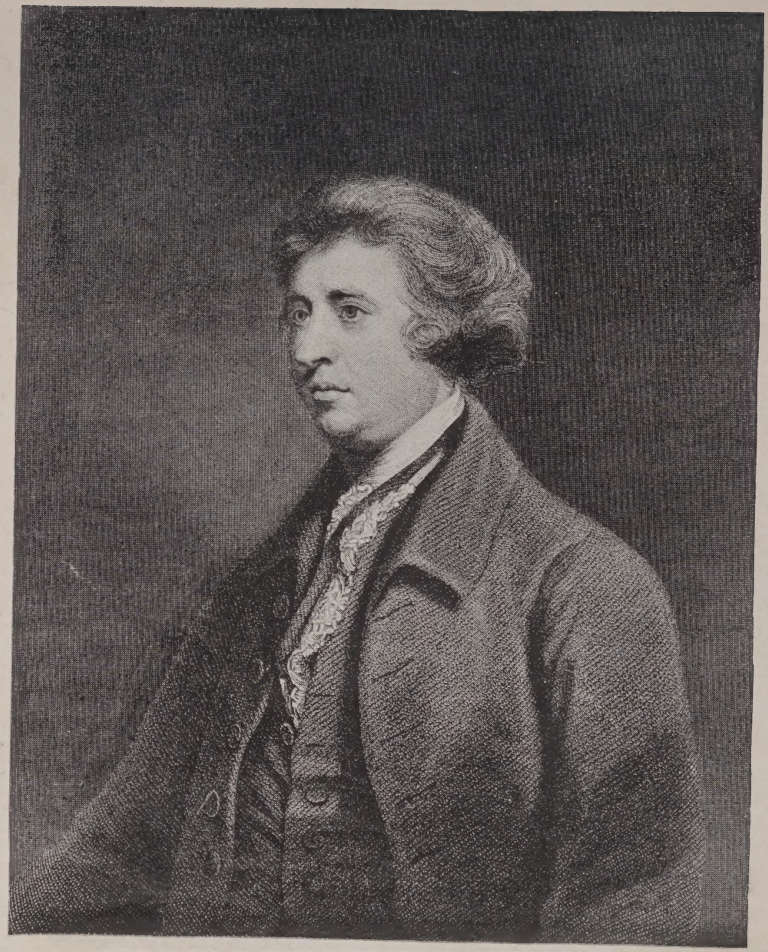
I might go on writing anecdotes about Whipple and the various worthies he has limned, but such things, while they enliven for popular reading a critique on an artist's work, must only be sparingly used; else they detract from the dignity of the theme. In closing this etching, however, of a painter who is giving such fine account of his talents, I am tempted to record some remarks of his.

"I find that public characters are much easier to paint than private citizens. They are better sitters. They have less embarrassment, less temptation to pose, more poise, calm and naturalness of manner and expression. Soldiers, however, despite their life of discipline, are more fidgety in the studio than statesmen or diplomats. Church dignitaries, priests and clergymen are admirable sitters. Merchants, even when men of national repute, are rather difficult; but difficulties are sometimes an inspiration to an artist, putting him on his mettle to achieve a still clearer success."

THREE BELLES OF MANHATTAN.



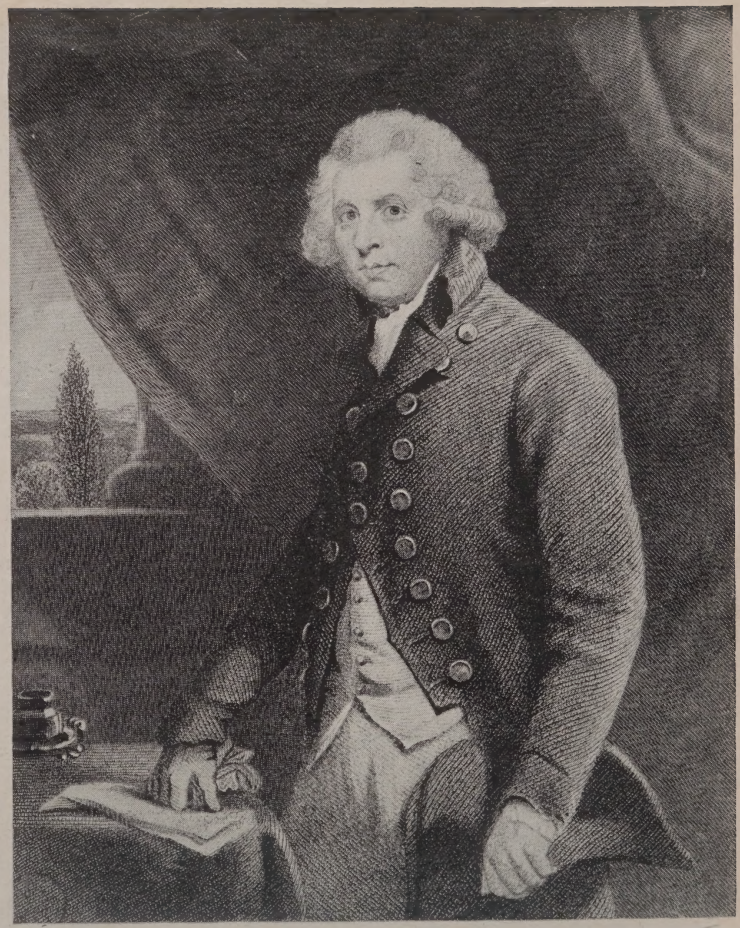
Henry Grattan.



Edmund Burke.

(See page 25.)

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SOME ORATORS OF IRELAND.

BY M DECLAN CAREY, M.A.
Professor of Classics, Villanova College, Philadelphia

There are few facts better attested by history than that eloquence is ever closely identified with the struggle for freedom. It was amid the last gasps of the dying liberty of Greece that the sublime orations of Demosthenes were heard. It was the downfall of the Roman Republic that called forth the grandest efforts of Cicero. The brave struggle of the Americans for freedom kindled the fiery oratory of Chatham, and it is the passionate longing for liberty that has inspired every Irish orator from Flood to Sexton.

No country of modern times has been more fruitful in orators than Ireland. Eloquence seems her national birthright, so much so, that she has been styled a "nation of orators." In the Senate, at the bar, and, with the exception of France, in the pulpit, Irish oratory is unrivaled. It has been said that, Chatham apart, Great Britain has produced no orator in the true sense of the word. Fox and the younger Pitt were great debaters, not orators. Canning was more than half an Irishman, Windham was a wit, Brougham a political essayist and Macaulay a lecturer. Hence it was that Lord Byron said "I doubt if we English have anything properly called oratory, but the Irish have had a great deal."

Irish oratory, like Irish nationality, has with some a very circumscribed meaning. They understand by it a kind of eloquence, all figures and fancy, with no argument—the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Irishmen are naturally gifted with rich stores of fancy, but at the same time are not wanting in the reasoning faculty. The oratory of Burke and Grattan, of Plunkett and O'Connell, certainly does not lack argument. It has, however, some characteristics which distinguish it from the oratory of any other country.

It is not exaggerated and bombastic like the French, nor is it so practical and common-sense as that of the English school, nor yet is it a fine art like ancient oratory, but it is something different from them all, yet retaining some of the features of each. In close reasoning, Irish oratory excels that of the ancients. It is a mistake to imagine that the Grecian orations are long chains of ratiocination. They are to the point and full of invective. They appeal to the strongest passions and prejudices, to the sober judgment they are never addressed. In persuasive eloquence the Irish are unequaled amongst moderns. The fecundity of imagination and exquisite temperament of the Celtic character are peculiarly adapted to sway the feelings of men. There is running through Irish oratory a tinge of pathos like unto that melancholy strain which pervades the national music. It is very marked in Curran and Grattan, but may be traced in O'Connell, Sheridan, and even Burke.

The faults of Irish oratory are those which spring from ungovernable impulse and rank luxuriance of fancy, excessive imagery rioting among figures, and hunting after antithesis and allusion. Grattan and Curran are free from those failings, but nearly all other Irish orators had them. Sheridan always panted after effect, and O'Connell often sacrificed justice and courtesy for the sake of humorous sally. Thus the beauties of Irish ora-

tory are peculiarly its own, while its faults are those which lean to virtue's side.

The first, and in many respects, the most illustrious name on the list of Irish orators is that of Edmund Burke. One of the most extraordinary men that ever lived, whether as a statesman or a philosopher, he brought to the field of eloquence a profounder knowledge, and an intellect of a higher order than that possessed by any other orator ancient or modern. There are few orators of whom there are so many conflicting estimates formed as of Burke. Some will have it that he was an utter failure as an orator; others maintain as stoutly that he was the greatest of his time. Both are partly in the right. Some of his speeches, such as the opening one on Warren Hastings, may be ranked as among the greatest triumphs of oratorical genius. Others failed to command a hearing. We are told that in his later years his rising was the signal for the emptying of the house. The fact is that his very greatness was the cause of his failure. His utterances had nothing local, nothing ephemeral in them; petty prejudices and narrow partisanship found no place in his great mind. He was not the creature of his day; he was the prophet and guide of the future. Some of his contemporaries thought him the equal of Fox but the inferior of Sheridan. Now, while the speeches of these men are well-nigh forgotten, Burke's are the gospel of statesmen, and the commonplaces of writers. "The corner-stone which the builders rejected became the head, though to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." The cast of Burke's mind was not oratorical. The extraordinary depth and originality of his views unsuited him for popularity. For profound reflections there is no place in oratory. Men's actions are regulated not by new and imperfectly known principles, but by principles that they have tested and made their own. His manner, too, was against him. He ignored his audience altogether, or thought rather of instructing than of convincing them. He stood in solitary grandeur far above the multitude, too austere to persuade, too bold and original to convince. Moreover, the richness and majesty of his style belong not to oratory. The language of oratory is simple and even careless, and must necessarily be so to attain its end. Of this any one who has studied the great orators of Greece and Rome is convinced. Thus the transcendent powers of his genius were the very causes that unfitted Burke as a popular orator. Yet, there were occasions when he soared to the highest flights of eloquence—when his noble nature was roused by gross injustice or oppression. Then it was, that his eloquence had all the fire of Demosthenes, and brought us back to the days when Cicero impeached the plunderer of Sicily. Never was there such a combination of profound wisdom and luxuriant fancy. Original and striking images, brought together from a thousand quarters, the spoils of all sciences, and all times, were blended with profound and severe reasoning in a manner that has never been surpassed.

Such was Burke at his best. When he descended to matters of finance and policy his speeches—too deep for his hearers—were often delivered to empty benches, and even the very men who would not listen to them studied them earnestly afterwards. Hence the explanation of the conflicting opinions formed of Burke as an orator. That he frequently failed cannot be gainsaid, but that he achieved the most signal success of his time is equally certain, and certain it is that the speeches of Burke will be studied and admired when the very names of his opponents shall have well-nigh faded from the pages of history.

In every respect a striking contrast

to Burke was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Intending to adopt the stage for a profession his oratory borrowed therefrom a certain histrionic timbre, very different from the austere earnestness of his great contemporary. In genius he was far inferior to Burke, yet when we consider the limited education he received, we cannot but wonder at the great heights of eloquence he reached. Considered the greatest of an age fertile in orators, posterity has not ratified the verdict of his contemporaries. The few fragments of his speeches that have come down to us, probably give us no estimate of the man. We must remember, too, that Sheridan's speeches have not that universal applicability so characteristic of Burke's. Again, there are many unsound arguments and meretricious ornaments which, when set off by advantages of delivery and person, go forth as logic and beauties. Such, invariably, was the case in Sheridan's speeches, and hence their popularity in many instances, died with the voice that conveyed them. To appreciate Sheridan's eloquence, one must have heard the orator himself. When he once launched into his subject he seized, as it were, the faculties of his hearers and, under the potent spell, made them obedient to his every wish. Sheridan's oratory had pre-eminently two characteristics—robust commonsense and inexhaustible and pointed wit. While far from a close reasoner, no fallacy escaped him. The consummate address with which he exposed absurdity and inconsistency, and turned hypocrisy inside out has probably never been equaled. His wit, too, which made him the darling of society, was one of the most formidable weapons of his oratory. With a few thrusts of that keen rapier he often demolished the most powerful speech of an opponent. He was a master in the art of word-painting. By a few broad touches he brought up a picture of places and events, graphic, vivid and true to life. But, though Sheridan's oratory had peculiar beauties, it was not without defects. First of these was a craving for gorgeous and tinseled imagery. His figures, farfetched and excessive, had a certain theatrical glare about them. The richness of imagination which threw so great a charm around Burke's utterances was in Sheridan an exotic growth. These defects were, however, counteracted largely by wonderful elocutionary powers. His person was commanding, and his features, though coarse, had an intellectual and energetic stamp, which, added to an eye of singular brilliancy, lent him an irresistible charm. His voice, too, was of great compass and sweetness. In all the external qualities of oratory he was perfect. Altogether, Sheridan is entitled to rank amongst the first of orators, and considering his versatility of genius, he must be regarded as one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. Byron says: "The intellectual reputation of Sheridan was truly enviable, he had made the best speech *'On the Begums of Oude,'* had written the two best comedies, *'The Rivals'* and *'The School for Scandal,'* the best opera, *'The Duenna,'* and the best farce, *'The Critic.'"* Like other great men, Sheridan exemplified the irony of fate. Dying in poverty, he was buried with princely pomp and magnificence.

We now come to the orators of that famous school of eloquence—the Irish Parliament. Seldom was there in any assembly such an array of oratorical genius. The noble and statesmanlike Flood, the graceful and eloquent Hussey Burgh; Yelverton, of whose eloquence the tradition only has reached us; the calm and judicial Plunkett, the fearless and patriotic Curran; Grattan, the Irish Demosthenes—in all, a group to find the equal of which we must go back to the palmiest days of Grecian eloquence. The first of these who challenge our attention is Henry

Flood. In many respects he bore a striking resemblance to his great contemporary Burke. They had both the same intensity of conviction and earnestness of purpose, and they were both animated by the same lofty principle, and practical wisdom. His oratory was massive and solid rather than striking. It had a Dorian strength and simplicity about it which contrasted favorably with the perishable ornamental eloquence of the day. Boldness and originality were its principal characteristics. With solid and majestic step Flood marched ever in advance of the multitude. He was fond of giving forth profound reflections with sententious brevity, and, as a consequence, often failed to make himself understood. This was probably the principal cause of the unpopularity of his oratory. Despite his bigotry the name of Flood is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, for his ardent and unselfish patriotism.

Passing over many names of lesser fame, we meet with that of William Conyngham Plunkett. Coming on the stage of Irish history at one of its gloomiest scenes his eloquence shed a redeeming ray over a period dark and disastrous. Plunkett's oratory, though not of the highest order, had many peculiar and charming features. Its tone was grave and statesmanlike, resembling the oratory of our day rather than that of his own; yet, there was a rapid and versatile intensity in it which gave it animation and a distinctive character. Plunkett's logic was scholastic in its rigor and was expressed in language of singuar purity and precision. He was sparing in the use of figures; but those which he used were chaste and beautiful in the extreme. In a parliament eminent for its orators, he made, what Barrington calls the best speech ever heard, and certainly there can be no hesitation in according him a place amongst the first of Irish orators.

We now come to him who was *"primus inter primos et facile princeps"* —Henry Grattan. For a quarter of a century the most potent figure in Irish politics, he saw the birth and death of his country's liberty.

Many estimates have been made of Grattan's genius—some by friends and partisans, some by political opponents, others by men who had no sympathy with his country, yet all accord to him a place amongst the greatest orators that ever lived. He has been often compared with Demosthenes. They have much in common, but it is difficult for one great man to closely resemble another. In many respects Grattan falls far short of the great Greek orator, yet there is no doubt that he excelled him in many others. In close reasoning and pointed wit, in imaginative and picturesque detail, Grattan undoubtedly has the advantage, but in persuasive eloquence, in that eloquence which reaches the heart Demosthenes has distanced all competitors. There was no weapon of oratory which Grattan did not wield successfully. His reasoning, though deep, was remarkably clear. He was luminous in exposition, he marshaled his facts with marvelous skill, and had the power of concentrating his argumentative forces on a particular point, with astonishing results. The penetrating wisdom with which he observed the affairs and motives of men, and the happiness of expression with which he unfolded profound and original principles, and traced resemblances and relations were probably unequaled by any orator. In the nobler flights of his eloquence, Grattan rose to a surpassing sublimity, which, combined with the profound philosophy of his language, and the vehemence of his character gave him almost the powers of a man inspired. His figures, bold and new, had all the classic peace of Virgil, with occasionally the plaintive sadness of Dante. Grattan's diction was grand and peculiar, sparkling with antithesis and epi-

gram almost to excess. His expression was faultlessly clear but withal condensed and energetic. There was a rhythm in his periods which reminds us of Demosthenes and which we seek for in vain in modern orators. Some of his speeches, as far as the words are concerned, are genuine poetry—for example the peroration of his speech on "Irish Rights," which is written in dactylic metre. In short, Grattan possessed oratorical powers which individually are the gift of a few, and the union of them in one man establishes his right to be considered—whether looked on as an orator, a statesman, or a patriot—one of the greatest men that have ever written their names across the pages of history.

Such were the orators of the Irish Parliament—a galaxy of genius, almost without a parallel in any legislative body, ancient or modern.

Next come the orators of the Irish bar, little, if, at all, inferior to the former, since amongst them were numbered such men as Curran, Burke, Laurin Shiel and O'Connell.

There are few whose names stand out in bolder and nobler relief from the pages of Irish history than Curran. His wild and melancholy genius bursts forth like a lightning flash amidst the storms of a dark and troubled time. Curran had a grand, original and electric oratory, unequaled probably by the greatest advocates of any time. It was not only persuasive but imaginative in the highest degree. It was intensely Irish. Infinite humor; deep, passionate feeling, and melting pathos were its most prominent features. Curran's eloquence was not argumentative like Grattan's. It was full of impressive allusions and loaded with invective; it never failed to hold the hearer, by the striking appeals it made to his feelings and favorite recollections. It appealed directly to the heart. There was running through it even in its merriest moods a plaintive sadness, tender and exquisite as the pathos of Richter. It was an eloquence highly poetic, and it not unfrequently rose to the sublimity of Milton himself. He was, in the words of Davis, "an orator whose thoughts went forth like the ministers of nature, with robes of light, and swords in their hands, a patriot who battled best when his flag was trampled on."

Shiel is the next orator who claims our notice. An opportunist in politics and ambitious of preferment, he presented a striking contrast to the patriotic and self-sacrificing Curran. Shiel's oratory was more of the French than the Irish school. Figurative and exaggerated, it had a finished polish very unlike the misshapen boulders of thought which Curran threw into the world. In argumentative eloquence Shiel was wanting, but he made good the deficiency by brilliant and fascinating rhetoric. He was excessively profuse in the use of figures. His speeches are full of metaphors, generally appropriate and beautiful, but often far-fetched and gaudy. He was perfect in wit, the wit which holds up to ridicule, absurdity and inconsistency. Nothing could be more terrible than his keen, devouring sarcasm. In what might be called the accidentals of oratory Shiel was very deficient. His features and person were not prepossessing and his voice, Gladstone said, "resembled the rattle of a can tied to a dog's tail."

Shiel dwarfs into insignificance beside the giant form of O'Connell. Commanding in person and mighty in intellect nature fitted him to be a ruler of men. He guided the destinies of Ireland, and brought about a political revolution, created and directed by his eloquence. The oratory of O'Connell was peculiarly suited to his great calling. Powerful and unconstrained as the torrent of his native mountains, it bore away in its mighty course, the reason, passions and prejudices of the multitude. It had none of the academi-

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cal beauties of Burke and Grattan. It was not meant for the gilded chambers and cultured audiences of St. Stephen's. O'Connell's auditory was an Irish hillside and his audience the millions of his countrymen. His eloquence was persuasive rather than argumentative. He addressed himself to the heart rather than to the head. With a burst of indignant feeling or melting pathos he grasped the strongest passions of his hearers, and bore them whithersoever he pleased. Yet, when occasion required, he possessed a marvelous closeness of reasoning and condensed energy of expression. His wit, too, he often used with good effect. Nothing could be more damaging than the vigorous sallies of raillery, with which he supported the heavy artillery of his argumentative declamation. In fine, there was no instrument of oratory which could reach the understanding or influence the will of man which O'Connell did not use with success, and judged by the greatness of his work, he claims a place amongst the greatest speakers of any age or nation.

A list of the Irish orators would not be complete without the name of Thomas Francis Meagher. Born with the gift of deathless eloquence, his voice was hushed in the silence of the dungeon, and in exile he met with a sad end. The curse of Swift was upon this man—he was an Irishman. Had he been a citizen of any other nation his brilliant talents would have raised him to the highest dignity, but he preferred to share the degradation of his country to the honors of the stranger.

We have tried briefly to review the most celebrated of Irish orators. In number and greatness they are unexcelled by those of any nation. Some of them, such as Burke and Grattan are among the most brilliant intellects that have illumined mankind. Others have moulded some of the greatest events in history.

While some nations boast of military glory, some of commercial enterprise, some of success in the fine arts, Ireland can, with justice, lay claim to intellectual achievements.

THE MASTER OF THE SONNET.

BY J. A. GILMORE.

Our century's best and greatest sonneteer,
No rival bard can claim to be his peer.
For melody or vigor, sense or sound,
Within the sonnet's arbitrary bound,
Spenser and Shakespeare, in their golden time,
Divinely sang the sweet Petrarchan rhyme;
And lofty Milton, in the sonnet found
An instrument, the which he made resound
With harmonies majestic and sublime
That bid defiance to the lapse of time.
Beside those ancient bards, revered and famed,
A place for Wordsworth has been justly claimed:
The modern master of the sonnet strain
Has won immortal wreaths in Fame's eternal Fane.

GATES OF BRASS.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.

Like a frightened child that flies to its mother's breast for confidence and support, Aileen tore herself away from Fifine's grasp, and sped down the garlanded stairs, through the wide hall, where the florists were bringing clusters of white bloom, into the little reception room where Elverton stood, his arm resting lightly on the onyx mantel. The grave face brightened as she entered. "Back again, my little snow-bird," he said, smiling tenderly. "Are the feathers all ready for the morrow's flight?"

"Oh, I am vexed," she began, "I am angry. I have heard a story, only a foolish maid's story, *chéri,* but it made my heart beat for a moment with awful fright. Fifine knew of a Mr. Elverton who was divorced, and all this while she thought it was you, *chéri,*—she—she — thought—it—was you." Her tone changed. Her words came brokenly as she saw his face, that face which wore no reassuring smile, but darkened as if with a sudden startling pain.

"Ah, *chéri,* do not look like that," she said, softly. "Do you think I could doubt you, dear? Not for one moment. But it is an ugly story to be whispered around, and we must stop it. Silly Fifine thought you had indeed another wife, and"—

"Aileen," he whispered, hoarsely, "For God's sake what do you mean? I do not understand. Surely you were told—all—all"—

"All, *chéri,*" she panted, "all—what?"

"All—the wretched truth," he answered. "All my wretched past. Before I dared to ask your love—to speak of my own, I came to your aunt and bade her tell you"—

"Then it is true," she said, shrinking from him with ashen face and dilating eyes. "Oh, God, it is true?"

"That I am divorced—that she who was my wife is living? Yes, Aileen—Aileen," he cried in anguish at the death-like look on her face, "is it possible that you did not know?"

She tottered to the divan behind her and sank down upon it, still facing him, with wide-open eyes of despair.

"She—who—was—your—wife—is still—living," she repeated, mechanically; "is—still—living?"

"I told your aunt, Aileen. I told her that you might know all. Oh, my beloved one, do not look so cold, so white, so strange. Listen, Aileen," and he knelt down at her feet. "We have both been deceived, dear. I thought you knew the bitter story of my boyhood's mistake; all the pain it brought me; all the sorrow, all the cruel misery, mortification, anguish. For long years I led a lonely, desolate, wandering life—for long years. Love seemed only a mockery, a meaningless word. Then I met you, and the heart that I thought dead stirred and woke. I fought against it. I tried to force it back into its grave, into its dust—but I could not. It was no boyish passion with which I had to wrestle now, but a man's love in all its unyielding strength. You know this, Aileen?"

"Yes, yes; oh, God help me, yes," she moaned.

Elverton caught his breath at the pitiful sound. It was like the bleat of the snow-white lamb that, led with bandaged eyes to the altar, sees at last the sacrificial blade. He could have

cursed the coarse treachery that had deceived them both, for he understood now, understood how his words had been wrested from their honest meaning, how Madam Fitzgerald had told Aileen only what she thought it right and just she should know.

He understood that Aileen's aunt had concealed without scruple the one fact that she knew would stand between the wealthy suitor and her penniless *protégée*, and for a "brilliant match" had risked all that a future revelation might bring, trusting that revelation would come too late.

Had it come "too late"? Yes, yes! Elverton's whole being rose in passionate determination that no church, no creed, no law should come between him and the woman of his love. It was too late—too late.

"Aileen," he whispered, "beloved one, my sweet bride, my beautiful wife, listen to me. It was not I who deceived you. I told your aunt all before I dared breathe a word of love to you, my own. I begged her to speak to you as your mother would have done, to tell you all it was right you should know."

"But she did not, she did not," Aileen moaned. "She told me only that you had had much sorrow; that you loved me. Oh, my God!" she broke off, wringing her hands. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Elverton caught the little piteous hands in tender mastery. "Forget, beloved," he said, eagerly; "simply forget. Let this hour, with its bitter pain be buried forever; let it be like some ugly dream that has passed. I am free—free by every human law to claim you as my own. It is not in boasting I say that no man or woman of my world would think twice of my unhappy past were I to ask a daughter's hand. You have been educated in old-fashioned prejudices, taught laws which no longer hold, that with a wider knowledge of the world you would not heed. Come, sweet, call back your lost roses. Forget this unhappy hour, forget all things but that to-morrow, to-morrow, you are to be my own true wife."

His wife! his wife! ah, the music of the word, the music of the tone! His wife! the beautiful name that had meant love, joy, tenderness, happiness unspeakable. And she had gone so far, so far, so far; that world of which her lover spoke, his world of haughty will, and pride, and power—the world that rose defiant against the olden creed, the olden laws—seemed to have closed its "gates of brass" upon her and to wall her in.

The breath of her bridal flowers swept in from the hall; the tap of the florist's hammer told he was already swinging the frame for the wedding bell, the white bell of lily blossoms, beneath which she was to stand while the old French priest, who knew nothing, would bless her as a wife. What was it Père Marquot had said in the long ago?

"Will it ever be sorrow to you, little one, that I clipped your angel wings?"

"*Chéri*," she gasped, "have—have pity on me—as you love me—as I love you, *chéri*. Let me go, for it seems as if I would die here longer—as if I would die."

In the beautiful face, the beautiful eyes, he saw only the love, the weakness of a gentle, yielding woman, shocked and pained momentarily beyond her strength.

"Go, then, sweetheart, lie down for a while; you will feel better. I will be back tonight at nine to see if you have recovered your roses. Shall I ring for your maid?"

"No," she answered, steadily. "I do not need her. I do not need any one. Only let me go."

Something in the white face made him stand back almost in reverence as she rose, and slowly, as if groping in the dark, passed out of the room and up the flower-wreathed stair.

"My darling, my poor little dar-

ling," he murmured, as he took up his hat to leave. "It was a cruel shock to her. But she loves, and love is woman's life and woman's law. She is all mine."

Crushing in her nervous grasp the wreaths and garlands that wound the balustrade, Aileen ascended the stairs to the room where Fifine stood in a maze of gowns and laces and jewels.

"Where is Aunt Elinor, Fifine?" she asked, faintly.

"Out for her evening drive, mademoiselle," answered the girl, looking anxiously at the white, strained face.

"That is well," said Aileen. "I am going away, Fifine; going now. Will you pack my little black satchel for me with a few of the clothes I brought here?"

"Mademoiselle!" gasped the girl, "surely you do not know what it is you say, what it is you do."

"Ah, yes, I know, Fifine, I know. It is as if gates were closed around me that I cannot pass. But I can fly, Fifine; I can fly. I must go—go before I see Aunt Elinor. I must go before Mr. Elverton comes back. Help me, Fifine."

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" cried the girl, in trembling dismay. "Where is it you would go?"

"To Mother Bernardine to-night; back to Saint Agathe to-morrow. I cannot stay here, Fifine. I dare not. I tremble; I am weak; help me to fly —quick—quick."

"Fly from your lover—almost your husband, mademoiselle; fly — and leave all—all this," cried Fifine, waving her hands over the jewels and laces and lingerie and gorgeous gowns scattered around.

"Yes, yes; though it is my heart, my life, I leave, I must go. Quick, Fifine, let me get to the foot of the convent altar; let me go to Mother Bernardine and be safe. Only God can help me, for it is all true, Fifine. Mr. Elverton has a wife—a—a wife—and love is so sweet, so strong!"

"Ah, mademoiselle!" Fifine burst into remorseful tears. "Sweet angel, mademoiselle, if it must be so, let me go with you. You tremble, you faint, you need strong arms to hold you. I will fly with you from madam's anger, from Jean's love. I have money saved, mademoiselle; take poor Fifine with you."

"Come then, Fifine; come, let us go together—now—now."

And when, an hour later, Madam Elinor returned from her evening drive it was to find amid the beautiful confusion of bridal splendor in Aileen's room, amid jewels and lace and gorgeous trinkets of her dressing table, a note that in a few trembling lines told her all. Her trap was broken—the little snow-bird of Saint Agathe had taken wing.

V.

Five years had passed since that strong, winged flight. Vain had been Madam Fitzgerald's wrath, vain all Elverton's written pleadings. From the white sanctuary of Saint Agathe his letters had been returned to him unopened. And at last, after weeks of hopeless waiting, he had gone abroad on a protracted tour to Egypt and the Orient. Madam Fitzgerald, finding the social heights ice-clad for her, had taken her young daughters to Europe, where Timothy's hard-earned dollars may yet buy some penniless princeling and rebuild his tottering towers. Fifine, after seeing her dear mademoiselle safe in the shelter of Saint Agathe, found the Canadian atmosphere so congenial that she took a position as nursery governess there. It was not long before her bright eyes and vivacious speech had captured a sturdy young *habitant* in whose true, honest love she quite forgot the perilous fascinations of Jean, and became one of the happiest, cheeriest wives in the "Dominion."

It was spring in the southlands, but

the snow veil still lay on the Canadian hills, though pierced here and there by shoots of hardy green. The white towers of Saint Agathe glittered in the evening sunlight that was flashed back joyously from the clear, broad windows, where rows of Easter lilies were already bursting into regal bloom.

Brown and hale and ruddy despite his seventy years, old Père Marquot tramped sturdily up the hill path on his way to Benediction. "The snow is melting," he said to himself, as his iron-shod staff struck deep into the softening ground. "Thanks be to the good God, for the winter has been long. It is because I am growing old, perhaps, that I love to see the flowers of spring. Good evening, *mon ami,*" and he touched his worn beretta to a stranger, who had paused doubtfully by the convent gate. "Enter, if you please, enter." He waved his hand good-humoredly to the cross-crowned portal. "It is quite safe, I assure you; there are no mantraps at Saint Agathe."

"I am too old a traveler in Catholic lands to fear them, *mon père,*" answered the stranger with a responsive smile. "I hesitated only lest I should intrude too far on cloistered ground."

"Ah, no danger," laughed the old priest. "You would soon be stopped by gate or grille. Saint Agathe knows how to protect her own."

"I learned that—many years ago," said the newcomer, his smile fading as the two passed the gateway and entered a long avenue that wound through sheltering pines to the convent door. "Pardon me, but is it not Père Marquot whom I have the pleasure to meet?"

"Yes, my son; yes," was the cordial answer. "Old François Marquot, who has been tramping these hills and valleys after his Master's sheep for five and forty years. But I do not recall you. It is seldom I forget a face."

"We have never met until to-day," was the answer; "but I have heard of you, *mon père*—perhaps," the speaker added, reluctantly, "you have heard of me. I am Paul Elverton."

Instantly the kind, cheery face of the old priest grew grave and stern.

"Yes, I have heard of you. Pardon, my friend, if I say that you indeed come too far when you pass the portals of Saint Agathe."

"Believe me, I intended no intrusion," said Elverton, quickly. "I hoped that there was no rule which would forbid a brief interview with the Lady Superioress; but if that is objectionable, a few words to you, *mon père,* will suffice. You are the friend, the director, doubtless, of her who was Miss Desmond."

"Yes, yes, monsieur, her friend, her director, her father. While old François Marquot lives he will guard and shield her as his child. If you were Catholic you would understand."

"I understand, for I am a Catholic, *mon père*".

"Eh, what? what?" said the old priest, flashing a keen glance from the still bright eyes under his grizzled brows. "You are a Catholic, you say, a Catholic, and yet you come here?"

"It is, I assure you, not to annoy Miss Desmond (I do not know her by any other name)," answered Elverton, with a quiet dignity. "But, knowing her, as I once did, I feel that it may atone in some way for the pain I unwittingly caused her in the past to learn that I have become a loyal son of that Church whose strength, whose purity, whose beauty she revealed to me. She taught me that there is law that bends to no human power,—love that yields to no human weakness,—light that cannot be shadowed by human passion or human pain. And that light and that love and that law are now, thank God, my own."

"All this I will tell her, my son. Also, since you are a good Catholic

now—that—you—are again with your wife."

"My wife died more than two years ago," answered Elverton.

"Ah," said Père Marquot, quickly, "your wife is dead you say—dead!"

"There is one thing more," continued Elverton, hurriedly, as if he found the conversation was becoming painful. "Long ago I made a promise that it would give me great pleasure to fulfill. I see there is still a vacant niche in your chapel tower. If the good Sisters will allow me, I will put there the marble angel for which they have wished so long. Will you see to this, *mon père?* Order, if necessary, from a sculptor abroad; spare no expense. Let the angel warder of Saint Agathe be my thank-offering for the Faith, and perhaps sometimes claim a memento for me in your prayers and—hers. That is all, *mon père.* As you say, I have no right to intrude farther."

"And why not," said Père Marquot, his wrinkled face beaming again into a kindly smile. "It was to the married man the doors of Saint Agathe were closed. Come in; you shall tell the little one yourself about the white angel we are to put on guard on the convent tower."

"Tell her!" exclaimed Elverton, his face kindling, and then paling again. "Is it not against her rule?"

"Her rule," laughed Père Marquot. "What rule binds the little Aileen? She is no nun."

"Not a nun!" echoed Elverton. "I thought, I understood—she had—taken the vows long ago."

"No, no, no, no," said Père Marquot, shaking his head. "She is bound by no rule, no vow, nothing. She is but the little music teacher of the convent, which has been so long her shelter, her home. She is free as the bird, as the breeze—free as you are, monsieur," and there was a twinkle in the old priest's eyes. "Do you think we turn all our good girls into nuns? Ah, no, monsieur. We who are old gardeners know that some of the good God's flowers are for the sunshine, some for the shadow; some for the altar, some for the fireside; some for the Spouse Divine, but many to bloom, pure and sweet, in the hearts of good men. Ah, *mon ami,* it is not love the great Mother Church forbids. But if she had not held strong, impassable, the breakwater against lawless passion, there would have been long ere this a deluge that would have submerged home, fireside, all that even man holds dearest and holiest on earth. But come, there is the Benediction bell. Little Aileen is to sing, and afterwards good Mère Seraphine will send her to see you in the convent parlor. You will find her as good as ever, and perhaps for the lesson you taught her, *mon ami,* even more beautiful."

Elverton made no answer, but the keen eyes of Père Marquot read his face, and saw there the joy, relief, rapture, too great for words.

And when, a few moments later, he knelt in the little convent chapel, and amid the clouds of incense and the gleam of the Benediction tapers a sweet virginal chorus chanted the praises of the "Lamb," the voice that he knew so well rose above all the rest, clear, pure, strong, yet thrilling with a strange pathos as of unforgotten pain.

Paul Elverton bowed his head, while his eyes grew dim with tears, tears such as exiled Adam might have shed if the guarding seraph had dropped his sword of flame and the gates of Paradise unclosed.

(Concluded.)

A DREAM I HAD — AND WOKE.

Of Miriam the beloved one, mine and Christ's.
* * * * * * *

Beset in the mid-winter of bleak doubt
And with a sorry wound the leech hath said
May yet undo me, I, dubbed Sir Austin,
Knight of the Order old of Christ His Cross,
Shriven and houselled and about to fare
Forth on a dire emprise, would fain proclaim
The Lady Miriam my beloved and Christ's.
* * * * * * *

We fought our battle on a burning plain
And crossed that hell of sand with awful loss,
Fearing the heat and not the foe the most;
White, choking heat to wither up man's soul
And make a craven of the stoutest knight;
Such fiery anguish did our host pass through,
And I (may she who bore me learn this not)
Fell first, fell many times, failed utterly.
Prone like a coward lay I there at length
Until the beating sun caused that the cross
Upon my shield did glow white hot and burn
The sense of shame into my shameless breast;
Whereat I thrilled and staggered to my feet,
Blind, weak from loss of blood — the soul's blood, too,
And groped about to find the path I'd lost.
Nor can I tell how long I'd wandered thus.
I do but know I found the little path
When Autumn nights like benedictions came
To cool my brain; and an old monk did say
Saint Michael and his Angels all did help:
The which one may believe since it was now
Michaelmas-tide, to me the time most blest.
If aught befall thee in sad Autumn days,
Mark that thing well! Flowers and hope are dead:
Nature hath nothing left to promise thee
Save Winter chill; therefore mark very well
If aught of promise reach thee at that time
For it must come from God and so mean much.
To me, scarce knowing why I trudged ahead
Impelled by force of habit, not high aims,
Came Miriam the beloved one — God be praised!
* * * * * * *

It was the darkest hour of all my life,
When, on a sudden turning of the path,
I found myself at last forth of the gloom
And standing in a valley filled with light.
Spent and disheartened sore, I lay me down
To bide the night, so winsome was that place,

And ere the sun set I had fallen on sleep.
Nor could I long have slept when a faint voice
As from the music world, sang high, "All Hail!"
I raised myself to hear and once again
The voice so mystically sweet acclaimed
"All Hail! All Hail!" and once again "All Hail!"
Yet could I neither man nor angel see.
"It was a dream," I sighed, and tried to sleep.
But after a brief space I heard the voice
And straightway woke, when full before my eyes
I saw a damsel stand of queenly mien,
Who came straight to me like a trusting child,
And yet all maidenly, all womanly.
"My name is Miriam, Sir Knight," quoth she,
"A little child of Mary and of Christ."
"I dwell hard by upon the hill-top there"
"Whence one may see the vision beautiful,"
"And watching there long weary months agone"
"I saw that bloody conflict on the plain."
"I saw thy wan, white face and flashing eye"
"Majestically fronting all thy foes,"
"Until they hemmed thee in and bore thee down"
"And all thy hope died out of thy sad eyes."
"Seeing the which, the fountains of my soul"
"Broke, and I loved thee. God! I who was Christ's,"
"And yet am His, transfigured by that look"
"Of deep, unutterable hungering"
"In thy sad eyes — I who was Christ's, am thine!"
"Lady!" I strove to speak, but she bade hold.
"I saw thee fall, I saw thy mortal wound,"
"And all thy faith bleed from thy broken heart,
"And then I saw thee lie there lost, undone."
"My heart broke also, but my faith failed not."
"But what could a poor child of Mary do?"
"Pray! and I prayed. I told God face to face"
"That one of His own knights had been struck down"
"And all the promise of his youth, his faith,"
"His honor and his hope, down in the dust."
"I told Him face to face that He and I,"
"Christ and this little child of Mary here"
"Must save Sir Austin of the Cross — *at once!*"
"I begged for reinforcements, the Angels "
"I begged a miracle — demanded it!"
"Held Him to His pledged succoring of all"
"Who ask in faith. Then on an Holy Day"
"Watching before the Tabernacle door"
"I saw a wondrous Light illume the world,"
"One quivering ray did penetrate my heart,"
"And I perceived it tremble on and on"
"Forth from the chapel where I knelt, until"
"It reached thee, Austin, where thou layest there"
"And touched the cross upon thy battered shield"

"And thou did'st throb, get to thy knees, and RISE!"
"Not dead! Not lost! Thanks! Thanks! Strong Comrade Christ!"
"Then I did see thee groping for the path"
"And knew that thou would'st see my light and come."
"And thou hast come, for God is very good."
She ceased; and peace past understanding swept
Like a deep flood of grace o'er my parched soul.
I, falling at her feet, did grasp her hand,
But queenly, virginly she waved me back,
Crying, "Sir Knight, My King can do no wrong."
"Thou art a sworn Knight of the Cross of Christ,
"And thou must tread the little path until
"To the last point thou hast fulfilled thy trust."
A tidal wave of rapture drowned my soul.
"I love thee, Miriam, unspeakably."
"Prove it, my King, by proving it to Christ."
Then did this damsel lead me to the path
Which plunged at once into so deep despair
That I did hesitate. Whereupon she cried
"Make haste! And may the chivalry of God
"Inspire thy timorous soul. Forward! My King!"
Then felt I every inch both King and man:
A change the Lady Miriam perceived
And suffered me to fold her in my arms.
"But thou, life of my soul," I said to her,
"How shalt thou fare? How can I think of thee"
"Alone and desolate, and I not by?"
"I shall do well," quoth she, "for I shall tend
"The lamp before the Tabernacle door."
"I shall fare well, for I shall watch and wait."
"Be what I think thee, and in Christ's highway"
"Return and find how a true maid can wait."
* * * * * * *
She ceased, and I made off to reach the path
Ere darkness fell. I heard her singing far
"My King can do no wrong!" I answered, "Wait!"
Then I pressed on, and, please God, shall press on
Until the path of pain come to an end.
Nor can I think that end shall be in one
Of the defiles of this mirk gloom which now
Enshrouds my world; but on that hill-top fair
Where the glad sunshine of St. Eulalie
Shall fill the desolation of my life
With joy and peace and light ineffable!
* * * * * * *
I, dubbed Sir Austin of the Order old
Of Christ His Cross, now in the darkest hour
Of shameless failure grown a man once more,
Pressing with all my strength where God commands,
Bless Miriam the beloved, who crowned me King.

Amen.

W. B.

ITALIAN NOTES.—NAPLES.

BY E. McAULIFFE.

With fav'ring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow * * *

At about ten P. M. we reached Naples. It was a night in January, but such a night! As mild as an English May; the moon hung in the serene sky, a globe of light, flooding the beautiful bay with her silver radiance, bringing out in dark relief the islands, and Vesuvius with her thin column of smoke. We had a long drive to our hotel, and all the way was along the moonlit shore.

I have always enjoyed the sensation of entering a city for the first time at night, even though the night be dark. The unknown streets and deep shadows, relieved here and there by a few lights which reveal nothing, the uncertainty, the mystery fill one with a kind of pleasing terror. What if our cabby should be in league with bandits, and bring us to some secret place to be robbed and murdered! But we know well that there are no more bandits in Italy, we have proved it on many a lonely expedition by night and by day. I think Washington Irving was the last who wrote about bandits in Italy.

In most unromantic safety we arrived at the hotel, and were forced to wait till morning before exploring any farther. On going down to breakfast we were warmly welcomed by a party of Americans whose acquaintance we had made a few weeks before at the *certosa* of Florence. We commenced our sight-seeing early. We did not at all approve of the sentiment expressed in the saying: "See Naples and die"; we much preferred to see Naples and live, to see it again and again. How grandly she rises from the sea, her terraced gardens and elegant residences covering all the slopes to an immense altitude, the majestic castle of St. Elmo crowning all. We had a letter of introduction to the superioress of a convent of Sisters of Charity, and after having seen the convent decided that it would be a much more congenial residence than the hotel. We had here a room with a balcony or *terrasse* overlooking the bay, the loveliest bay on earth. Everything combines to make it so; the exquisite tints of the water and the sky, the form of the encircling banks, the surrounding scenery; on one side Posillipo and Piedigrotto, on the other, following the curve of the shore, Portici, Messina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, Pompei, and towering above all, Vesuvius. Still following the curve, nearly opposite appears Castellamare, Vico and Sorrento, with a background of blue mountains so sharply defined in the clear atmosphere that one can hardly realize how distant they are. The fairy islands of Capri and Ischia seem to float on the azure sea. In the early morning we enjoyed the picturesque sight of the fishermen hauling in their nets, heavy with the silvery spoil.

The convent was built on a shelf or *rampe*, at a considerable height above the sea; all the space between us and the *chiapa* (quay) was filled with gardens belonging to houses on lower *rampe*. These gardens sloped up the hill and joined ours sloping down. They were filled with flowers, the roses climbing over all the walls in as great luxuriance as if it were summer. There were orange groves in abundance, the trees bearing at the same time, buds, blossoms and ripe fruit. Beyond this vision of Eden spread the calm waters of the bay.

On going into the chapel of the con-

vent for the early mass, on our first morning, we found it all hung "in weeds of woe," and the organ playing solemn music. In a few minutes the school children entered in procession, twenty-four of the larger girls bearing in the body of a dead companion, lying as though asleep on a bank of flowers. Twelve broad white ribbons were slipped underneath, the ends of which were held by the twelve girls on either side. As they passed down the aisle with their light burthen, the following lines which I had read somewhere recurred to my mind:

* * * Gently o'er thy placid heart
Lie the unstirred flowers apart;
And the soften'd sunlight falls
On the solemn chapel walls;
On that brow's sublime repose,
Whose whiteness pales the drifted snows;
On those mute and chiselled lips,
Closed in their long, last eclipse;
On thy folded hands below,
The purple shadows come and go.
Swing the censer 'round the urn,
Let the fragrant incense burn,
'Till the soft and shining veil
Curleth o'er the altar pale,
For a fair imprisoned soul,
Fleeteth upward to its goal.

The music of the mass was sung by the children; it was a lovely ceremony throughout.

At Castellamare we were fortunate enough to arrive just in time for a celebration in honor of the patron saint of the town. There was grand high Mass at the Cathedral, with fine music; after the Mass a procession. The life-sized statue of the saint was taken from its pedestal and borne on the shoulders of strong men through the principal streets. The bishop, the chapter of canons, with many religious confraternities joined in the procession. All business was suspended, the whole day was given to joy and gladness, praising the Lord in His saints, "with full hands scattering unwith'ring lilies" at His feet.

At Pompei, the wicked city, in which was found no Christian emblem, no sign that the light of faith had ever penetrated its walls, given up wholly to luxury and sensual gratification, we found, rising from its embers, a new and glorious temple to the stainless Mother. This devotion to Our Lady of Pompei has been productive of incalculable good in bringing souls to the springs of life. The old enemy had great power on this spot, and long resisted the approach of religion; the sacraments were neglected; the people lived like Pagans. But now his power is weakened. Our dear Mother took pity on her children, and the Pompei of today is emulating Lourdes as a centre of devotion.*

We paid a visit to Sorrento, and admired her orange groves and pink villas. An object of great interest here is the house in which Tasso was born. Amalfi is hallowed by the memory of our own Longfellow:

Where amid her mulberry trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

All the poets have sung the beauties of this enchanted region. I think it must have been here that Keats wrote the "epistle" to his "brother George," from which I steal an extract:

E'en now I am pillow'd on a bed of flowers
That crowns a lofty cliff, which proudly towers
Above the ocean waves. The stalks and blades
Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
So pert and useless that they bring to mind
The scarlet-coats that pester humankind.

---

*Miss Annie Leary of New York, a lady widely-known for her enlightened philanthropy, and boundless charity, has recently founded, in the Italian quarter of New York, a shrine to "Our Lady of Pompei." It was solemnly blessed by Archbishop Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, to the great joy and jubilation of the Italian residents.

And on the other side, outspread, is seen
Ocean's blue mantle, streak'd with purple and green!
Now, 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now
Mark the bright silver curling 'round her prow;
I see the lark down-dropping to his nest
And the broad-wing'd sea-gull never at rest;
For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
His breast is dancing on the restless sea."

While exploring the environs of Naples we made our headquarters at Castellamare, returning there every evening. Our last look before retiring was always given to Vesuvius; it was very quiet at the time, but when the night was dark a narrow stream of fire was visible creeping down the side of the mountain.

We were agreeably surprised to find in our consul here an old friend. As he had held his office for twenty years he knew everything and everybody, and both he and his wife showed us much courtesy and kindness. One little incident remains indelibly impressed on my mind. He called for us one day to go with him to the regular afternoon concert in the gardens that line the shore. The concert was given by a full military band belonging to one of the regiments in the neighborhood. As soon as we appeared the band struck up popular American music. It was as delightful as it was unexpected to hear the sweet home strains in a foreign land, one of those sensations never to be forgotten. But these pleasant hours passed quickly; a few days more and we returned to Naples, where we remained some time as there was still much to be seen and the weather continued splendid.

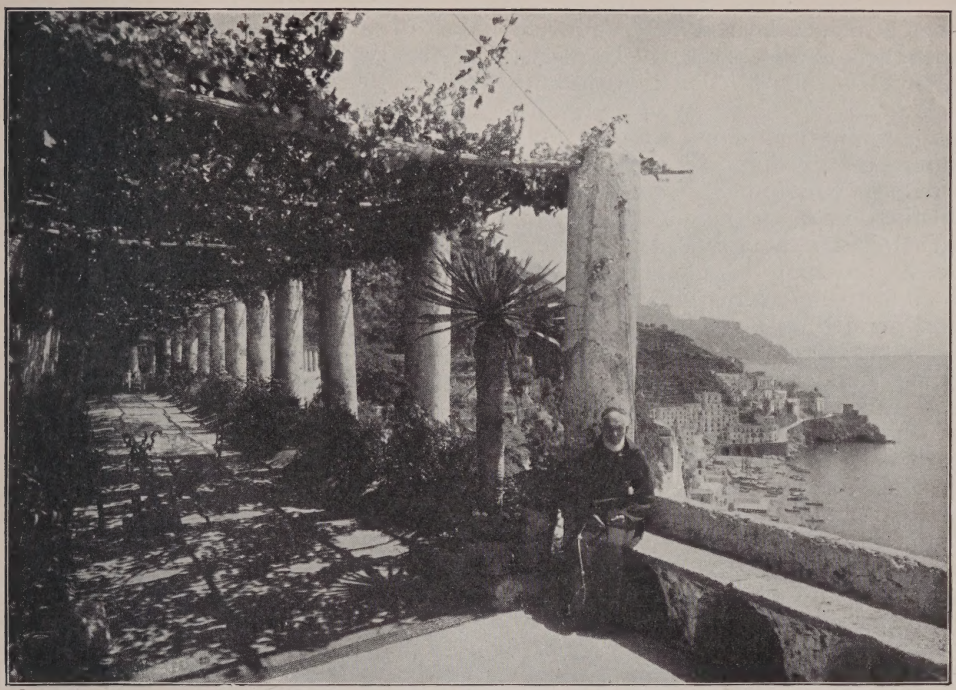
A Festival in Florence.

I cannot say much for Naples as a city; altho' beautiful and picturesque as an artist's dream, its streets are ill-kept and ill-paved, and it is very difficult to get around when one goes on a shopping excursion. There are no sidewalks, and the steep, narrow streets are uncomfortably crowded with pedestrians, horses, donkeys and carriages. In the morning the cows and goats add to the confusion, as they go

from house to house to *deliver their milk*. The cows are milked at the house door, but the goats are brought upstairs to any room, whose occupant may happen to desire it. The goats are the most beautiful creatures imaginable, very large, with long, silky hair of a creamy white. We did not, under the circumstances, enjoy walking the streets, but confined our ramblings to the quays, and the beautiful royal gardens, which line the shores of the bay. Looking at the smooth and peaceful surface of the tranquil sea, it was hard to realize that fierce tempests could ever have disturbed its depths, or that nature from time to time has shown herself here in her most terrific moods. At the convent we were waited on by two little maids, who were the sole survivors of two families swallowed up in a recent earthquake in the beautiful island of Ischia. The good Sisters found the little waifs and brought them up. I found a very fine description of a storm in di Costanya's "History of Naples." It is a quotation from a Latin letter of Petrarch's, who happened to be in Naples at the time of this great storm, which devastated all the shores of the Mediterranean and Adriatic. I translate it from di Costanya's Italian for such of my readers as are not familiar with the latter language:

"This visitation of the Almighty had been predicted several days before by the bishop of a neighboring island, from observations of the stars; but, as usual with astrologers, he could not foresee the full extent of the elemental disturbance, and merely spoke of an impending earthquake which should occur on the twenty-fifth of November, and reduce Naples to ruins. Full credence was given to his prediction, so much so that the greater part of the people, leaving all other affairs, gave themselves up to preparation for a speedy death, endeavoring to obtain

CLOISTERS OF ST. MARTINO. DORIC COLUMNS IN MARBLE.



AMALFI. FROM THE TERRACE OF THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY.

the mercy of God and pardon of their sins by tears and contrition. On the other hand, many laughed at such credulity, saying that little reliance was to be placed in astrology.

"The evening of the twenty-fifth of the month found me in a state of mind wavering betwixt fear and hope, the fear predominating. I had seen the women of the city forgetting their vanity and personal appearance, in excess of terror, with bare feet, disheveled tresses, and eyes streaming tears, clasping their infants to their breasts, going in woful procession from church to church, calling on God for mercy. As the evening advanced the sky continued serene and cloudless; more so than usual, and after supper my servants retired to rest. It seemed to me well to wait, and observe the rising of the moon. On opening a window which looked towards the west, I saw her, just before midnight, half-concealed behind the mountain of San Martino, surrounded by clouds, her face full of darkness. Shutting the window, I lay down on the bed. After lying awake for a long time I dropped into an uneasy slumber, from which I was rudely awakened—the earthquake had arrived.

"It not only flung open the window and extinguished the light which I had left burning, but shook the house to its foundations. Being thus assailed with the dread of instant death, I arose and went out into the cloisters of the monastery in which I was lodged; many were already there, each calling on the other in the darkness, each trying to console the other, as their frightened faces were revealed by constantly recurring flashes of lightning. The monks had gone with the Prior, a most holy man, to sing Matins in the church. In the midst of the howling tempest, bearing the crucifix and the sacred relics, and with devout prayers, weeping, they passed close to where I stood.

"By this time several torches had

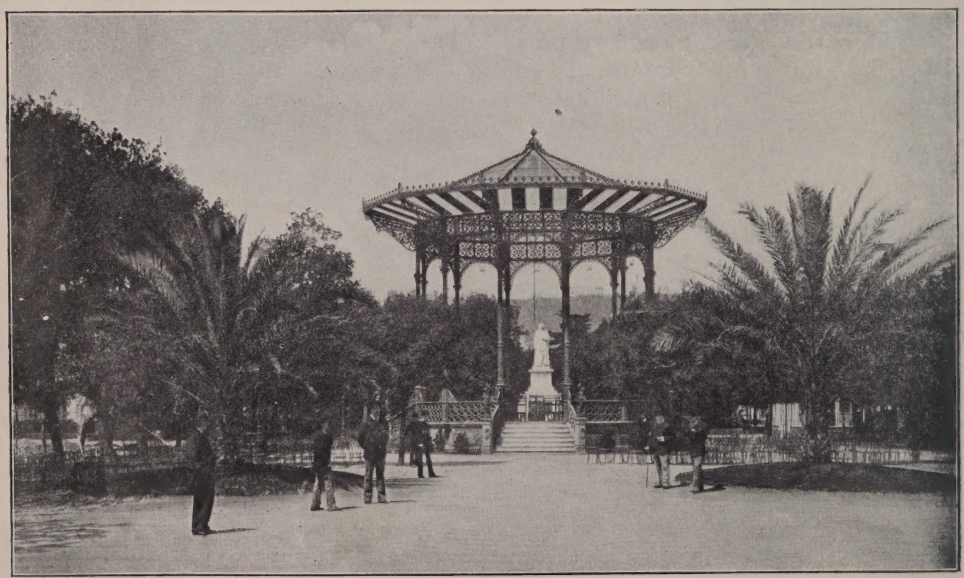
been lit, I took heart a little, and went with them to the church, where all cast themselves on the earth, with loud cries invoking the mercy of God, waiting for the final shock which should summon them into His presence. It would take too much space to recount all the horrors of this night, truly infernal, and, although the truth far exceeded anything that could be written, I doubt if my words will not appear exaggerated.

"What torrents of rain! What deafening thunder! Tremendous artillery of Heaven! What horrible shaking of the earth! What appalling disturbance of the sea! And the voices of the horror-stricken populace; it seemed as if some magic art had lengthened out the hours of dread and agony. Morning at last came, a morning without hope; no gleam of light, no ray of sun, only a gray obscurity, less dense than the preceding blackness. Then the priests vested themselves to celebrate Mass (they had not ceased to pray all night) and we, who had not energy left to arise, contiued in prayers and tears, still prostrate on the earth.

"Now with the coming of day the rush of people from the higher parts of the city tended towards the seashore; the tramp of a numerous body of horse was heard on the quay. What new danger threatens? In very desperation I, too, rushed shorewards, to look and die. Oh! *Dio!* When were ever heard such horrors? The oldest seamen averred that the like was never before seen or heard.

"In the midst of the bay was an infinite number of unfortunates, whose barques, under no control, were at one moment dashed with terrific force against the shore, and in the next were driven back by the fury of the waves. They seemed no more than so many eggs all broken together in a basket. The whole extent of the shore was full of the bodies of the drowned, and portions of bodies; and the cries of the spectators powerless to aid, mingled in heartrending chorus with the roaring of the sea; a sea that was each moment encroaching on the land, until what had been a smooth road the day before, was now covered with a flood more dangerous than the *Faro* of Messina.

"More than a thousand gentlemen



NAPLES. IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

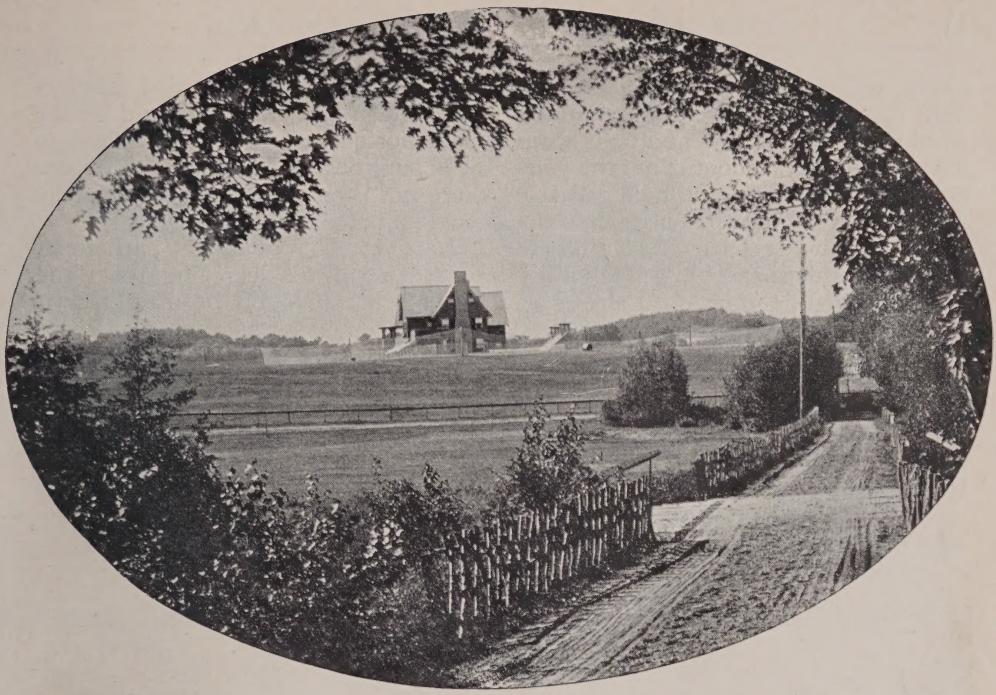
Interior of the Jesuit Church.

of Naples had come there on horseback as if to assist at the obsequies of their country, and in their company I felt the equilibrium of my mind restored, and with them calmly awaited death. Suddenly arose a new terror, the earth beneath our feet was giving way, undermined by the sea. With frantic cries a stampede commenced back of the upper portions of the town, and in truth it was in the last degree horrible to mortal eyes to see the Heavens in such wrath, and the sea so fiercely implacable. Thousands of mountains of water, foam-crested, of dazzling whiteness, came menacingly from the island of Capri towards Naples.

"Meanwhile, the young Queen, with no covering on her delicate feet, all the insignia of rank and fashion laid aside, in the garb of the humblest penitent, followed by nearly all the women of Naples, spent the morning visiting the churches dedicated to the Virgin Mother of God, imploring her intercession.

"No ship in the bay could resist the force of the storm. Three galleys from Cyprus that had weathered many seas, and were ready to sail that morning, we saw, with infinite pity, wrecked before our eyes, not a soul saved. In the same manner the other large ships which had anchored in the bay were dashed against each other to their utter destruction, and with the loss of all the crews. One only, which was manned by four hundred convicts on their way to the Sicilian wars, was saved; having resisted to the end the force of the elements by the greater force of the unhappy wretches who worked the oars, and who only prolonged for themselves a miserable existence. Towards evening of this day the clouds disappeared from the face of Heaven, the anger of the deep subsided, and a quiet night came to soothe the weary survivors."

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,"



ESSEX COUNTY CLUB, MANCHESTER, MASS.

GOLF AND ITS GROWTH IN AMERICA.

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

THE origin of golf is a matter of doubt. Its birth is wrapped in the mystery of tradition. But its pedigree, if misty, has surely the aristocracy of age. The popular impression is that we owe the game to Scotland. There is a record of it there for five centuries, but the game is older than that. No doubt, if history were sufficiently minute, we should find that golf, like many other games now popular, was played in some form or other, ages ago, in many lands.

Our name for it seems to have been derived from a Dutch word "Kolf," which, in Holland, stood for a game that was a cross between the present golf and billiards. It was confined to a contracted, walled-in space, and played under conditions too slow for this age. Something more like golf was played on the ice by the people of Holland centuries ago. A modification of the game was also played long ago in Austria and Belgium.

We have indisputable evidence that the game was popular in Scotland about five hundred years back, in a form much the same as that of today.

Clubs, to be sure, were crudely made and somewhat differently fashioned from those now in use, and balls were not so round and smooth; but the general laws of that time still hold good.

Golf is so popular just now, that uninformed people refer to it as "this new fad" and comic sheets have much illustrated fun with the peculiar phases of it. But 'tis hardly a new fad, and its mission is a serious one. Four and a half centuries back, the game had such a hold on the people of Scotland that they neglected the very useful and necessary practice of archery for it. With such a people as the English across the border, this state of affairs was not to be allowed. The wise councillors of the nation held that the winning ways of golf needed discouragement, if war, which should be the chief business of the nation, were to be brought to the standard. Fine arts were not then a part of every college curriculum.

In 1457, Scotland's parliament passed a statute decreeing that "the fut-ball and the golf be utterly cryit dune." This law was re-enacted every twenty years or so for the next century, but the perverse Lowlanders kept on playing, and they are playing it yet. The game had such a grip on the life of the time that even highly-orthodox and properly-respected ministers of the Kirk were influenced by the mere charm of its quaint terminology. More than one eloquent divine

WAKEFIELD PARK GOLF CLUB, WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Miss Hoyt, Champion Woman Player, Watching Her Drive.

embellished his pulpit discourse with the imagery of the game. "Remember the last hole" was the text that startled a Scotch congregation one fair Sabbath morning. Through the open windows, within sight of the congregation, was a fine golf course, and this divine's people, being all golfers, murmured approbation of the aptness of the metaphor, "for 'tis at the last hole we will learn how the game has gone, and what the reckoning is to be!"—surely, the now wideawake pew-renters looking out on the smooth home green felt the full force of that.

Grave church elders have been reprimanded for giving over to its fascinations, and multitudes of Godless lay-people have been given time to meditate on the sinfulness of Sunday golf, while sitting ahigh on the "chair of repentance," a conscience-quickening, penitential arrangement in plain sight of all, and somewhat popular in Scotch churches of that time.

It is a source of complacent satisfaction to most golfers of the present that their favorite game has been the diversion of royalty. "The Royal and Ancient Game" it is sometimes sonorously styled. That title has the merit of fact. The rulers of Scotland and England were identified with it through a whole dynasty. The Stuarts were particularly warm toward golf. The historical records of Scotland show where Stuart kings drew on the royal treasurer for golf expenses. There is one item of £2 2s "for the King to play at golf with the Earl of Bothwell." This particular earl, it will be remembered, afterward mixed in more warlike exercises than golf. James VI. early had his own special clubmaker, and later, when he attained the dignity and treasury of the English throne, there was a special ballmaker to his majesty. At this time, balls from Holland were being imported, but the patriotic Stuarts levied such heavy duty on them that only the wealthiest could stand the drain, and, so, a deserving native industry was allowed to flourish. In that day, the King paid four shillings for a proper Scotch ball.

The beautiful Mary Stuart played golf to help while away the long days of waiting in Scotland. We do not know to what skill she attained, but the record is strong that she made a charming figure on the green, which pleased mightily the gentlemen-in-waiting, who never saw the equal. Charles I. was partial to the links of Leith. He was playing there once when a courier interrupted the game with the news of a rebellion in Ireland. Because he did not finish the round, all Scotch golfers hold it a stain on his name for all time. Charles' son, the Duke of York, afterward James II., had a great notion to defeat two Englishmen who bragged of their play. He selected a Scotch shoemaker, John Paterson, for his partner. The two defeated the Englishmen, and because of the shoemaker's skill, the house of Paterson was founded, with a dexter hand grasping a golf club for a coat-of-arms. The inscription under the club, " Far and Sure," means a whole catechism to a golf player. Another Stuart, of later times, "Bonny Prince Charlie," learned the game under a Highland chief while waiting to begin a campaign over the English frontier. In a less turbulent after-time, the Prince introduced the game to friends in Italy.

ARDSLEY. — A HAZARD OFF SECOND HOLE.

In such fashion the game of golf went on its way. English army officers brought it to India, and British colonists and travelers have marked the globe with links. On what date

it first came to America is a matter of conjecture, but no doubt there is truth in the unproved statement that British officers played it here during the Revolution. There were many Scotch officers in the English army then and they must have learned the game in their country where every-

Scotchmen were known to be practising their beloved sport here and there throughout the country.

But it was coming all the time. In 1888 the St. Andrews Golf Club laid out links at Yonkers, N. Y., and in 1890 the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club had a course on Long Island. Since

VIEW OF THE ALLEGHENY CLUB LINKS, PITTSBURG, PENN.

body knew something of it. In the existence of a golf club invitation dated at Savannah, Ga., in 1811, we have proof that golf was played here in the early years of this century. The game must have languished during the fifty or sixty years following. The social conditions prevailing during that period hardly favored the rapid development of golf. In the sixties we hear of it in Staten Island, and in the seventies small, isolated parties of

then the growth has been constant and rapid. The fact that one did not have to be a man of muscle nor of great endurance to indulge in a mild form of it recommended it to the many who were in need of outdoor recreation, but had not the skill for athletics, nor the time and means for yachting and kindred diversions. Practice of the game grew so rapidly that it crept up on the uninstructed before they were prepared. It is

ARDSLEY.—VIEW FROM THE HUDSON.

within three years that a Boston sporting writer confessed his complete ignorance of the word "golf," and doubtless there were many fellow-scribes like him. Even now, ignorance of the general tenor of the game is not so rare. But knowledge is spreading among the people; we all may not be posted now in its details, but soon we will have a general idea of its purposes and, above all, of the peculiarities of that puzzling thing, its language. To-day no one may claim to say just how many American men and women are devoted to the game, but certainly the number is large, and at the present rate of increase, before many years the game should rank with cycling and baseball in popularity.

There are two hundred or more registered clubs in the United States. These are all large clubs, each of them owning or leasing a well-appointed clubhouse, and from forty to one hundred acres of fine land, and with a membership running into several hundreds. Fifty thousand dollars is not an unusual amount for these large clubs to put into clubhouse and grounds. But these are only the preferred clubs; they form but a small part of the golfing contingent. There are clubs all over the country, from Eastport to San Francisco, and from Minneapolis to Tampa. The enormous amount of money bound up in the game and the vast number of people actively interested in its progress, with the worth of the game itself, assure it a great future in America.

Golf may be played over any fairly clear bit of outdoors, but preferably over stretches of undulating, close-turfed country, where moderate natural hazards are occasionally met with. A "hazard" may be any obstacle that interferes with a rolling ball. Brooks, stone walls and sand patches are examples of legitimate hazards. Some exaggerated forms of hazards have been introduced on American links by unsophisticated amateurs. Orchards, bogs and stone quarries are hardly proper hazards on a golf course. Wading through a waste of squashy bog is only discomfort; high skill may be as fully tested by a pleasanter form of trial.

The idea of the game, in brief, is to knock a small ball into a number of holes, one after the other, in as few strokes as possible. The distance to each hole varies. One hundred yards is a short hole for good play; five hundred yards is quite long. Play may be over any number of holes agreed upon, but nine holes constitute a short course, and eighteen holes a standard or full course. In important matches here two full rounds, or thirty-six holes, are generally played. In England and Scotland seventy-two holes are frequently played.

Clubs of many styles are used; but all follow the general plan of a leather-wrapped handle, slender shaft and thickened wooden or iron head. The place set apart for you to begin to drive for each hole is called the tee. After you leave the tee the ground is called the green, or "fair green." The bit of specially well-kept and watered lawn around the hole is called the "putting green." For convenience, the course is arranged so that the first tee and last hole are near the clubhouse.

The problem of the game is simple in the description, but most difficult for skillful solution. Invalids and athletes, children and patriarchs play it, and all seem to find diversion in it. We can do something at it with the weakest of muscular and nervous systems, but you may be the strongest and steadiest man in the world, and, through lack of peculiar skill, fail to achieve distinction in golf.

Golf has an advantage over most sports in that one may start in at any age and enjoy it. While the best

players, as in other sports, learn it young, yet some great players have made late beginnings.

The equipment of an ordinary golf player includes half-a-dozen clubs, a bag to carry them in and a dozen or so of balls. The different clubs are needed to meet the variations in the surface of the ground and the distance to be covered by particular strokes. At the tee, or starting point for each hole, we use a beautiful, light, slender-shafted club, called a driver. This has a gracefully-curved wooden head, and is used to drive the ball a long distance, and this it does, despite its slenderness and beauty, because of the speed with which it may be swung through the air and the lead weight in the head back of the point of impact. A similar club with a brass sole to protect the head from wear underneath, where it comes in contact with the earth, is used to drive the ball through the green. This is a brassie. There are several varieties of iron-headed clubs, shorter and thicker-shafted, which are used to dig a ball out of a hollow or to raise it high in the air to clear an embankment, a line of hills or similar hazard. One particularly sturdy, bull-necked, round-headed club is the niblick, a handy thing where the ground is very rough and hard or stony, when there would be danger of breaking the more delicate brassie or other club in the pounding. The putter is the shortest club of all. It is only used when on the smooth putting-green surrounding the hole. As this smooth green is never more than one hundred feet square, a putter is built only for a short stroke. The ordinary putter has a metal head, iron or brass; but a common form of it has a wooden head, heavily weighted. Still, one may use many forms of putter that will do the work, and yet not outrage the traditions of the game. A goose-necked affair has gained many converts, and a billiard cue has been used on the green with some success; but that last was rather trying to the reverence of good golfers. Clubs vary in length with a man's height, reach and glance. The longest club, the driver, for a man of average height, should be about three and one-half feet from tip of handle to sole. This would weigh about fifteen ounces. Some extreme players have long rows of clubs carefully arranged in racks, but these are not always the best players, though, possibly, among the most enthusiastic. Some good players use only four, one iron and a putter, and some can get along without an orthodox putter, and make a fair game of it with three clubs. A clever player will confine himself to one club and easily outplay a poor player, and let the awkward one select the single club at that.

Balls may be of any composition that will retain hardness and elasticity after much knocking around. Feather balls—leather covers stuffed with feathers—were formerly considered the only thing. A hatful of feathers went to the making of one, and when properly made they traveled well. But they were too expensive to be popular. We now use a composition ball, of which india-rubber is the principal ingredient. They are about an inch and a half in diameter, twenty-seven grains in weight, and painted white. For playing on snow a red ball is used. A strong driver should send any of these two hundred yards or more on a fair stroke.

The caddie is the boy who carries your clubs and otherwise relieves you of the labor of the game. He is also supposed to keep track of the ball, quite an office to one whose eyes have lost the speed and edge of youthful days. At Shinnecock, Long Island, an Indian girl acts as a caddie, and another, John Anna Carpenter, at the Onwentsia Club, in Chicago. "Johnnie" Carpenter, but sixteen years old, is one of the best women players in

the country. In Scotland there are quite a number of old men who act as caddies. These are well posted in the game. They know a good player by instinct, and have rare powers of criticism. They are frequently able to instruct verbally, though seldom able to execute their instructions in first-class form. Could they do that they would have been made green-keepers while their youth was still on them. The average golfer is eager to take advice from anybody that can play at all—even if the adviser cannot play, provided he has the nerve to give advice, his word is revered. In the hands of a competent caddie the average golfer is wax; old or young, he is the most humble-minded sportsman on earth.

The controlling golf organization in this country is the United States Golf Association. The $1,000 championship cup of the Association is competed for every year. The winner holds the title of American amateur champion, and retains the cup until lost to a new champion. One of the greatest boomers the game has had is Henry M. Flagler, who made the game possible to thousands of winter tourists in Florida. He laid out several links in that state; one of them is in St. Augustine, near the great cathedral, toward the building of which he gave $100,000.

Our American players are not yet equal to the best in Great Britain, but their form is improving rapidly, and before many years we hope to produce a class of players equal to the best anywhere. The college men, who have the time to give to this, will surely develop some great performers within the next year or two.

To win at golf requires the qualifications of a first-class athlete. The game, in its fiercest form, is a great test of skill, patience, judgment, endurance and the never to be overlooked quality of nerve. A thirty-six hole match demands four hours of play, swinging freely, but with care and force, all the time, and eight miles of tramping, entailing on the system a strain that is not to be held lightly when there are several days of tournament play before one. The best players are men of good muscular power, with great freedom of movement, and a never-say-die spirit.

St. Andrews Club, the first to take up golf regularly, has now a fine eighteen hole course at Mount Hope, N. Y. This club has been the leader in the metropolitan district. In New England, the Country Club of Brookline, Mass., has been longest identified with the game. In the Central States, the links of the Onwentsia Golf Club of Chicago and the Chicago Golf Club are best known. On the Pacific coast, the Oakland and San Francisco Clubs are doing much to foster the game. The Palmetto Golf Club of Aitken, S. C., was the first Southern club we had. It is used largely by Northern tourists in the winter season, as are also the Ormond, St. Augustine and Kissimmee links in Florida.

The Morris County Golf Club of Morristown, N. J., will hold the amateur championship event this year; and the Myopia Hunt Club of Lexington, Mass., will have the open championship, where amateur and professional players alike may compete. The Essex County Golf Club, at Manchester, Mass., held the women's championship last year. This year the women of America will play for the championship at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, over the Ardsley Club course, which is considered one of the prettiest in the country. The intercollegiate championship will also take place on the Ardsley links.

The honor of having the longest links in America is split between the Garden City Golf Club of Garden City, L. I., and the Glenview Golf Club of Evanston, Ill. The Garden City course is 6,245 yards for the eighteen holes, and the Evanston

links five yards less; but as the latter club have not quite finished work on their greens, they hope to add a few yards more before completion, so as to hold the record for their course.

At present, golf is practiced at our leading universities and at all athletic clubs of note. Every country club of any size has its links, and our military posts are rapidly being equipped with golf courses. Golf at West Point is now in its third season. The cadets at the Naval Academy have access to a links where they are developing skill in the hope of equaling the West Pointers, who have been playing the game for some time, and have already a good team. At the United States arsenal at Rock Island, Ill., there is a splendid course laid out along the banks of the Mississippi. The great river, indeed, is one of the hazards of the course. At Portsmouth, N. H., the naval officers have organized a club which is a gem in its way. The leading yacht clubs are going into the game. The Seawanhaka, Corinthian, Larchmont and Hull clubs have all fine links. The members of these clubs put in lots of time at golf practice.

In our preparatory schools the game is gradually winning a place among track and field sports, foot ball and base ball. It will not be many years before no great educational institution will seem complete without provision for the game. Quite a number of hotels went into the game last year. This year every big hotel will have its own links if there is land to be had for it. The people who go to the mountains and beaches in summer, and to Florida in winter, are generally partial to golf.

The best way to learn to play the game is to watch good players or take lessons from a good professional teacher. If no competent man is near by, get a good book on the subject and practice. Practice, anyway. At first you may not get the correct style, and by and by you may have to unlearn it all if you would be a champion; but even golf after your own original fashion is better than no golf at all. Intelligent, if lonely, practice, however, is sure to bring results. Two American golfers of the first class, by some rated our two leading amateurs, never took a regular golf lesson in their lives.

The practice of golf demands exercise outdoors. The fresh air must get into your lungs, and the warm sun must penetrate your skin; and these things are vitalizers. The tramping over hill and dale, the swinging of clubs of some weight, but not over heavy, bring every muscle of importance into play. There is no wrenching or sudden strain to start a ligament or rack the nerves. It can be had proportioned to the weakness of the weak, or made to meet the strength of the strong. Golf is for all.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY B. F. GRIFFIN.

Lo! the touch of dawn's gray, liquid finger
Faintly prest upon the far east's rim,
Tipping morn's great cup, till no more linger
Th' amber, rose and gold that flush its brim—

Stream they in a gush of glory, flaking
Darkness with wild floods of Heaven's gleam;
White mists, woven delicate, shine in breaking
O'er each molten-breasted lake and stream.

Sparkling, dew-kissed leaves in green light glisten,
Trembling to the voice of each mad bird;
Its silvered head the wet grass lifts to listen,
Hushed, that every liquid note be heard.

Scent of nodding buckwheat from the meadow,
Skied above it carolling a lark,
Dim beyond, the arching woodland's shadow,
Thick trunks clust'ring rough and mossed and dark;

Sweet along the road the leaning clover,
Loud with dusky, nectar-footed bee—
Hark! the distant whistle of the plover,
Winging to the low, cool sweep of sea;

Rippling through the silence 'neath the birches,
Chill in wood-sweet shadow, th' eager brook;
Harsh o'erhead, in wind-swept, leafy perches,
Tuneless brawls of wheeling crow and rook;

Poised above the dark pool's silent water,
White the stainless lily, fair in grace—
Of the pure-eyed heaven the lonely daughter,
Mirroring on earth its mother's face;

Flushed of heart with its own thrilling sweetness,
Drooping, dew-tipped wild-rose by the fence,
Fragile flower of beauty's rare completeness,
Loveliness most perfect, most intense—

Fragrant breath of summer's soul and being,
Spraying with delight the dusty road,
All men's hearts to joy, its beauty seeing,
Chose it here so common an abode.

O'er all quivers sun-gold keen from heaven,
Silvering smooth the forest-girdled lakes,
Brilliant the whole world from morn till even,
Till in purple skies the moon awakes,

With a silver mist of star-gems trailing
Her pale path across the cloudless deep,
Like a jewelled argosy slow sailing
Th' amber depths of dreams, the seas of sleep.

AN IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY MARTIN J. ROCHE.

The final hand-clasp had been given, the last words of farewell spoken on that fine October morn in the year 18—, and soon the tender "Ireland," which was to convey us to the big Cunarder, left the quay at Queenstown and was bowling away through the dark blue waters of the harbor. We, children of the Gael, had gone through a terrible ordeal at parting from all we held sacred and dear in fair Erin, and many a sob burst forth and many an eye grew dim as we left the little tender and crossed the gang-plank to the stately "Scythia," bound for the Republic of the West, which had afforded a shelter and a home to so many of our kith and kin.

Night came down upon the deep ere our good ship had borne its living freight out of view of the bold headlands of the Irish coast. Of the seven hundred passengers on board, nearly four hundred Irish emigrants had been added to the ship's list at Queenstown. Their coming was attended with all the heartrending scenes that have become too familiar through many a weary year of privation and consequent abandonment of home. They were all on deck; those stalwart men and winsome lasses, splendid types of the sons and daughters of Hibernia. After the fatigue of the morning they at last realized with a grim, dull sense of despair in their hearts, that they were actually and truly leaving, perhaps forever, the dear land of their birth. So with tear-dimmed eyes they watched the coast line gradually disappear as if into the bosom of old ocean; and when the gloom of night settled upon all, many a manly heart was breaking, many a maiden wept, thinking of home and friends and kindred, left behind in dear old Ireland. The night air was damp and chilly. The vessel had entered a thick bank of fog, and every moment the great siren bellowed out its warning notes, which were periodically answered by other steamers on all sides. She cut through the foam as easily and steadily as though the Atlantic were a vast mill-pond. The weather quickly underwent a change and the ocean lashed itself into fury. The ship began to pitch heavily and many who had laughed at the terrors of seasickness were in the throes of direst agony.

A man came up the saloon stairway and stepped on deck. He was an Englishman, an actor by profession; the leading man of a celebrated company *en route* for the United States. He was a splendid type of the Saxon, tall and muscular, with frank, open, honest face, clean shaved on account of his calling. His name on the saloon list was an assumed one, and his companions called him Harry, and this will answer for the purpose of my story.

Harry paced the long promenade deck of the Scythia from prow to stern with all the vigor of a man who gloried in his strength. Before he launched upon the arduous career of "Mummer" he had carried the blue in the 'varsity eight at Oxford and was well up in the average list at the end of the cricket season. Thus when hard work called him to put forth his utmost powers to ensure success, his splendid physical training was as great a factor in winning for him the laurels of victory as were the intellectual resources which were developed during his university career. He was imbued with the Englishman's love for

fresh air, and he had quietly left his companions to enjoy their brandy and seltzer, and puffed contentedly at his cigar as he paced along the deck.

A few of the more robust of the steerage passengers lingered as if loth to join the seething mass of humanity below; they endeavored to keep themselves warm by cuddling up close together amidships near the door of the cook's galley, where there was considerable heat from the fire. They smoked quietly, with that gravity of demeanor which always follows a violent mental struggle. The captain of the ship stood at the door of his state-room a few yards away, and occasionally ceased smoking to speak words brimful of mirth and good humor to the group. He sought to divert their thoughts from the heart-rending experiences of the morning.

Harry strode back and forth. Sometimes he would exchange a few words with the captain, but paid no heed to the group of emigrants. Suddenly something in the dim light attracted his attention. On closer examination he found it was the form of a young woman with a plaid shawl folded tightly around her head and shoulders, sheltering a baby she held in her arms. She was seated on the floor of the deck, and he saw that she was asleep; but her sleep was troubled. Broken sobs came from between her parted lips: "Donal!" she murmured, "*ma bouchal*, I'm coming." He gazed at the poor shivering creature, and saw that her face was of that calm, placid mould and with that unrivalled beauty very common amongst the peasant girls of Ireland; her dark hair hung in a tangled mass around her forehead and seemed to be innocent of braid or snood. He noted her arched eyebrows and the long dark lashes wet with tears.

Harry saw all this at a glance, and saw, too, the look of pain which "nature's soft nurse" could not take away. His kindly heart was touched to pity of this poor emigrant who had no friend amongst the hundreds who were aboard the Cunarder. Now she was talking, or rather crooning, to her baby, "Shoheen, Sho, Lu, Lo, Lo!" and again: "God keep you, *acushla*, till I come, Donal, *agrah!*" Now she murmured the words of the farewell song of the morning, "Come back, *aroon*, to the Land of thy birth," and again visions of the country dance came to her mind and she smiled through her tears. Then she seemed to sleep more calmly, a sweet smile upon her lips, the wind playing with the strands of her hair. Her head rested against the bulwarks; her arms relaxed a little their hold on the pretty innocent child, and she slept with as little trace of the pain of the morning as if she never knew the pang of parting; she slept as though she reposed in eider-down and not upon the deck of an ocean liner with the night's chill wind cutting into the marrow. Harry was loth to awaken her, so complete was her repose; he stood there entranced by her natural beauty, and his heart was filled with pity as the story of her plight was revealed to him by her broken utterances. Harry had come of a good old English family; his father was distinguished by his liberal views; and this worthy son of a worthy sire had traveled extensively. He was more or less a cosmopolitan, and he entertained none of those unjust ideas about Ireland which characterize so many of his countrymen.

He feared the raw, piercing night wind would injure her and her baby, who calmly slept on through it all. He touched her lightly on the shoulder. She awoke with a start. She was evidently abruptly awakened from those pleasant dreams of home which had found expression a moment ago. The transition was anything but pleasant; the visions of her once happy little

home were dispelled. Her dreams of the old mill, of the little chapel and the adjacent graveyard, where her father and mother slept. How dear are the memories of that quaint country church, where at eventide she often brought her little child and placed her tribute of wild flowers at the foot of Mary's statue, and prayed to the "Star of the Sea" to guide the wandering of her brave husband, Donal Maguire, who had crossed the broad Atlantic to seek a fortune in free Columbia, whither he promised he would bring Eilly, his wife, at the earliest possible opportunity.

All vanished from her mental vision and with a shudder she realized that home was now only a memory to be pondered over in the intervals of unrelenting toil in the new land to which she was bound.

Harry was a well-bred Englishman, with perfect control of his feelings, who could say "Good-bye" and start off around the world, without a quaver in his voice, who could go to his death with a smile and never falter. But he whose life work was the study of human character, and whose career on the stage gave promise of a bright future, felt strangely moved by this pathetic scene. He had nightly passed by with a merely conventional salutation the professional beauties of the glittering world behind the footlights, women whose pictures adorned the newspapers and the magazines, and whose names were on every tongue. No woman had made Harry's heart go pit-a-pat since he had loved to distraction the pretty girl who had sold him tobacco when he was a freshman at Oxford; he lived through that trying time; athletics and study seemed to leave no place in his life for love. So he never really knew what the tender passion was.

Now he was more interested in this poor Irish emigrant and her little babe than he ever was in woman before. "You'll catch cold sitting there," he said.

"Oh, no, sir; I am used to the cold and the hunger now, since Donal went to America."

"And who is Donal?" he asked, in kindly sympathy.

"My husband. Ah! sir, he was young and brave and hearty when we were married by Father Phil three years ago. He had his little place, a snug cottage, a couple of acres of land and a cow. We were very happy; then little Eilly here came to us. I was always glad and happy and never knew what the hunger was."

"Where is Donal now?" he said.

"I'll tell you, sir, for you are the only one who has given me a kind word since I came on the big ship this morning at Queenstown."

His eyes grew dim with tears that he could never summon to his assistance when simulating passion on the stage. The lump gathering in his throat made him wonder whether he was the same Harry who went at all obstacles in his path with that innate pluck and determination that won for him the admiration of his comrades. He who considered a display of emotion only fit for the tender sex was now intensely interested, and gazed into her "eyes of Irish blue" with a tenderness that found expression in his gentle movement as he raised her to a seat he found hard by. She smiled a sweet smile of gratitude and said:

"Oh, sir, you are too kind to a poor woman like me. You are like Colonel O'Leary who lived in the 'great house' near our little place at home in Ould Ireland."

Harry had mixed in the "best" set in London; he was a society lion to a certain extent; he was handsome and clever, and as it was well known that he had taken to the stage in a spirit of adventure and had such good family connections, he was a general favorite. Never in all the years of

varying success had all this sycophantic adulation turned his head in the slightest degree. He was intellectual, and he loved his work for its own sake. He strove to become a great actor. He was a careful student. It mattered little to him whether the receipts at the box office were satisfactory or not. He played because he was a believer in the stage as an educator. He was an enigma to most of the society dames who invited him to their homes. He did not fall down at the feet of the season's latest debutante who was turning the heads of half the clubmen about town.

Now he hovered round the gentle girl on whom the ravages of hunger had left their unmistakable mark; he brought his rug from his state-room and wrapped her closely round, and she gratefully thanked him. A few muttered words from Harry and soon the deck steward came with a steaming cup of coffee and some choice biscuits.

She had eaten nothing since morning, the terror of leaving her home, perhaps forever, seemed to paralyze her, and she had passed through the day in a dull stupor, the sleep of the evening being the first rest to her troubled heart. She partook eagerly of the much needed refreshments, and then told her story.

"I was very happy in old Duhallow by the banks of the Blackwater. I was only eighteen when I married Donal. All went well until the times grew worse, Donal got thinking of going to America. He said he would make money and then send for me and the baby. He sailed away one year ago. He got work in Boston and sent me money regularly, until one day I got a letter to say he was sick. Then I had no money. For three months I struggled to pay the rent and then the landlord sent the crowbar brigade and I was thrown out on the roadside in an awful storm of wind and rain. I caught cold that bleak night as I struggled over the country roads for seven long Irish miles to the home of my cousin Nora. When I awoke next day I had a terrible pain in my chest, and I got a cough which seemed to grow worse every day."

Thus in the mellifluous strains of a perfect Munster brogue she continued, while the occasional cough told Harry that the seeds of consumption were deeply sown.

"After a month he sent my passage to America, and now I am going to meet *ma bouchal.* He was always so good to me. But I am very weak. God help me! I am afraid I won't last long."

Harry cheered her and said that when the voyage was over she would be all right. "I shall send you some little things from the saloon every day. You won't be offended? Now you must go below. It's cold, and you need sleep."

She murmured her thanks again. "May God and His Blessed Mother bless you kindly," and she smiled as she smothered a cough and shook his hand and said "Good night."

Harry kissed the babe, raised his cap and said "Good night," and went in the direction of the saloon, where in the music room mirth reigned supreme, the sound of music and song rose over the swish of the waves as the gigantic engines throbbed fiercely in the gloom of the night. Avoiding the gay throng, he passed on to the smoking room and smoked in silence. His mind was full of the events of the last few hours, and he was in no humor to join in the revels of his comrades. They rallied him.

"Hallo, Harry, old chap! Homesick, eh?" said one.

"He's thinking of the girl he left behind him."

"Never mind, old boy. We'll come back to merry England soon again."

Then they sang "Rolling home to dear old England."

But Harry could find no heart to join in their songs. He thought of the poor Irish girl leaving her home and going she knew not where. He thought of all his life spent in luxury, of every whim gratified from his earliest infancy to the time when he went to Harrow and from there to Oxford. He thought of all his club life, of his hunting, fishing and shooting, and of the money lavished during his military career. All these things came coursing through his mind and he made a mental resolve that for the future he would direct some of the money generally expended in useless pleasure seeking, to other channels where it would carry with it comfort and plenty to the unfortunate and afflicted.

He rang for the chief steward, to whom he gave orders relative to the comfort of Mrs. Maguire and her little child. His orders were carried out and Eilly and her baby were well cared for. The morrow broke clear and fine, the sun shone, and every one was on deck enjoying the pure air and basking in the sunshine.

At noon Harry sought the young emigrant, and found her seated on deck in the steamer chair he had sent her. She looked a little better; her eyes were brighter. Two red spots burned on her cheeks, and her constantly recurring cough caused Harry to shudder. He excused himself for a moment and proceeded to the ship's dispensary, where he found the doctor and spoke to him of Eilly, adding, "I'm afraid, doctor, she won't last long."

The physician accompanied him on deck, and looking at Eilly in a casual way, told Harry in an undertone that she was far beyond his skill, a hopeless case. "Two or three weeks at the longest and all will be over," he said.

Harry asked her how she felt.

"I'm very weak to-day. I think I caught cold again. I'm afraid I won't last long, but I want to see my darling husband, Donal. He'll be glad to see me and the baby."

Harry took good care to see that all his orders for her comfort were carried out to the letter, wine and all kinds of delicacies were brought to her. The baby throve apace, but the mother weakened visibly.

The next day Harry missed her from her accustomed place on deck; he made inquiries and was informed that she was very ill that morning and could not get up at all.

The doctor ordered her to be transferred to the ship's hospital and came to Harry, who was leaning over the side thinking of the whole affair. He was unutterably sad as he read on the doctor's face that the end was not far away.

Before Harry could speak to the kind-hearted doctor, the latter opened the conversation. "Galloping consumption. She will be lucky if she keeps up till we reach Boston. She is quite resigned, but wants to see some one in America, probably her husband. Then her anxiety is centred on the baby. She asked for the priest and I have spoken to Father Ignatius, whose state-room adjoins yours. He is with her now."

"Bravo, doctor, you're a brick," blurted out Harry, whose natural reserve had all vanished by this time.

The good priest prepared her for death. He was afraid she could not last very long. The news spread like wildfire aboard the "Scythia," and her quota of poor emigrants forgot their troubles and at the close of day more than five hundred knelt on the deck and recited the rosary with Father Ignatius for the happy death of the young wife now fast approaching the end of her earthly career, far from home and friends.

It was a most edifying scene, and

affected Harry more than any other he had ever witnessed. A violent mental struggle seemed to be raging within his breast and before the first decade of the rosary was over, he, an Episcopalian from childhood, was on his knees and joined in with the emigrants in the sweet, tender prayer. Many others who did not believe in the Blessed Virgin were so impressed by the solemnity of the scene that they came and uncovered their heads in reverence.

Next day the doctor came hurriedly to Harry saying "She is dying. She wants to see you."

Harry came. The cold sweat of death was on her brow, but she turned her lustrous blue eyes towards the door as Harry entered and smiled her own sweet, patient smile as he approached her bedside.

"Father," she said to the "*soggarth aroon,*" who held the crucifix in his hand, "he was good to me, God bless him! I never turned the poor from my door and God and Mary sent this stranger to help me in this journey.

"I'm dying, sir, and when I see our Holy Mother Mary in heaven, I'll pray for you. You will meet my Donal. Oh! he will be at the quay to meet me. Give him my little baby, Eillen *Oge*. Tell him I loved him always, and will pray for him in heaven."

Harry was kneeling now, the hot tears were rolling down his cheeks; he could only murmur in broken accents, "I'll do all you say; now rest quietly."

She was dying. Father Ignatius recited the last prayers. She rallied a moment and said:

"Where's my baby?"

The baby was brought. She fondly kissed her little child and said, "Bring my love to Donal *alanna*, and mind the baby."

She smiled at Harry with that intense look of gratitude in her eyes, and died with a prayer on her lips.

She was buried at sea. The beautiful burial service of the Catholic Church, read by Father Ignatius, was most impressive and was replete with interest for Harry. This was the first time in his career that he had heard a Catholic priest recite the *de profundis*, and it afforded reflection for his thoughts.

Harry took charge of the winsome Irish child, and all the ladies in the saloon vied in tenderness to it.

The proud Englishman guarded it zealously and lavished the tenderest care on this little Irish emigrant who had its mother's blue eyes and beautiful face.

The death of the poor emigrant cast a gloom over the entire ship. Wind and currents were now favorable to the vessel, and every hour brought her many knots nearer to Cape Cod. A few days elapsed and then, as the sun was about to sink a pilot boat came in sight.

The pilot came on board, and when morning dawned Boston Light was seen in the distance.

The stately ship steamed up the harbor to her wharf. A great crowd greeted the passengers. Down the saloon gangway came a man in faultless attire, carrying in his arms a tiny, sweet-faced baby that smiled at him as he came ashore. He went to where the friends of the steerage passengers were assembled. Donal Maguire was there. He was quickly found by the obliging agent of the line, and when Harry met him with his burden the horrible truth flashed through his mind.

"Oh, sir! My baby! *She* is not dead, sir!"

"Yes, Donal! She died at sea. A priest was with her and prepared her for her last sad journey. I was by her side when she died."

For a moment Donal was too dazed for speech. He burst into piteous cries.

"Oh! my poor wife! Oh! *mavour-*

neen! 'Tis hard—hard! Oh, God help me to-day!"

Harry comforted him as best he could. He told him of his wife's peaceful end and gave her last message. Then with a sincere "Good-bye" to Donal and with a caress to the baby, he went away.

The American tour of the theatrical company was a complete success, and Harry added many triumphs to those previously won.

The peaceful face and the simple faith of that brave emigrant girl inspired him to nobler deeds. His name was on every lip and his great, honest heart won him friends in every place.

That peaceful death scene on the bosom of the Atlantic came often to his memory. "God bless you and I'll pray to Mary for you in heaven," haunted him day and night and turned his thoughts towards the church of which the dying girl was such a devoted member.

To think with Harry was to act. He began to study Catholic doctrine and to aid him in his determination to seek the truth, he consulted a member of the Society of Jesus, who encouraged him and bade him to persevere and God and Mary would surely listen to the pleadings of the Irish girl in his behalf.

Eilly's prayers for the kind stranger were heard. Harry was received into the church.

Donal tended the little Eileen, and had a bright-eyed Irish lassie to mind her while he worked. He always prays for the repose of the soul of his darling wife, and often the tears come welling up in his eyes at the thought of her untimely end.

Every month there comes to Donal a letter which contains a draft, and a note invariably in the same handwriting. The letters come from different parts of the wide world and run thus:

"Dear Donal: I enclose draft for little Eilly. Her mother's last words were: 'Mind the baby.' "HARRY."

A MADRIGAL.

BY JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

Could I sing thee a song filling the air,
With a wealth of melody sweet and rare,
Oh, merry and happy would be my tune,
Ariose as Nature's lyre in June,
When the world is rose-clad and skies above
Roll back in the splendor and smile of love!

Could I sing thee a song tunefully flowing
In dulcet words rapturously glowing—
A song sweet and clear as the lark's warbling,
As it freely soars on gladdening wing;
Oh, tenderly, softly, this heart of mine
Would unfold the music of love divine!

ST. ANTHONY.

BY E. W GREY.

Anthony—the legend runneth—
Anthony of Padua, friar,
Of the Order of St. Francis—living
As a friar should, obedient,
Chaste and humble, doing daily
Whatsoever duty called him:—
Anthony, the friar, Franciscan,
Faithful follower of Francis,
Saw—the legend saith—a vision,
Vision of the Infant Saviour;
Held Him in his arms, caressed Him,
Listened to His words—then, hearing
Through the cloister, sound of ringing,
Sound that called him to his duty,
Left the Blessed Jesus standing
In his lowly cell, and hastened
To the task that waited, knowing
Duty first, and strict obedience
Is the law of Christ, our Master;
Law for friar, as for layman,
Law for layman, as for friar:
Duty—not the Vision Blesséd;
Not to hold the Babe All-Holy,
Not to speak to Him, caress Him;
Rather to obey Him, leave Him,
Standing in his cell, and hasten
To the duty that awaited.

Anthony, the friar Franciscan,
Anthony, the friar obedient,
When his task was done, returning
Thoughtful to his cell, what found he?
Found he not the Blessed Infant
Waiting for his coming, smiling
Welcome to His faithful friar?
Stayed the Holy One, to tell him
Secrets passing comprehension;
This, of other, that obedience
Is the law that He hath followed,
Is the law for all, for friars,
King or bishop, high or lowly,
That would be like Him; obedience
First and last; yea, should it please Him—
Would it might—to grant us vision
Of Himself, as once He granted
Anthony, the friar of Padua,
To behold Him; should our duty,
Menial or distasteful, call us,
We, like Anthony, must leave Him,
Leave Him, at the call of duty;
Knowing that obedience pleaseth
Him who first obeyed His Father.
But the duty done, returning
To the place where we had left Him,
Should we not behold Him waiting,
Smiling welcome on His servant
As on Anthony He smiled; to grant us
Longer vision of His face, and teach us
Secrets passing comprehension?
This, of others, that obedience
Cometh first, and daily duty;
Not our way but His—the lesson
Taught to Anthony, the friar,
Taught to us, and we, hereafter,
Shall enjoy, in life unending,
Vision of Himself, the Master,
Just because we did our duty,
Just because we have obeyed Him;—
Jesu! grant it to Thy servants!
All unworthy we the favor
Granted Anthony, the friar;
This, at least, vouchsafe, to see Thee,
When we shall have done the duty
Thou hast set us, and have finished
All the tasks that Thou shalt give us.

SOME FELL UPON GOOD GROUND.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

It was Sunday morning—a beautiful Sunday morning in spring—and the church bells were ringing. Crowds of people fashionably dressed moved up the street in the direction of the church, which stood on a corner. Among the rest was a young man who walked slowly and was evidently preoccupied. His glance occasionally rested on the gay, talkative groups entering the church, and a cynical smile crossed his face.

"Belief," he was thinking. "How many of these people believe, I wonder? How many go to church because it is a habit, because not to go would make them conspicuous and talked about. If I, Thomas Lester, am a 'doubting Thomas,' with thoughts that are almost convictions and which I lack the courage to proclaim, I am not the only one. There are others," he smiled grimly, "others who are whitewashed."

The young man's reflections were interrupted at this point by a small newsboy, who thrust a gayly-colored Sunday paper before him.

"Journal, sir?" he said. "Buy a Journal."

The young man shook his head with a "No, I think not, Tim," and was going on, but the boy persisted, running after him.

"Buy this one, won't you? It's the last one I got. Go on, buy it, Mr. Lester," he begged, "I sold all the others."

Mr. Lester stopped and his hand slipped into his pocket, while he looked down at the small boy curiously.

"Do you ever go to church, Tim?"

Tim shook his head.

"Ain't got time, Sundays," he said.

"Still Sundays are the days on which to go. You ought to go to church, Timmy. I'll make a bargain with you," he added, after a minute. "I'll buy your paper if you go to church. There's the church there, and you'll be in time. Nobody will put you out. Now, what do you say?"

Timmy surveyed his dirty hands and muddy shoes in silence and then looked up with a grin.

"All right," he said. I'll do it, seein' it's you," he added.

"Remember," said the young man. "I'll watch for you. Don't forget to go. That's all right. You can keep the change."

"One of the saddest things in life," quoted Lester to himself softly, as the boy left him, "is that a man may lead others without going in the right way himself; may be a pilot and yet a castaway. I'm a pretty comfortable-looking castaway," he added, lightly. "But nevertheless that's what I am.

. . . . . .

"How did you like the sermon, Lester? Good, wasn't it?"

Lester, pulling on his gloves as he came down the church steps, stopped and turned toward the brisk-looking young man who had addressed him.

"Good morning, Will. Yes, it was good. Father Colin somehow makes things seem so real and near to you. One can almost see Christ walking the streets of Jerusalem."

"A beautiful sermon," repeated the young man called "Will," enthusiastically. "He holds the people's attention, too, completely. You could hear a pin drop while he spoke of the death

of the Man who, as he said, was glad to die, because His death might save people from sinning. Some of the women were crying."

"A day—two days, perhaps three," commented Lester, "and it will all be forgotten. The same gay old world will absorb and distrust the very people, possibly, who seemed most affected to-day. "By the way," he went on, "did you notice that little lad, Timmy Dale, in the church? Was he there?"

"The newsboy? Yes, I did. I wonder what wind blew him in there. Notice him? I should say I did. He sat like a boy in a trance, his eyes shining like stars and with tears in them sometimes, though he never let them overflow. How about him? I'd like to bet you that he won't forget in a day, nor a week."

"I don't know about Timmy. Perhaps, in his case, the seed has fallen upon good ground. You must keep me informed about him when you you write. I leave next week, you know."

"For parts unknown," laughed his companion. "You don't know how I envy you. Working on a newspaper is all right in its way, but traveling is better. To travel is to live."

. . . . . .

Some months later there came to Thomas Lester, in the foreign hotel of a foreign city, a letter from his friend "Will," part of which ran as follows:

"Now, I'm going to tell you a story that's true and which, I think, will do your cynical heart good. You who are unwilling to believe that there are people living to-day ready to sacrifice anything that pertains to their own comfort for the sake of—well, for Christ's sake, for the sake of religion, listen to this.

"About a week after you left, my chief, the editor, told me to go to the Colgan hospital and look up the case of a boy who had been badly hurt by his drunken father. I went. I found our young friend, Timmy, the newsboy, lying with his small face bandaged up, white-looking and quiet. He was glad to see me and he told me all his troubles. The troubles began about the time you left. His father—"the old man," he called him—had been in the habit of sending Tim after beer to a brewery near by, and then getting drunk and disturbing things generally, seldom failing to beat the wife, who could not control him. Well, after the Sunday on which Timmy listened so intently to the sermon Father Colin gave us, it occurred to him that beer was the cause of much wrong-doing, and he determined to bring no more of it into the family. When the father learned of this resolve of Timmy's, it exasperated him. As Timmy said, "it made him wild." He threatened the boy in all kinds of ways and abused him, but finally got the beer himself. There came a day, however, when old Dale met Tim at the door as he came in, and the boy saw that he was half drunk. He wanted Timmy to get some beer and he'd have no nonsense about it, and if he didn't go, he'd make him go. Poor Timmy knew what that savage look in the "old man's" eyes meant; he had seen him strike his mother, and he knew just how cruel he could be. The boy, who told me the whole story, made a pause after telling about how the old man threatened him, and turned his small face away and covered with his arm the eye that was not bandaged up. He cried for a little while quietly and then asked me piteously if he had done any wrong.

" 'I didn't go,' he said, 'An' then he knocked me all over the room But I couldn't go, could I? It wouldn't be right to go, would it? I don't want to do wrong. I wanted to be good. That's all I wanted.'

"And when I got my voice, after a while I tried to tell Timmy that he was good and lots of other things, but it was hard work to talk at all. Anyway, he was smiling when I left him. But I haven't told you the best part yet. Of course, Timmy got over it and he sells papers the same as ever. But the other day—about a week ago, he confided to me that the 'old man' had reformed. Whether it's the Keeley cure or not, I don't know, but certain it is, that he drinks no more and is quite respectable. He was always, it seems, a good man except when the drink was 'in him,' and since his attack on Timmy a great change has come over him. He is now 'one of our worthy citizens.'"

For a moment after finishing the paragraph young Lester sat quite still, looking out at the twilight for the day was fast drawing to a close. Then the young man, with a sudden movement, sank to the floor, and burying his face in his arm on the table beside him, remained motionless while the darkness grew thick about him.

CLOUDLAND.

BY W. TYLER OLCOTT.

I lay on the grass,
And watched them pass,
Those clouds all fleecy white,
And as they flew
O'er the azure blue,
They formed for my delight,
Faces fair,
And temples rare
With towering minarets,
And mermaids bold
Seemed to unfold
And cast their filmy nets;
Huge monsters scowled,
And gaunt monks, cowled,
Peered from that far-off land,
Where wind and cloud
Weave veil and shroud
With mighty unseen hand.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

Most Rev. William H. Gross, D.D., Archbishop of Oregon.

The celebration of the silver jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop Gross, was a notable event in the history of the church in Oregon.

The celebration was graced by the presence of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, who delivered the sermon. The bishops of Montana, Washington, Idaho and the administrator of the diocese of Vancouver were all present. The abbot of St. John's monastery, Minnesota, and the heads of the Redemptorist, Jesuit, Bene-

dictine and Dominican orders likewise attended.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the jubilee celebration—and the one which most closely reached the Archbishop's heart—was the reception tendered him by eight hundred Catholic school children. Addresses were presented to His Grace by the different schools, and the Archbishop responded in a happy manner. The proceedings terminated with the singing of the national hymn, "America."

The Archbishop is considered one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in the country. He gained a wide fame while a Redemptorist missionary.

His style is distinctively American, and it is racy of the soil. At times it is brilliant and incisive, always energetic, now lighted up with a flash of iridescent wit, again touchingly moving and pathetic; and, when the subject calls for it, strengthened by an argumentative power which, by the force of its lucid and cogent reasoning, carries his audience irresistibly along.

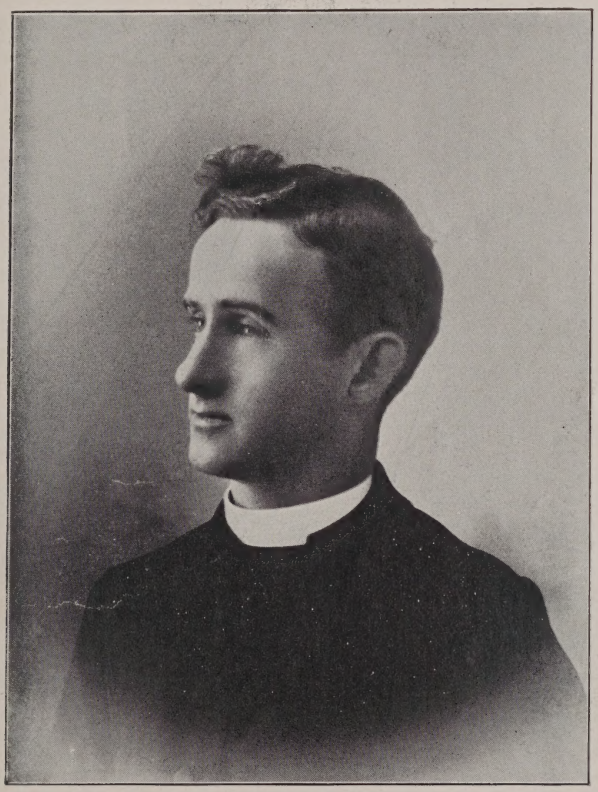
The Rev. William Dollard, Rector of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Stephen, N. B., was born at Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, May 1st, 1861. Mooncoin is in the heart of one of the richest and loveliest valleys in Ireland. It is remarkable that there are, now living,

Rev. William Dollard.

more than one hundred priests who were born there. They are scattered all over the world, wherever the Irish exile has set foot and carried the faith of St. Patrick. The late Bishop Walsh, of Ossory, the present Archbishop of Toronto, Ont., and Bishop Dollard, first Bishop of New Brunswick, (grand uncle of Rev. William Dollard) was born there.

Father Dollard made his studies at St. John's College, Waterford, was ordained in 1884 by Bishop Sweeny, St. John, N. B., and in 1887 was appointed first resident

pastor of St. Stephen, N. B. A devoted worker and possessed of a genial, sympathetic nature, the young rector soon became popular with all classes of his parishioners, securing their willing co-operation in carrving out his plans for extending and improving the church property. A handsome church and presbytery, bearing witness to the zeal of the pastor and the loyal support of his people, are among the good works Father Dollard has accomplished since his appointment. Despite his arduous duties in administering the charge of this important parish he has occasionally found time to charm the readers of Donahoe's and other publications with delightful articles on Irish topics. His papers on "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland" published in Donahoe's were widely discussed, and evoked much admiring comment.



Rev. Bernard M. Bogan.

Reverend Bernard M. Bogan, vice-president of the Young Men's Catholic Union, has taken occasion to again demonstrate the patriotism of the Catholic priesthood. He invited the Grand Army post to his church at Rahway, N. J., and there delivered to the veterans and to the large congregation assembled an address eloquent with love of country.

"To-day our universal peace is broken," said Father Bogan, "but our honor still survives. The cry of a distressed people has reached the nation's heart. Already the hand of protection has been outstretched to them; already your children have lifted up their strong young arms to defend them. God speed them on their mission and bring them swift reward.

"Day after day our nation's younger sons leap to the ranks ready to bear the trials of camp and march and burden of war, eager to do battle for humanity and our country's honor.

"And what a tribute to the veterans of today. The states united rise in their preserved unity and rally under one flag. No North, no South, but the union of states and sentiments cemented by the blood of a nation's heroes.

"We are constitutionally a Christian nation. On Christian principles our national morality is builded. Deny God, and you bind the feet of American progress.

"Take from the citizen belief in God, and you leave him logically free to spread the faith of anarchy. Tell him there is no God, and perjury has no meaning for him, and the most enduring safeguard of our nation is destroyed.

"No, gentlemen; you and I, in truest patriotism, knowing in irreligion a danger to our flag and all the glory it symbolizes, stand together on the common ground of gratitude to God and hope in His conserving providence."

MICHAEL J. DWYER, A. M.

Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, who, at the close of the year's session, was publicly honored by Boston College with the degree of A. M., was born at Quebec, Canada, May 13, 1861. He studied with the Redemptorist Fathers at their college, Ilchester, Md.,

graduating a year ahead of his class. In 1881 he came to Boston, and took up business life, which he relinquished in 1890 for journalism and lecturing on literary and musical subjects. In October, 1894, Mr. Dwyer resigned his position as reporter and "special" writer on the Boston Herald to take the editorship of Donahoe's Magazine.

COLONEL DUFFY, 69TH REGIMENT, N. Y.

In May, 1896, he was appointed Trustee of Boston City Hospital for five years by Mayor Quincy, who made him Superintendent of the Marcella Street Home in October, 1896.

Of the superintendents of Boston's nine charitable and penal institutions, Mr. Dwyer is the only Catholic, and he is, indeed, a credit to his creed. The discipline, food, and especially the education, of those under his care have improved during Mr. Dwyer's regime. It was at his initiative that the Marcella Street schools were incorporated last October into the public school system of Boston, with all the features of the regular schools, certified teachers, etc.

The Marcella Street Home, so successfully managed by Mr. Dwyer, is the city's refuge for destitute and neglected children. He has as many as 350 little ones of both

sexes at the Home, and about one hundred infants in country homes, to look after. It is a tremendous charge, and right worthily does he fulfill his duties.

In December last, after an examination in philosophy, Boston College conferred the degree of A. B. upon Mr. Dwyer, and at the June commencement exercises he delivered the Master's Oration on the subject of "Education and Patriotism."

Mr. Dwyer belongs to nearly all the Catholic organizations of Boston. He was president of the Clover Club in 1897, and is now—1897-1898—president of the historic Charitable Irish Society. He is greatly interested in the Catholic Summer School, and is among the highly esteemed lecturers who have appeared before that intellectual body. The press of the country unites in the sentiment that "as a lecturer, Mr. Dwyer has few equals and no superiors."

Courtesy of Boston Sunday Journal. COL. FRED B. BOGAN, 9TH REGIMENT, MASS.

The two Irish regiments from New York and Massachusetts have gone "to the front" with gallant tread. They are in charge of two brave men. Col. Duffy commands New York's fighting 69th, and the departure of this regiment for Cuban battlefields was a memorable event in the metropolis. A magnificent ovation was given to the marching heroes as they paraded by St. Patrick's Cathedral and saluted Archbishop Corrigan, who stood upon the steps of the archiepiscopal residence. Chaplain Daly of the 69th is attached to the New York Cathedral.

Col. Fred B. Bogan commands the 9th regiment of Massachusetts. He is a young and popular city official of Boston, being superintendent of public buildings. He entered the military service of the Commonwealth in Company D, Fifth Infantry, July 7, 1866, and became major of the 9th regiment January 19th, 1882. His genial manners and sense of justice have made his career a very successful one. Col. Bogan is a member of the Charitable Irish Society, the Montgomery Light Guards, Franklin Literary Association, St. Francis de Sales Catholic Temperance Association, and many other social and charitable organizations.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CUBA.

BY ADELE M. BASSFORD.

I

"Do come, though it is a sad time to visit, for our land is in deepest sorrow; but you will bring comfort, as you did to my lonely heart at the convent of the Vistandines. Is it not strange in affliction our hearts always turn to those we love?

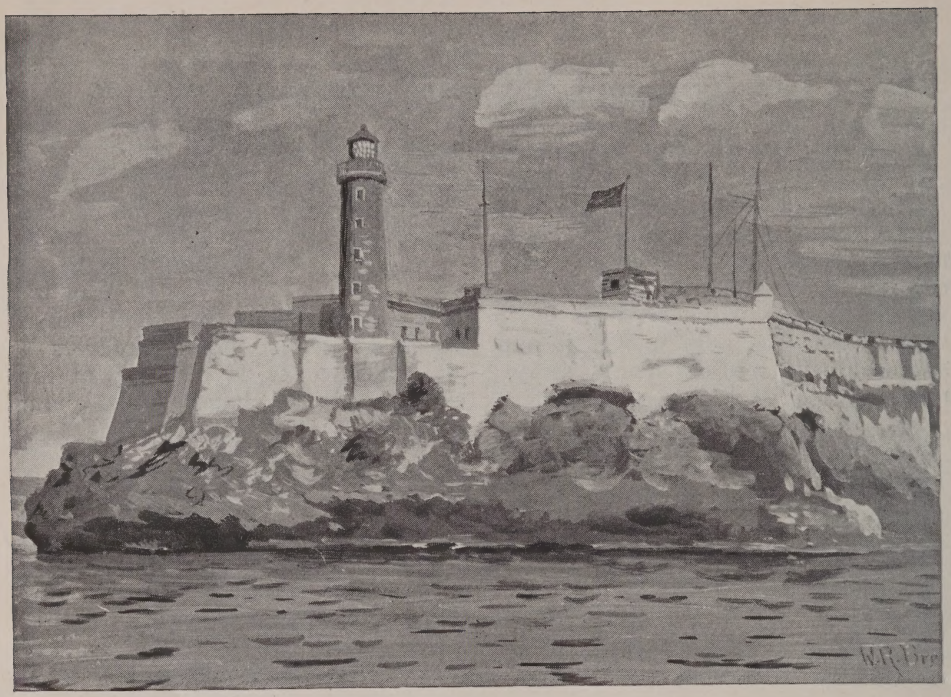
"Guillermo will meet you at the wharf and bring you safe to

"Thy faithful friend,

"Anita."

It was this letter from my Cuban classmate, whose homesick tears I had many times wiped away at the convent school, that brought about

"Little Cachita," A Reconcentrado's Child.



Morro Castle.

the realization of my desire to visit Cuba. The writer urged me to return with her brother, Guillermo, whose senior year at Harvard must be interrupted. Owing to the serious outlook of the government of Havana, his father had called him home.

Notwithstanding the many protestations that it was sentimental, rash and foolish to think of visiting Cuba at this time, that I would be imprisoned in Morro Castle, killed with a machete or blown up with dynamite —despite all these and other doleful predictions, my determination has succeeded, the invitation has been accepted, and to-night, the last of February, finds me, with Guillermo at my side, on the upper deck of the Olivette, off the northern shore of Cuba. In the morning we shall enter the port of Havana, but I almost wish I could stay where I am forever. What can exceed the beauty of a moonlight sea in the tropics! As the steamer rises and falls on the ocean, it seems we are growing nearer the stars, and that soon we will touch the silver moon. Turning to Guillermo, I enthusiastically exclaim: "Is it not enchantment?"

"Yes, senorita, it is indeed beautiful, but not more so than the land you shall see at sunrise."

Guillermo is always enveloped in a melancholy reserve, so, timidly, I answer: "Cannot you forget in the beauty of this heavenly scene the wrongs of Cuba?"

He turns his sad eyes upon me, making answer: "I wish I could, but to-night my grief seems harder than ever to bear. As you know, my father is a Spaniard, and naturally most interested in his native land. Because of this, when I return, I shall be compelled to hide my love for Cuba."

"But is there no way," I ask, "by which you can take a stand for your country, and still be loyal to your family?"

"No; I have weighed this question many times. It would kill my mother, and possibly hasten the ruin which is threatening my father. We have no political or civil liberty, no opportunity to fit ourselves in the art of government."

"Have hope, Guillermo. God will come to your rescue."

Guillermo is silent, ashamed, it may be, of his display of feeling, or perhaps fearing to give fuller expression to his emotion.

Presently he turns to his violin, and plays, oh, so beautifully! A noble soul is speaking, telling of sympathy with sorrow and a people's struggles for God-given rights.

The rich notes swell upwards in their strength, and sink in soft cadence to tones of melting harmony, now bursting forth in sadness, now blending together in dreamy, mellow music. Suddenly it ceases. He places the instrument in the case. I reluctantly say good-night to my friend, to the stars and the beauty of that perfect night.

II.

The morning gun is fired and just as quickly is our signal answered.

Now only a narrow channel separates us from the most thoroughly fortified city of the western hemisphere. At daybreak I am on deck to enjoy a scene of extraordinary beauty. Here is Morro Castle, which guards the entrance to the harbor; a little farther back is Cabana, less grim and threatening than Morro, while on the other side La Punta reaches out its guns toward Morro, the three forming a series of defenses. Sailing in between the Morro and the Punta we enter a harbor of good size, perfectly sheltered, and crowded with rafts. Beyond the bay, and sloping from the higher levels inland down to the very edge of the water, is the white-walled city. Beyond that are the distant hills, and crowning all is the great fort of Principi. The tropical sun is rising over the crest of the palm-covered hills, tinting the clouds with a thousand rich splendors. The waters are dark, smooth and beautiful, melting away, as it were, in the reflected light of earth and sky, filling the mind with the uplifting thought:

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!"

Guillermo comes to me. "See, Senorita Margarita, the Queen of the Antilles stretches out her arms from the broad ocean to bid you welcome." Proudly he adds, "Have you ever seen a city half so grand?"

Before I can answer him, the doctor comes up and the health officer demands our passports, and almost at the same time we are surrounded by a swarm of boats and of dark creatures clamoring vigorously for possession of passengers and luggage. Before we know it, one of the small boats is bringing us ashore. In a short time we come to a landing, and Guillermo exclaims, "There is Roblejr!"

A black postillion, all smiles and bows, comes towards us with words of welcome, takes our satchels, and soon we are making our way past the lottery ticket dealers to the volante, distinguished by its rich silver mounting.

Soon we drive up a narrow, almost dirty, thoroughfare to an unpretentious-looking building, relieved by a pair of solid mahogany doors, which are thrown open by the *concierge* (every well fitted establishment is provided with a *concierge* to guard the entrance and admit callers). The doors open into the entrance hall, where we alight and enter a court. In the centre is a magnificent fountain, crowned with an Undine looking down at the many cupids throwing

the water all about the tropical flowers surrounding it. The four sides are enclosed with wondrously-carved galleries, the floors are of whitest marble, and the walls are so blue that they seem to melt into the sky above. Down the broad stairway the family are hurrying, Anita flying from Guillermo's arms into mine. Her beautiful eyes reflect the warm welcome her heart holds for me. I am presented to her father, a slender, dark man, who takes my hand and bids me welcome, placing his house and all it contains at my disposal. Then Guillermo brings his adored mother, her arm about his neck. She kisses me affectionately, banishing, with a truly Cuban welcome, every awkward fear I may have had. Six younger children shake hands with me, and say some pretty phrase of greeting.

After breakfast we adjourn to the family sitting room, where Guillermo distributes the gifts he has brought, and we talk until three o'clock, when Anita announces I must rest until the dinner hour. There is to be a great company to-night, in honor of my visit and Guillermo's return. "And," says Anita, "five of the Captain General's councillors have accepted the invitation to come." Her father smiles at her enthusiasm. We go up the broad stairway, and come to a dainty room, adorned with flowers.

"I will leave you to your nap," says Anita. "Come to us for seven o'clock dinner, with many bright things to say to the councillors."

III.

Seven o'clock! I am standing before the mirror, noting how well the lovely white roses Guillermo sent me contrast with my black velvet gown, when a tap at the door prepares me for Anita's entrance. Her sweet face appears above the ribbons and laces adorning her grenadine gown, a characteristic Cuban dress. We descend to the drawing room, where I am presented to the guests, who rapidly fill up a line of chairs facing each other in the centre of the room. In every room I see in the centre the same inevitable line of chairs facing each other. The ladies' gowns are of tarlatans and other light stuffs, of bewildering variety of color, surmounted by the black lace mantilla, falling in graceful folds from the head. The gentlemen are in black broadcloth and white vests, this uniformity being broken by the presence of the councillors in military dress. A servant announces the dinner, and we proceed with much ceremony to the dining room. At table I find myself next a fat, good-natured councillor, but looking beyond him I meet a pair of eyes set in a cynical face. Their owner is covered with military decorations, which only add to the feeling of dread with which his presence inspires me.

The good-natured councillor is called on for a toast; lifting his glass of Catalan wine, he responds: "I thank you for the honor. It shall be to our American senorita; in the language of Emerson, "Happy is the house that shelters a friend," but twice happy are we who are assembled here to-night in the pleasure of presentation to our American *amiga*."

I am touched by the courteous kindliness of this guest, but soon the cynical councillor seeks to draw me into a discussion of partisan feeling. Mindful of my peculiar environment, I seek to evade his questioning, succeeding so badly that he exclaims, "So, senorita, you are a little rebel, and have opinions."

"Americans are born with opinions," says Anita's father, quickly, and the good-natured councillor also comes to my assistance, declaring, "You are a true little patriot, and shall not be troubled with any more questions."

Much to my relief, the conversation drifts into a general channel, and pres-

"A ride in the country."

ently we adjourn to the sala, opening into the court, where we find a grand piano. Anita plays something from Wagner, and other Cuban ladies follow with some beautiful selections on the guitar. The senora asks me to sing, and I signify my willingness, secretly hoping to banish any ill-feeling I may have aroused. I sing my best for them in their song, *"La Paloma,"* Guillermo accompanying me on his violin. After a while we find our way into the court, which is lighted with many different-colored lanterns, revealing a magnificent display of white camellias, roses of exquisite fragrance and flowering vines creeping about the galleries.

Here the councillors join us, and the time passes pleasantly until "good-night" is spoken.

The echoes of *"Muy buenos noches"* resound on all sides, and soon silence holds sway in the tropical night.

IV.

The next morning I am suddenly awakened by a child's shrill cry. Rushing to the window, which is without glass, but enclosed in iron bars, I see on the opposite side of the narrow street an old man,

> "With that terror in the eye
> That is only seen in those
> Who, amid their wants and woes,
> Hear the sound of doors that close
> And of feet that pass them by;
> Grown familiar with the savor
> Of the bread by which men die!"

By his side, her arms thrown about his neck, is a beautiful child of five or six years of age, sobbing violently. Soon I have slipped on my gown, rung for an attendant, and made my way to them. Leaning over the mendicant, who seems to realize that the end is near, I hear the words, "I am leaving thee, poor Cachita; *Cachita mia,* who will care for thee."

Impulsively I answer, "Good father, have no fear for the little one. Cachita will be my care."

The promise falls on unheeding ears; the outcast has passed beyond the ken of earthly cares. Soon all the family are upon the scene to offer help. Anita takes the child by the hand, asking in Spanish, "Where is thy father, *Cachita mia?*" The child sobs out that he has gone to fight for his country.

INSURGENT'S HOME.

"And thy mother?"

"She is dead," replies the poor little Cachita.

The attendants bear the old man's body into the house, and by force we take Cachita away. She refuses the rolls and other good things which the children offer her. I repeat, in presence of the family, my promise to the old man to care for the child. Guillermo is dispatched to make arrangements for the burial, and, if possible, to learn something of the stranger's history. Soon he returns with the sad intelligence. "It is only the fate," he says, "which is happening to thousands of Cubans in the war-racked island to-day. In a happy home the husband, wife and children dwelt with the grandfather. They lived near one of the fortified towns in the western provinces. The father, a peasant cultivating a patch of land, ably supported his family, but he, like many others, had not grasped the meaning of General Weyler's order, 'I order and command that the inhabitants of the country, or those outside the line of fortifications, shall, within a period of eight days, concentrate themselves in the towns occupied by the troops. Any individual who, after the expiration of this period, is found in the uninhabited parts will be considered a rebel, and tried as such.'

"The guerillas had come upon them, had applied a torch to the home, and the family fled to the town to share the huts of the other reconcentrados. The grief-stricken mother, so cruelly taken from her home, died. The little brother soon followed. The grandfather, taking little Cachita, fled to Havana, while the distracted father joined the army of insurgents." With flashing eyes and flushed cheeks Guillermo related the pathetic story.

I try to make Cachita understand that I am to take her back to the United States, and all the children of the family crowd about her with offerings of sweetmeats; but she refuses to pay any attention to them, and only sobs for her grandfather, *"Abuelo! abuelo!"*

V.

Bright is the dawn of my last day in Cuba. We are soon on our way to see the churches and Morro Castle, the senora, Anita and I in the double volante, while Guillermo rides his milk-white pony.

We pass by irregular stone churches. They are well-proportioned, and have taken with age a time-stained appearance. We drive by the St. Domingo. The dome is covered with ancient, glazed tiles of a Moorish pattern, surmounted by a bell tower.

Now we come to the cathedral.

Anita points out the pictures of superior merit and the statuary, saying: "We have not much in the way of art in Cuba, but here are a few good copies from European galleries."

The altar is adorned with gold and silver ornaments and a few fine marble monuments surmounted by the statue of the Virgin. On the right of the altar the remains of Columbus are enclosed in the wall behind a fine white mable tablet bearing the bust in bas-relief.

Guillermo points to a small but beautiful painting, opposite the tomb of Columbus. "This," he says, "is thought to be a genuine Murillo; it represents the Pope and cardinal celebrating Mass previous to the expediton. This picture," pointing to another, "represents the spirits in purgatory." Above the flame the Madonna and the child look down with compassionate eyes. Some of the souls becoming aware of them, are captivated by their beauty, and while they gaze upon them are marvelously raised out of the flames.

When evening comes Cachita and I say our *"Adios,"* to the family, who have grown very dear to me. The boat is ready for departure and we hasten down to the quay. Soon we are well out in the harbor, the western sky is gorgeous with the setting sun, which is shedding its beautiful rays on sea and land. As we pass out from the encircling fortifications I look back. The glowing depth of shadow seems to have concentrated itself on a spot that tells to every American heart a tale of sorrow and of sacrificed life. I read in the silent faces of the clouds unutterable pity, for they shine on a grave which we cannot cover with our flags and flowers, but by night, the spot which marks the disaster of our battleship "Maine" is made beautiful in the silver light of the southern cross—that symbol of faith saying to every bereaved heart "I, too, have suffered."

Little Cachita is weeping. I take her hand in mine and whisper softly, "Do not cry dear child. You shall return, Cachita *mia,* in years to come."

"A harbor boat."

ACADIA, OR THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

BY ANNA MITCHELL.

The expression "I wish you were in Halifax" became impressed on my mind at a very early age. It seemed to be the accepted form of disposing of people, who had proved themselves particularly disturbing to any one's peace of mind. I often thought that if all the obnoxious creatures that had been sent there with the mind's eye had really migrated from the United States, that it must be a very interesting place to study character. Believing with Pope that "the noblest study of mankind is man" I determined to go to Halifax and see the place and people that had excited my youthful curiosity. Leaving Boston at noon, after a sail of eighteen hours, we could discover in the early morning the faint outlines of the shore of Nova Scotia. It skirted the distant horizon for several hours, and in the late afternoon, the city of our destination came into full view.

Halifax has the reputation of having one of the finest harbors in the world, and as we sailed up its waters, on which a thousand ships can easily ride secure, we thought its reputation well-merited. The city is situated on a rocky peninsula which rises above the waters to a height of two hundred and fifty-six feet. The sea, flowing into the broad expanse on the eastern side, forms what is known as Bedford Basin, while on the west, the water takes a more sinuous course, and winding along a mountainous shore, almost encircles the peninsula, forming what is called the beautiful Northwest Arm. This is a favorite spot for fine residences, among the most noted being the summer home of the Governor-General of Canada. The park is situated on the most southern point of the peninsula and commands a magnificent ocean view.

Halifax is the best fortified city on this continent. Its garrison is supported by the home government, and it is one of the great strongholds in America on which the mother country bestows her special patronage. Quebec, its rival in point of natural advantage, is supported by the Dominion of Canada, and does not bear the stamp of prodigal wealth that is evinced in Halifax, which has no less than eight forts, over which the Citadel, which crowns the city, reigns supreme. The Citadel was begun by the Duke of Kent and has been altered and improved until it has become a model of military engineering. Strangers were denied admittance to the fort for some time, but recently the restrictions have been removed. One rule, however, is rigidly enforced, no one is allowed to take notes within its walls. The military prison interested us from its picturesque situation on an island at the farthest extremity of the Northwest Arm. The road to this point forms a popular driveway and the prisoners are kept busily employed keeping it in repair. The military air with which the place is impregnated at once impresses the tourist from the States with the conviction that he is on foreign soil. The somber hue of the houses, many of which are weatherbeaten from age, and strangers to paint from time immemorial, recalled to mind what Frederick Cozzens said after visiting here, namely, that "Halifax was the only completed city on the continent, a new house being beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The

dingy grayness of its buildings was somewhat relieved, when we saw it, by the bright-colored bunting displayed in honor of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who had just arrived.

After doing Halifax the tourist selects one of the two most popular routes of travel through the Provinces. If he admires the humorous, he will be led by Charles Dudley Warner's "Baddeck" to turn his face towards Cape Breton, his objective point being Sydney and the Bras d'Or Lakes. If he is an idealist, he is led by poesy's charm to select the Annapolis valley for his route, in order that he may go through the land of Evangeline. We met several Boston people who were making the tour of the Bras d'Or Lakes, many of them arranging to be there in season for the annual pow-wow of the Micmac Indians. I concluded that the interest that Bostonians have in this region must have been stimulated by the rivalry between them and the Micmacs in regard to the possession of the codfish. The Micmacs claim that, long before the phosphorus of the Boston Brain had proved itself a potent factor in the community, the Great Spirit had singled out their tribe for special distinction, and as an evidence of His favor bestowed upon them the codfish, which increased and multiplied in the Bras d'Or Lakes until the finny tribe became too numerous for their narrow precincts, and, wandering out into the Atlantic Ocean, established a rival settlement at Cape Cod. The Micmacs, emulating the excursive propensity of the fish, have also wandered far away from their original happy hunting-ground. They look forward to a future day of grace, when the tribes will reassemble from the four quarters of the earth, and the Great Spirit will then appear among them in the form of a codfish.

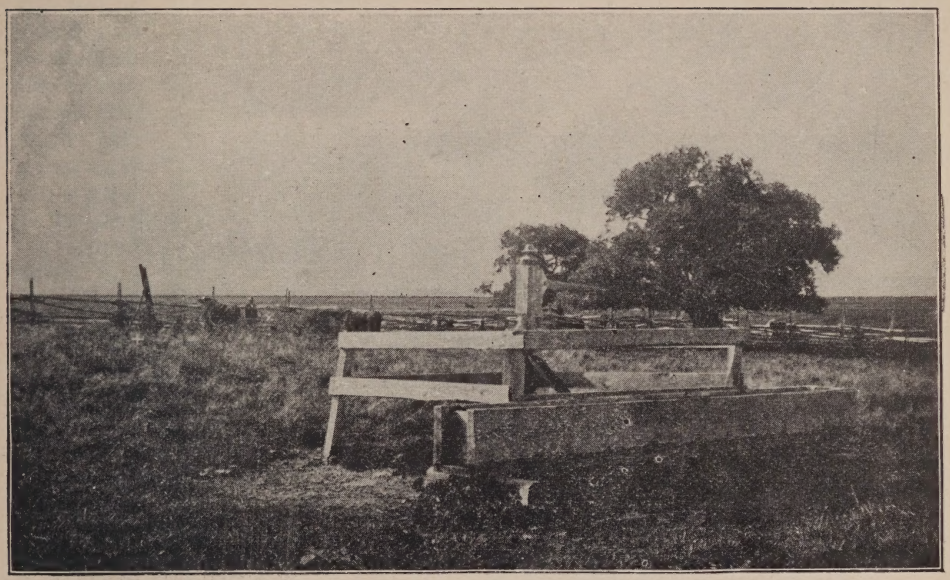
We decided to follow those of a poetical bent, and, with Grand Pré for our objective point, were soon gliding along the banks of the beautiful Bedford Basin, picturesque hills towering on the opposite shore. This has fitly been termed the garden of Nova Scotia, for on every side we could see fine orchards and broad expanses of rich pasturage. When Windsor was reached we could see, shimmering in the distance, the far-famed Basin of Minas. Here we crossed the Avon River. It may be an attractive stream at high tide, but it was a most unsightly mud-bank when we saw it, and I was forcibly reminded of Charles Dudley Warner saying of it, that "he never knew before how much water added to a river." We were soon made aware that we were in the land of Evangeline by the questions that were asked by our fellow-travelers. They were something in this line: "Are we near Grand Pré?" "How soon will we reach there?" "Will you tell us as soon as it gets in sight?" "Is that Cape Blomidon?" The conductor at last beat a hasty retreat from his persecutors, and took refuge in the baggage car, reappearing shortly to shout in stentorian tones, "Grand Pré!" That the spot had been appropriately named "Great Meadows" is apparent at the first glance, for as far as the eye can reach there stretches a vast expanse of meadow land, receding towards the north until it finally blends with the waters of Minas Basin. As there are no hotels at Grand Pré none of the tourists are likely to leave the train until they reach Wolfville. It is estimated that over three thousand tourists from the States stop annually at Wolfville during the months of July and August. Every one is consumed with one object, namely, to reach Grand Pré and see everything alluded to in "Evangeline." One enterprising liveryman understands this so well that he not only has ample conveyance at hand,

but he has evidently made a life-long study of the poem, and when his own resources fail, he finds in his wife a skillful helpmate to assist him in encountering the flood of interrogations with which the tourists inundate him.

The imposing walls of Acadia College, which occupies a commanding position on the hill back of the village of Wolfville made us feel in somewhat of a studious mood, and, taking a mental inventory of our historical facts, we indulged in the following retrospection. The name Acadia was given to this region by De Monts in the early part of the seventeenth century, and twenty years later the English renamed it Nova Scotia or New Scotland. Then, for more than a century, it was tossed back and forth between France and England, until, in 1713, it was formally surrendered to England. The conditions of the treaty were that the Acadians would have permission to remove from Nova Scotia within a year, or, if they remained, they would be guaranteed free exercise of their religion. During the year that followed France sent no vessels, and the English refused to allow the Acadians to remove in English vessels, so the majority of them were forced to remain, and expressed their readiness to take the oath of allegiance to the English crown. When the conditions of the oath were presented, it was found that, notwithstanding what had been stipulated in the treaty, the Acadians would be obliged to make an abjuration of their faith. They did not feel that they could conscientiously comply with such requirements, and on their remonstrance the oath was modified so as to apparently grant them religious liberty; but in reality they were so hampered by obstacles raised from time to time by the ruling governor that the conditions of the treaty remained virtually a dead letter. The Indians had been Christianized in large numbers by the French missionaries, and as they had experienced nothing but kindness and consideration from the Acadians, they measured out their fidelity to them with equal proportions of hatred to the English, upon whom they looked as unjustly exercising a despotic rule in the peaceful Acadian land. It was currently circulated throughout New England that the Acadians taught the Indians to believe that the English had crucified Christ. The kindly charity which characterized the lives of this simple people ought to have given the lie to any such assertion. If the English had been prompted by a desire to settle and improve Nova Scotia, we might be able to credit them with motives which would in some degree palliate their cruelty; but so far as we can learn from the early chronicle, they seemed to have as their sole object the destruction of a people whose motto was "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The fact that they had remained entirely faithful to their oath of allegiance did not satisfy the exacting requirements of George II., and in 1749 he demanded that a new oath should be taken, which would include a promise to bear arms against the French and Indians, notwithstanding the latter had always proved themselves their faithful friends. The allusions to their religious privileges were so vaguely worded in the new oath that the poor Acadians feared that even the meagre privileges that had been granted them previously would now be entirely suppressed. They, naturally, remonstrated against the conditions implied, and the following six years were spent in arguing the case, the Acadians maintaining their unwillingness to subscribe to the stipulated conditions, and the English authorities stubbornly refusing to alter them.

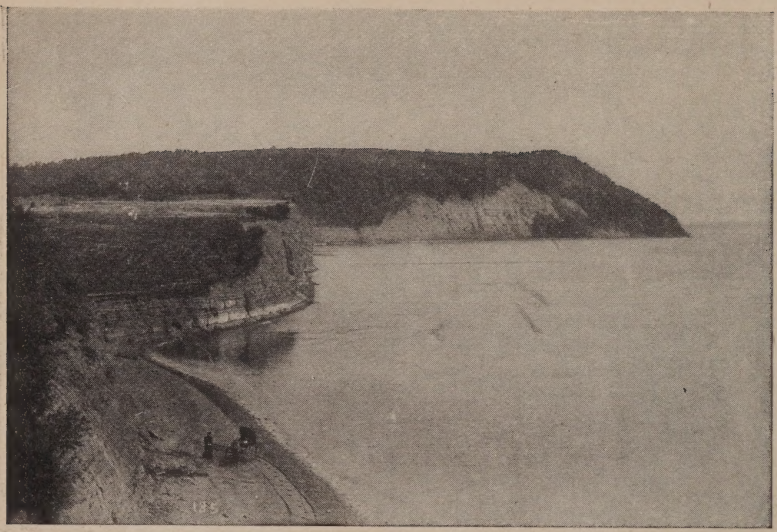
In the summer of 1755 the Acadians, feeling that they were threatened with impending danger, sent a dele-



EVANGELINE'S WELL, GRAND PRE.

gation to Gov. Lawrence of Nova Scotia. They presented him with a petition, in which they referred to their fidelity in the following words: "We still entertain, sir, the same pure and sincere disposition to prove, under any circumstances, an unshaken fidelity to his majesty, provided that his majesty shall allow us the same liberty that he has granted us." Notwithstanding the fact that no record of the required oaths has been preserved in the minutes of the council, some writers unhesitatingly declare, with-

VIEW OF GRAND PRE



BLOMIDON.

out any authority, that the new oath was simply a pledge of fidelity and allegiance to George II. This is highly improbable, since their own words bear testimony that they were only too ready to subscribe to a simple oath of allegiance. The subsequent words of Gov. Lawrence prove that this oath must have contained something that was intended to hamper the free exercise of the religious privileges granted them in 1720. The delegates, after presenting their petition, were met with a peremptory demand to take the oath. They asked for time to present the matter to the people they represented, but this request was denied them. Feeling that the case was very urgent, and that some action must be taken to preserve their homes, they presented themselves the next day before the authorities, and expressed their willingness to take the required oath, but they were then told that it was too late.

If the English had really made these requirements in good faith, the acceptance of the oath by the Acadians, arbitrary as it seemed, ought to have settled the matter. It is generally believed, however, by those who have given the matter unprejudiced consideration, that the English wanted to dispossess the Acadians, in order that

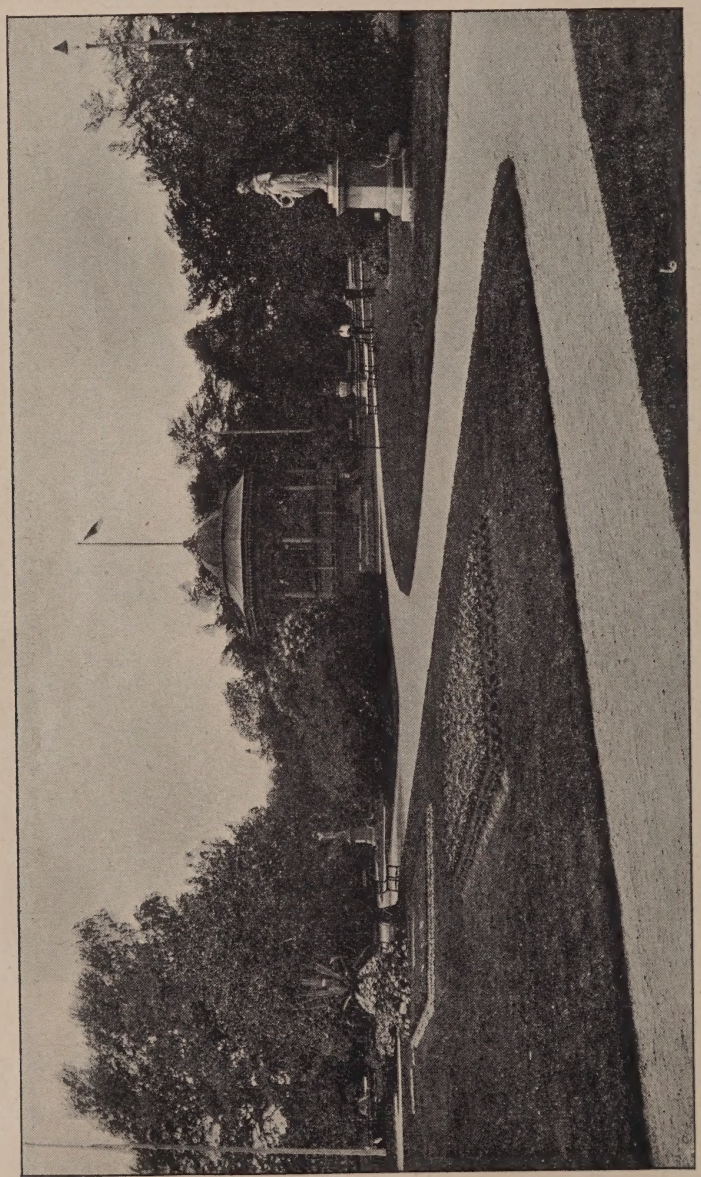
VIEW OF DIGBY

they might take unrestricted possession of their very desirable land, and with this end in view they tried to goad them on to desperation. There is certainly something strangely inconsistent in the proceedings that followed. Notwithstanding the fact that they had expressed their willingness to comply with the conditions of the new oath, Colonel Winslow was dispatched from Massachusetts in 1755, with orders to expel the Acadians and disperse them throughout the British colonies. The tragic details of this expulsion are too vividly portrayed by Longfellow to need reiteration.

With this vista of facts before our mind's eye, we started early the next morning for Grand Pré. Provided with a copy of Evangeline, from which one of our party read from time to time, we rode through the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, tracing the course of the river from where it first ripples out from among the hills in the form of a tiny stream to where it finally joins the salt water, flowing in from the Basin of Minas. It was here, at the Gaspereau's mouth, that the English ships were anchored for three days, awaiting their cargo of human freight. As we followed the road that

EVANGELINE.

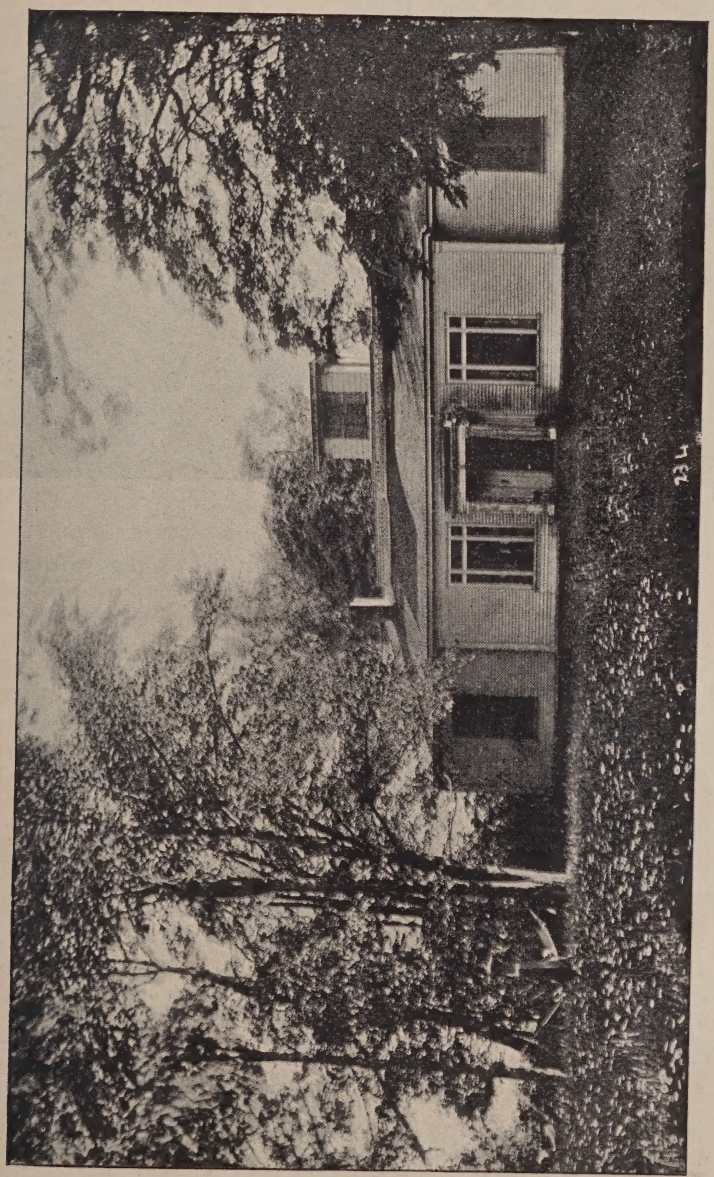
the Acadians must have taken to the shore, it seemed as though we were making a pilgrimage over ground that had been sanctified by suffering. A very interesting feature of the landscape at this point is the dykes, which remain as lasting monuments to the patient toil of the Acadians. They are constructed of sods about a foot square, closely packed on top of each other to a height of six or eight feet. These dykes protect the meadows from inundations in the spring of the year, when the tide rises to a great



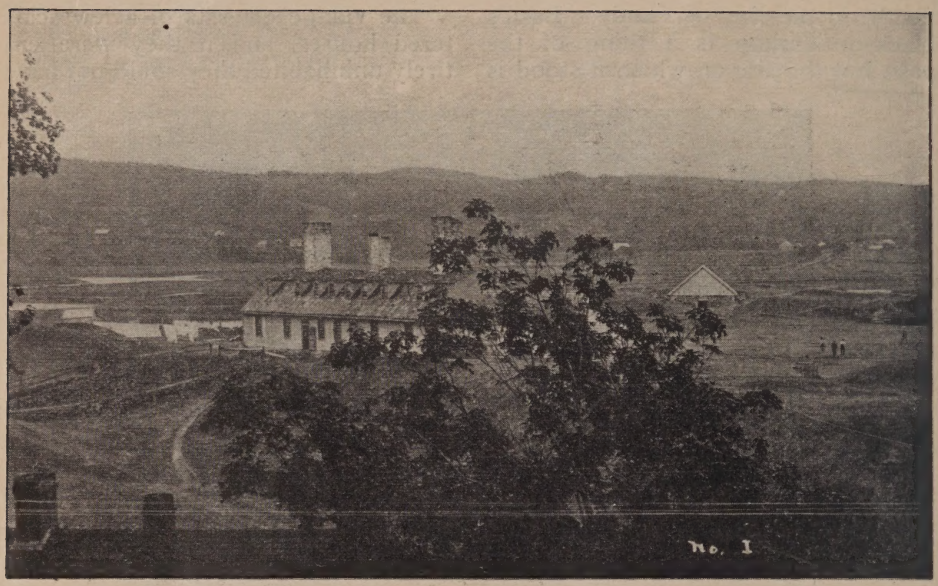
View in Public Garden, Halifax, N.S.

height in the Bay of Fundy. Basil's blacksmith shop is a thing of the past, but the site on which it stood is pointed out. It is now marked by a heap of ruins, all that is left of the shop of Basil's successor, which was recently destroyed by fire.

The village consists of a few scattered houses, and if they were entirely uninhabited they could not have given less signs of life, either within or without. Nowhere could be seen either children at their play or elders at their work. Suspended animation



"Sam Slick's" House, Windsor, N. S.



General View of the Old Fort at Annapolis Royal.

prevailed on every side, making a painful contrast to the time when

"Matrons and maidens sat in snow white caps, and in kirtles,
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs, spinning the golden flax
From the gossiping looms whose noisy shuttles, within doors,
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens."

At last we reached the point of superlative interest to tourists, namely, the place where Evangeline's house is supposed to have stood. It is marked by an old French pump and a group of willows that stand at the foot of the hill. Even the water here seems to have become embittered, so much so that to attempt to drink a health to

View of Grand Pre.

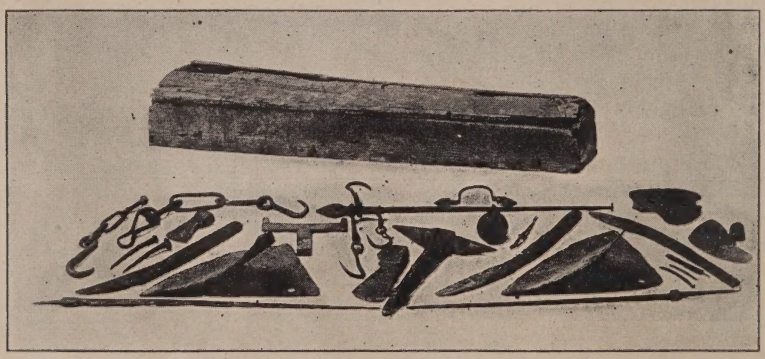
Evangeline from the old pump would not prove a pleasing memory. The vast stretch of meadows, homeless and treeless, reaching far away towards the Basin of Minas, only intensified the all-pervading feeling of desolation which had been gradually creeping over us, and as we looked off toward Blomidon, which seemed in the misty distance to be keeping a sepulchral guard over the spot, we quoted:

"Where is the thatched-roofed village, the home of the Acadian farmers?
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth and reflecting the image of heaven!
Waste are these pleasant farms and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them and whirl them aloft and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré!"

One looks in vain for the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" in the immediate vicinity of the village; fruit trees abound on every side, and Lombardy poplars, towering up here and there like memorial shafts to the pastoral instincts of the Acadians, but no primeval forest! This seems to be the only poetical license in which Longfellow indulged. It was a constant source of wonder to us how he could have described so well a place he had never seen. After the publication of the poem he could not be induced to visit the scene of his poetic fancy, lest he might be made unhappy by finding his illusions ruthlessly dispelled; but I do not think he need have feared this, as it is certainly a land worthy of song and story. How mighty is the magic of art! It seems to give the poet a kind of second sight, by which he moulds nature and intensifies her attractions. Who can say that art does nothing for nature? Would the natural beauty of Nova Scotia alone lead thousands of tourists through the Acadian valley every summer? Much as we love nature, we love the ideals of human nature more, and it is Longfellow's portrayal of this ideal that has made the land of Evangeline a Mecca for summer tourists. No other work in our American literature has excited so much interest in any one locality. Perhaps the nearest approach to it has been reached through Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of "Ramona," which has awakened a strong interest in the old

mission districts of the Pacific coast.

It seems passing strange that the wealth of natural scenery that our own country affords has not been utilized more by our poets and novelists. The exodus of Americans towards Europe that takes place every summer is not due to the fact that Europe has so much more to offer us in the way of natural scenery; but it is because the mountains and lakes of the Old World are invested with the charm of romance and poetry, attracting us with magnetic force. Were it not for the pen of Byron Lake Leman would not thrill us more than our own Champlain, nor would Lake Lucerne eclipse our picturesque Lake George were it not for its poetical association with William Tell. The Vale of Grassmere and Loch Katrine would not claim from Americans more than a passing glance were it not for Wordsworth and Scott. Why, then, we might justly ask, have not our poets and novelists done more to immortalize our own fair land? Hawthorne, while he evidently loved America, founded his best novel on Roman soil; Bryant, while he was as deep a lover of nature as Wordsworth, did not invest his native Berkshire hills with the poetical halo of Lake Windemere. Whittier and Lowell rang in the bugle notes of liberty, and thus paid their tribute to national glory; but it remained for Longfellow alone to excite a local interest in a particular section of America. And yet, he was far from impervious to the Old World's charms. Nuremberg, the olden, and Amalfi will always have for the American a special interest because they were made the subjects of two of his descriptive poems; but his best efforts were reserved for that which was distinctly American. Miles Standish, Hiawatha and Evangeline were entirely products of our own soil. The last of this trio will always stand out pre-eminently for the attention it has drawn to Acadia. Were it not for the title, Land of Evangeline, which the poet's pen has won for it, there is no doubt but it would remain an undiscovered country to the thousands of tourists who annually turn their faces in that direction. We are now waiting in patient expectancy for a new star to arise in our literary firmament, who, emulating the example that was set by Longfellow, and selecting another spot that will lie within the dominion of the Stars and Stripes, will touch it with the magic alchemy of his imagination, until it glows like a beacon light, leading as many tourists toward it every summer as now leave the States and journey towards Acadia, or the Land of Evangeline.



Relics of Acadians dug up at Grand Pre

BOOK REVIEWS.

The man or woman who writes a good short story confers a public favor. Among the brightest and most enjoyable of recent publications is "A Prodigal's Daughter, ond Other Tales," a collection of four short stories, one of which, "Westgate's Past," appeared recently in Donahoe's. Those who had the pleasure of reading it will want to read the other tales by the same author, Miss Lelia Hardin Bugg.

The writer's keen sense of humor lends zest to her stories and her clever character sketches proclaim her a close student of people and their ways.

The value of pathos is fully estimated by Miss Bugg, who, however, wisely refrains from over-straining its effect. We find it here and there in wistful little touches, such as the lonely child's reflection, "I suppose I must take after the Morrisons," when she fails to trace resemblance to her mother's pictured face. And again in mature years when she passes in review the good byes that had saddened her life.

"First her father—how her childish heart had ached for days and weeks, growing calmer with the months and reconciled with the years; Mrs. Ryan, who in her plain, kindly way had taken care of her so tenderly during those early times; the Sisters who had given her almost a mother's love, and the convent where she had been so happy; Mrs. Elder who had opened up new vistas of existence for her; the charming matron, under whose wise guidance she had seen the world; the companions, whom she had loved with varying degrees of tenderness—their pathways had all departed, and here she was alone."

"It has been but a series of partings," she says. "A tie is no sooner formed than it is broken."

One is never too old or world weary to crave a "happy ending" to a story, and Miss Bugg wisely indulges this little weakness. She leads her good characters through varying vicissitudes to unalloyed happiness, and relegates the designing and evil of mind to the depths of misfortune they deserve. The reader following the fortunes of Genevieve leaves her happily engaged, protesting to her companion, Mr. Houston, "No, no—I couldn't possibly get ready—not until after Easter."

"Westgate's Past" is a sturdier story with a more primitive setting. Readers of Donahoe's will renew with pleasure their acquaintance with the noble-hearted hero, and the spirited heroine, whose loving heart and clear head vanquished the evil designs of the Sons of Liberty.

In "The Major" we come upon this pretty bit of description: "Among the children in the Major's train was one little, dark-eyed girl, with tangled hair inclined to curl,a freckle on her nose, and two front teeth in the process of coming through her red gums—a little girl who lisped on account of the missing teeth, and said, 'yeth, thir,' 'if you pleath, thir,' in the most captivating, child-like way to the Major's witticisms."

This vivid pen introduction makes us feel acquainted,in fact on most friendly terms, with the lovable little creature, who lisps her preferences so prettily and frankly, "If you pleath, thir, I like pink ith-cream, thir." We can see her "looking up with a smile of bon-comradeship into the honest, kindly face of the Major. Then, with her small, dirty hand clasped in the Major's big, clean one, she trotted along, chatting confidentially about the chickens and a doll that was sick, until the bakery was reached, and the pink ice cream rose like an enchanted pyramid before her; then she relapsed into a sphinx-like silence until the pyramid became a dream."

This story is, perhaps, the strongest in the book, that is the strongest in the touches that reach one's heart and quicken into life sympathy with noble deeds and high ideals.

Miss Bugg has done a good work in giving these stories to the reading public, and it is to be hoped that she will devote herself to the fullest development of her special talent for story writing.

Benziger Bros., New York. Price $1.00.

An interesting pastime for the quiet hours of the vacation season is supplied by Benziger Bros.' publication of a series of games, "American Catholic Authors," and "Quotations from American Catholic Authors."

These games are entirely new, and are the first of the kind ever published made up exclusively of American Catholic authors. We confidently believe that they will help to make our Catholic authors better known and appreciated, and also be the means of innocent and instructive recreation. Full instructions accompany each game. Price 25 cents, postage four cents. New York.

"The Princess of the Moon; a Fairy Tale," by Cora Semmes Ives, has just been added to the list of juvenile books, and an attractive addition it is. The story is replete with all the marvelous happenings that win and hold a child's attention. The characters are original, the plot is interesting, and the tale well told. The author has evidently made a study of what children like to read, and has succeeded admirably in gratifying their wishes. It was during

that unhappy struggle, the Civil War, when it was impossible to obtain books for Southern children, that Mrs. Ives became a story-teller for the amusement of the little ones around her. She composed at that time the present story, and it seemed to afford such delight to her youthful audiences that she determined to publish it. Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. Price 35 cents and 50 cents.

"Happy Hearts and Pleasant Faces" is a very attractive title, creating a desire to look between the covers and learn why Miss Jordan has chosen this name for the dainty collection of poems she has recently published. The choice is a happy one, and the title is no misnomer.

From cover to cover the joyous faces of little children look up at us, and even adult readers who spend an hour in their company will carry away a strong impression of having been most charmingly entertained. In the initial poem Miss Jordan introduces us to her little men and women, wishing for them

"Hands to be lovingly helpful;
Eyes to beam kindly alway;
Lips to speak gently to people;
Hearts to be tender, yet gay;
Souls to be strong in temptation;
Minds to learn all that they may
Of God and His lovely work, Nature—
For these in our children we pray."

Here is wise counsel, without visible effort at preaching.

In these days, when patriotism furnishes an excuse for the perpetration of all kinds of poetry (?) it is refreshing to come across such sturdy lines as the following:

"On Independence Day."

Hurrah, hurrah for the dear old flag,
That waves so glad and free!
Hurrah, hurrah for the stars and stripes,
For the grand old colors three!
Hurrah for the patriots brave and bold
Who rang out "Liberty!"
Hurrah for the "Union" of "Blue and Gray"
"From the centre to the sea"!
Hurrah for the motto, "In God we trust"—
And praise and bless—'tis meet and just!

"An Easter Lily," "Christmas," and "All for You" are gems of thought, fittingly set.

There is an abundance of merry jingle for the very little folks, and pictures for all—beautiful pictures of the Christ and His Mother, of little children, and of great men whose deeds are told in verse in this delightful little volume.

Every home will be happier for adding to its attractions a copy of "Happy Hearts and Pleasant Faces." Rosary Publication Co., New York, N. Y.

A Word About Our Irish Advertisers.

The attention of the readers of Donahoe's is especially directed to the advertisements from Ireland which appear in our advertising pages. They have been inserted with direct reference to the celebration of the Centenary of '98. Some of the leading houses in Dublin refuse to recognize in any manner whatever—even in a business sense—the celebration; hence, they refuse to advertise. Indeed, the manager of one of these houses told the writer that his concern did not want to be known as in any way recognizing the celebration. It will be in good taste for the readers of Donahoe's to bear this in mind when they visit Ireland this year, or at any time in the future. The writer, from personal knowledge, endorses the concerns who do advertise. Our visitors who will visit Cork will find the Royal Victoria and Turner's Hotel unsurpassed for hotel accommodation in Ireland, and in Dublin the Dolphin and Mrs. Barry's will be found not only excellent, but with prices moderate.

Webb & Co. of the Cornmarket, Dublin, have always been noted for promoting the sale of genuine Irish thread and fringes, and it is hardly necessary to refer to the old Irish National Publishing House of M. H. Gill & Son. The latter are about to issue a Record of Gartan (St. Columba) celebration, held in Donegal last year, full of half-page views of Irish scenery, and full of speeches and sermons in Irish. The prospectus is already issued, and will be mailed free on application.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Resignation.

By Agnes Haskell.

When Hope was young, dear wife,
And life was but a dream,
And Pleasure's gilded cup
Brimmed o'er—a sparkling stream,
We little thought of pain,
We little thought of care;
We only fancied earth
An Eden, wondrous fair;

Where, hand in hand, we'd walk
And share each other's bliss;
And in our proud content
We knew no world but this.
Our skies had never clouds,
Our roses never thorns;
Our days had never nights,
But only golden morns!

Came one with dark-veiled face,
And sat beside our hearth;
Mixed rue with Pleasure's cup,
Aud hushed our songs of mirth!—
The precious babe that lay
Close at your mother-breast,
And grew to heaven so soon,
Was but an angel guest!

We saw not then—for tears—
Our dove, with wings outspread,
Exultant pass the grave—
By shining seraphs led!
Nor deemed that dark-veiled one
Was tender, white-browed Love—
By God's great pity sent
To lure our hearts above!

But, now, that grave, dear wife,
Is like an *altar* grand—
Whence holy Faith discerns
The nearing Glory-Land!

Observations.

By Julia Teresa Butler.

We cannot make anything grow; but we can supply the nourishment and helps conducive to healthy growth. When we plant the seed of a very choice flower we endeavor to give it the most tender care in order that it may blossom into a thing of beauty. It is the same with the mind of a child. If in its early formation it does not receive kindly encouragement, judicious guidance, and those various little helps which are of such value in aiding its expansion, it cannot bring forth those beautiful blossoms that will forever sweeten it and strengthen it in after life.

It is from our helpful intercourse with others we gain the vital assistance of making self-help easy. And it is from the way we associate ourselves with others we derive the means to do good or evil. Therefore, we should judiciously apply our ways that they may be productive of good means and ends.

Refinement is best plain set. When it is surrounded with ostentation, pride and self-conceit it exhales the aroma of artificiality. Flowers have a wonderful refining influence, chiefly because their aspect is so thoroughly natural as well as beautiful. It is the unseen fragrance of flowers that makes us feel their most potent charm and it is the unseen soul, when cultivated, that makes our lives felt for the better and truer and imparts to our natures the refining presence of spiritual grace, without which education is inadequate to attain its best end.

Good artists educate observation. Every department of pictorial art is environed with revelations of hidden beauty speaking eloquently to the eye and imagination. The history of the ages has been depicted by great artists as well as by great authors, and frequently more successfully. And natural scenery awakens a holier meaning on the canvas of the masters expressed in the soul of poetry.

A certain learned Boston divine does not coincide with the poet on the statement: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And the thoughtful must agree with the eloquent preacher when they ponder over the history of shattered lives that once were things of beauty in the May of youth, personal loveliness and innocence, but are now human shipwrecks which do not maintain the philosophy of the poet in being joys for ever.

Altering Last Summer's Organdies.

Last year organdies were made up without ruffles, while this season such a style is unheard of. Some of the fullness may be taken out of the skirt, which need be but four yards wide, and made into two or three tiny overlapping ruffles edged with narrow lace.

Another pretty fashion shows several rows of lace insertion around the upper part of the skirt as well, or rows of inch-wide ribbon matching the belt and collar are used in this manner. For a stout figure the seams may be covered with lace or ribbon above the tiny cluster of ruffles so as to form lengthwise effects. The round waist carries out the idea of the skirt in being trimmed in crosswise or lengthwise rows of insertion or ribbon, with soft stock knotted in front, and belt or sash of wider ribbon, or sash of black for any dress, and collar of insertion and edging. One very pretty organdy waist is modeled after a black net one, and trimmed with five ruchings of lace two inches wide, with the straight edges whipped together and thickly plaited; these are in rows from collar to belt, and give a very fluffy look to the white gown, which has similar ruches over the top, the sleeve showing between.

This year skirts are trimmed with a lace frill an inch wide. If one does not object to ripping it off when the dress is washed, tiny velvet ribbon is very quaint for the ruffles trimming thin cotton gowns. Colored skirt linings are made in the princesse style, with several ruffles on the edge.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Penalties Which We Must Pay.

If man, then, persists in using or trying to use that for which he has neither power for digestion nor assimilation, he must, without doubt, pay the penalty. To many persons strawberries are such a violent poison that a single dish will produce a rash in less than two hours. The cooking of the fruit seems to destroy this active, irritating principle, but, again, here comes our fashion of adding sugar. Canned or preserved fruits, as well as jams and kindred articles, are to be condemned on account of the mass of sugar used. With the fruits it is more prone to fermentation, and even if the sugar is inverted we have a far greater amount than can be cared for by the liver, and here is the origin of the "torpid liver" we hear so much about. The liver is not torpid at all; it is simply overworked. The given capacity is exhausted.

Fruits as foods are, then, peaches, apricots, nectarines; ripe, mellow apples; dates, figs, fresh and dried; prunes without skins, persimmons, papaws, very ripe or cooked bananas, guavas without seeds—fresh or canned without sugar, pineapples, grated or finely picked, never cut, mangoes, grapes, sweet plums without skins, sugar cherries, and an occasional cooked pear. Bartletts are excellent when canned without sugar.

The fruits which must be used most sparingly are lemons, oranges, shaddocks, currants, barberries, cranberries and strawberries. This applies most emphatically to those persons who are inclined to uric acid conditions. The rheumatic and gouty should also most rigidly abstain. The tender lining of the child's stomach cannot, certainly, bear such fruits any length of time; serious results must follow. The ripe, mellow peach is really the child's fruit. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Wash Covers for Cushions.

It is quite the fashion to present gifts which are especially useful to the recipient in his or her favorite sport or accomplishment. A tennis player is given a handsome racket and cover; a golf player, a set of sticks; an artist, some one of his many tools; a yachtsman, a set of pillows or cushions; a musician, something for the music room, and so on, whatever is appropriate and particularly useful.

The pillow seems an almost universal gift. It fits in every one's situation, whatever it be. A traveler can use it; a voyager needs it; a yachtsman must have it; a home stayer has a dozen places to put it, and the covering and size distinguish its specific use.

For a yachting friend, sailcloth or denim is appropriate. A round one is made of white canvas, having applique figures of blue denim, on which are etched with white a waterscape, birds, anchors, and the like. The circles are united in design with blue ribbon effect, gracefully floating on the background of white. The edges of the white cover are worked with eyelets, and the two pieces are laced together with white cotton rope. They come a little short of entirely covering the pillow, so as to show a blue denim covering beneath.

One square pillow has a white centre, with a fish design of blue silk etching, and blue corners with white applique starfish laid on and worked in blue. The edges of this cover are eyeleted and laced together.

Another pillow is entirely covered with blue denim, having in the centre a square of fine canvas, or heavy linen, on which is etched with the pen some suitable quotation and symbols of the sailor's craft. The edges are covered where the centre meets the border with rope work.—New World.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Lullaby.

Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best;
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!
—From "Little Folk Lyrics."

The Fairies' Call.

Fairies awake! Light on the hills!
Blossom and grass tremble with dew;
Gambols the snake, merry bird trills,
Honey-bees pass, morning is new.
—Youth's Companion.

"My Little Sisters, the Birds."

There is in Louvre a charming little picture, by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going towards Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him, and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, He has given you a covering for yourself and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark with Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord."

As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. St. Colomba used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the Island of Iona. The sparrows would descend and eat out of St. Remi's hands. And the birds would hover around the hermits of Montserrat and eat from their hands.—The Holy Family.

Jenny.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Jenny was eight years old, and had never seen the country until that summer, when her father obtained work as assistant gardener near a seashore resort. Before that he had worked with a sewage gang, and Jenny had lived in a small tenement in one of the big "beehive" buildings on the East Side. She had never even seen Central Park, or any of the small parks which dot the city here and there; and green grass was only known to her by the stunted representatives which occasionally struggled up through the crevices of broken sidewalk or street paving. Her father and mother had always been too busy or too tired for holiday-making; and, besides, she had little Patsey and baby Norah to look after, and the housework to do, and sometimes—when her mother was very tired—even to assist at the "washings."

But now this wonderful country had changed the whole outlook for her. She went to sleep at night with the joy of it tingling in her heart, and waked in the

morning to find it still a beautiful, delightful reality. Her mother did not take washings now, and this left her free to wander about the fields and into the woods and down by the brook with Patsey and Norah, or to sit with them on the grass back of the house, with every nerve in her tingling with delight as she watched the fluffy chickens and belligerent mother-hens.

At first she had been almost afraid to step on the grass for fear of crushing the tender shoots, and even now could scarce be persuaded to pick a flower. She would bend over and kiss them, and would stroke them softly with her fingers and tell Patsy and Norah to be careful and not hurt them. Sometimes she would get up before the children in the morning and wander off by herself. Everything was so nice and pretty, she would repeat softly and with shining eyes; and no amount of familiarity seemed to do away with any of the wonder of it.

On the day when Patsey was seven she was up earlier than usual, planning for some special recognition of the event. Her father had given her three apples the day before, and her mother had promised a cake. Now it only remained for her to select an especially beautiful spot for a picnic.

The family were at breakfast when she burst into the room, her eyes shining and her face glowing with the joy of some new discovery.

"Oh, Patsey!" she cried, breathlessly, "it so pretty, an' it's all for you, dear—for your birthday. Come!" And without waiting for her breakfast or allowing them to finish theirs, she hurried them across a small field to where the brook entered the woods.

And what do you think she had found? Why, just a small open glade, with a golden carpet of dandelions on one side, and in the midst of the dandelions a lichen-covered log, almost as though it had been placed there expressly for them to sit on.

A Dainty Cat.

There is a cat in Boston that has learned to be extremely tidy. She lives in an office; and, when meat and bread or any food is given her to eat, it is usually spread out on a piece of paper. When she has finished or eaten all she cares to, she carefully and patiently folds the paper into a package, skilfully using her paws and her mouth to accomplish it. When she has made this into as neat a package as she can, she carries it to some out-of-the-way corner or nook, where she puts it away till she wants to finish it.—Pacific.

Some Distinguished Dolls.

Miss Ingelow's "Amelia."

Miss Jean Ingelow possessed a special waxen favorite that she named Amelia. Amelia went everywhere Jean did and she was introduced to all the agreable people who came to the Ingelow house, her dresses were always made from whatever cloth Jean wore, and when games or merry times were enjoyed in the nursery Amelia was placed wherever she could take in all the fun with the rest of the young folks. An ill-advised bath on a hot day was so hopelessly destructive to Amelia's painted beauty and sawdust constitution that the Ingelow family pronounced her quite dead. Her funeral was well attended, and for many months Jean sorrowed for Amelia and refused ever to take another doll to her heart.

Annie Thackery's "Tender Heart."

Not only her own big doll family, but all dolls, fine or shabby, large or small, black or white, who came Annie Thackeray's way shared the tender affection of her overflowing heart. When a very little girl she believed dolls were quite as much alive as real babies, and if they lost heads or arms the missing members would grow again. When her dolls suffered an accident she went weeping to her father and he would gravely assure her that all the dolly needed was an interview with the family physician. Putting the toy in his pocket he would pretend to be off to the doctor's. Instead he went straight to a toy shop, had the doll repaired and returned her whole and hearty to his daughter.

Florence Nightingale's "Dolls."

Florence Nightingale's dolls all enjoyed very indifferent health. Time and again disease stalked through the nursery and laid the dolls so low that their lives were quite despaired of, but the little girl, who was to grow up to be a ministering angel to thousands in real suffering, always pulled her babies through their worst attacks. One night youthful Miss Florence assured her nurse that she could not possibly go to bed because a feverish rag baby would need to be watched every hour. It was only when both nurse and mother assured the little girl that one of them would sit right beside the invalid that Florence consented to go to bed. Once or twice, thinking the child was fast asleep, the nurse attempted to leave her post, but Florence was awake in an instant. At midnight a second effort was made to desert the sufferer, but the child awoke again, and in the end the nurse was obliged to remain beside the doll's bed until Miss Nightingale was up, bright and early in the morning, and able to pronounce the patient vastly improved.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Inquirer asks: Why is the Lord's Prayer, as we say it, different from that written in the Bible?

But it is not different. If you will read St. Matthew, 6th chapter, 9-13 verses, and St. Luke, VII., 7-11, you will find the prayer as said by us is the same as in the Bible. In our translation of the Bible is found in St. Matthew "supersubstantial bread," while in St. Luke it is "daily bread." The Greek word is the same in both Gospels. We say "daily bread," as it is translated in St. Luke. The Protestant version of the Bible has "daily bread" in both instances. St. Matthew's Gospel in our English translation has "forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors," and St. Luke's, "forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." Now, "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," is only a slight change of expression, but not of sense.

Perhaps, "Inquirer" is looking for the words, "for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever." The Catholic Church does not recognize these words as part of the inspired text, and they are not found in the best Greek texts. Into the Greek texts of some editions, they have been introduced, while in others they are simply placed in a foot note to indicate the different readings. The Catholic Church, which through all the ages has been the faithful custodian of Holy Writ, has the best claims on our judgment. We follow her guidance, and so do not accept these words as those of Our Lord, but as introduced by come commentator.

"Anxious Subscriber" writes: 1. Is it absolutely forbidden in the Catholic Church for the godfather or godmother of a child to marry the child's parent? or are there any circumstances under which a dispensation can be obtained? 2. Will you give some practical information as to the manner of proceeding when in doubt as to the need of a dispensation?

By reason of baptism, there arises a matrimonial impediment of spiritual relationship between the following persons:

1. Between the person who administers the sacrament and the one who receives it. 2. Between the one who administers the sacrament and the parents of him who receives it. 3. Between the godfather or godmother and the person baptized. 4. Between the godfather and the mother of the person baptized, or between the godmother and the father of the person baptized. Marriage between the persons enumerated under these different headings is not allowed. As the relationship of blood between persons forbids their marriage, so the spiritual relationship due to the conferring of the sacrament. But the Church can dispense from this impediment, removing the restriction in individual cases, where she judges it can be wisely done. Any one needing a dispensation should state the case to his pastor, who, in turn stating it to the bishop, will obtain the necessary dispensation.

Where there is doubt as to the existence of a matrimonial impediment, or as to the need of the Church's dispensation, advice should be had from one's confessor or pastor. The priests are acquainted with the laws of the Church, with the people's obligations, and with the manner of procedure in the deciding of difficulties. The way to practical knowledge for the faithful is therefore simple and secure.

"Reader" inquires: 1. Why is our Church called the Roman Catholic Church? 2. Has any other church the right to be called catholic? 3. Is it true that the Episcopal Church is contemplating to call itself in this country The American Catholic Church?

Our Church is called the Roman Catholic Church because we acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as the visible head of our Church. The question stirred up by the word "Roman" is an historical one. Christ said to Simon: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church." Peter was to represent Christ, and as Christ, now in Heaven, is the invisible head of His Church, Peter, and each one of his successors, was to be the vicar of Christ, the visible head on earth of Christ's Church. Peter, like the other Apostles, had received command to go forth and preach the gospel. We find him fulfilling the command, beginning with that day in Jerusalem when the Holy Ghost came to him, as to the other Apostles. He journeyed forth from the land of Israel, telling to the Gentiles, as to the Jews, the glad tidings of redemption. At Antioch he made a stay of some years, and in that city the name "Christian" was first employed to designate the followers of Christ. Finally, Peter reached Rome, and spent there the last years of his life. He established the Churh of Christ in this great, leading city of the world at that time; he saw it firmly placed, winning its way over every obstacle, meeting and overcoming persecution. Here he died, crucified for the cause of his Master. In the fury of Nero's persecution, Peter had judged it his duty to leave the city; but on the way Jesus met him, and Peter asking, "Quo vadis, Domine," "Whither goest Thou, Lord," received as answer, "To

Rome, to be crucified." Peter then understood that he himself was to return to that city, and to die there on the cross, as his Master had died at Jerusalem. Peter fixed his residence at Rome, and his successors have done the same. When political causes and military disturbances have forced a temporary departure, the Popes, at their earliest opportunity, have returned to Rome, as to their proper place, recognizing that out of it they were in exile.

Human ambitions have ever been in opposition to divine mandates, and wicked men have sought to intrude themselves into the place of Peter. Among others, the Patriarch of Constantinople, at a certain period of history, sought to put himself on an equality with the Bishop of Rome, who alone is the Primate of the Universal Church. In the days of the Greek schism, distinction was made between the Western and the Eastern Church, and the obedient followers of the Bishop of Rome were faithful to him, and recognized him as the superior of the Eastern Patriarchs. Since the Eastern schism, the word Roman has helped to mark allegiance to the Church of Christ, the Church of Peter, which has never failed, and which shall never fail, because Christ has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. In the latter days of the Protestant heresy, when kings like Henry VIII. of England sought to establish a claim to supremacy in spiritual as in temporal matters, obedience to Peter became the test of the faith. It was a question of allegiance to Peter or to Henry in the faith, to Rome or to London, for the Catholics of the British Isles; whether to God should be rendered the things that are God's, or whether to Caesar should be given what by God's decree belongs to God, through his representative on earth, the successor of Peter. The faithful of Ireland, owing to the great persecutions they endured for the faith, were most deeply impressed with the necessity of holding true to their Holy Father, the Pope, and so to them the Holy Roman Catholic Church was God's Church, in every way opposed to the English national church, in whose head, whether a Henry or an Elizabeth, they could perceive no traits of holiness or of divine authority. To the student of history, then, the word Roman, in speaking of the Catholic Church, is of deep significance, telling him of the Church of the Apostles, the Church established by Christ himself, with Peter as the ever firm rock on which He builded.

2. The only church which can claim the title "Catholic" is that whose history is in accordance with the meaning of the word "Catholic." Catholic is universal, and as Christ, in dying, "gave Himself a redemption for all," His Church should be for all people, of all times, and of all nations. Such is the Church of Rome, the Church whose head in the days of the Apostles was Peter, whose head today is the Bishop of Rome, Peter's lawful successor, the sole living person with the prerogatives and power of Peter, Leo XIII. St. Augustine, more than 1,400 years ago, said that any stranger in a city asking which is the Catholic church, would have pointed out to him the church that acknowledges the Pope of Rome as its head. And, unconsciously, to-day, as then, the question would be answered in the same way. No one would ever think of pointing to the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian Church as the Catholic. It simply is not. There is but one church known to every one as the Catholic Church, and whose members are everywhere known by the name Catholic. This Church has existed since the days of the Apostles, the same now as it was then in its faith and its teachings; it has been its mission to extend itself to all climes, to all peoples, to all nations, and its mission must continue "all days, even to the consummation of the world." To fall short of such universality would destroy its right to the title of universal or Catholic. But it has not failed, it cannot fail; Christ has promised. No other church traces back its origin to the Apostles and to Christ; no other holds sway over the universe of men. Look at the Protestant sects that are multiplied about us. When did they begin? Who is their founder? A Luther, a Calvin, a Wesley, a Henry VIII. When Columbus discovered America, 400 years ago, Protestantism was yet unborn, these sects not dreamed of.

3. And for the Episcopal church, of which question is here made, the word Catholic is a total misnomer. It is the Church of England, with a handful of followers in this country. It is in England a national church, and it scarcely has existence outside of England and English-speaking peoples. It is limited by the limitations of those places where the English language is spoken, and even in New England, where once it had some hold, it is fast vanishing. Its head to-day, its spiritual ruler, is Queen Victoria. Where is the catholicity of that church, as to time, dating only from Henry VIII., as to people and place, confined exclusively to English-speaking people, and even in England opposed from the very beginning by a large percentage of the people? And while it is true that the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country contemplates the usurpation of the title, The American Catholic Church, it is contemplating what must stultify it before the world. It is not Catholic, it is not American.

FAREWELL.

TRUST IN GOD.

WAITING FOR FATHER.

"The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams;
The lush grass thickens and springs and sways:
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams—
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!"

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

A BISHOP WHO WAS PRESENT at the Western Summer School, after hearing my rather pointed remarks on the evil of divorce, told me that we have no conception of its extent and malignity here in the more established parts of the country. In his See city he says that a little more than half of all married couples seek and readily get divorce! He then gave me some details of the methods employed by the courts, and of the "goings on" of the fair litigants while their longed-for freedom is pending. No words fit to print could adequately cover the situation. The Bishop is fighting the evil in every way, but he cannot get the active co-operation of the Protestant ministers, because they say that their congregations, being filled with "divorcees," (Christ had a plainer name for them), no allusion to the question would be safe!

And yet this is the beautiful "Anglo-Saxon" civilization which has only sneers for Spain. When the war is over it might be well to wash some of the rottenness out of our own body-politic.

OUT OF FIVE YOUNG MEN to whom I have talked lately about their going to college in September four are determined to go to non-Catholic institutions, and the other is undecided. Three of these youngsters I know to be good, practical Catholics, and the other two, I believe, would resent any question of their devotion. What, then, is the matter? The contemptible worldly pride of their parents—that is the whole of it. These ignorant apes imagine that Mickey and Pat will mingle with "better people" at Yale. It is incredible that they really believe that our Catholic colleges cannot furnish sufficiently advanced education. No! they know nothing about this end of it. At Yale the boys may see young Vanderbilt across the campus. Bliss! And they can in after years casually refer to "my chum, Dick Astor don't y' know." They can learn to play golf and to look like Englishmen [now the United States idea of a "gentleman."] I have nothing against our great universities; but I certainly have nothing against those greater colleges, where, in addition to a scientific and classical education second to none, a young man shall be taught the Catholic philosophy of life and of all things.

I maintain, as an absolutely impregnable principle, that, save for

some most weighty cause, no Catholic can send his child to these anti-Catholic schools without violating morality and common sense. I understand that at Harvard and Yale the Catholics are now so numerous that they wield an appreciable influence for good. God grant it! But when my son wants missionary work I think I shall give him something easier than trying to Christianize mental and moral mugwumps.

ONE OF THE FUNNIEST THINGS IN HISTORY is the variety of ideas which well-informed people seem to have in respect of our war with Spain. President Charles Kendall Adams—not more closely related to me than through our common original ancestor who dropped the final "s"—the learned head of the Wisconsin University recently gave Spain fits in a long address which sounded as if he had talked his dignified periods into a phonograph roller already containing the jerky indentations of all the minutes of all the A. P. A. meetings ever held. But at the end Dr. Adams summed up his reasons for the present war in so neat a fashion that I give them here, although they have no connection with his prosy-hysterical, calmly-delirious argument.

I am not one of those who are at a loss what to say when they are asked what we are fighting for. We are fighting to put an end to a system of infamous tyranny already too long tolerated on this continent. We asked Spain to put an end to her intolerable methods. She answered by asking for time. We gave her time. No improvement resulted. We then demanded that she abandon her task and return to the old world. Of course, a spirited nation—Spain is still a spirited nation—could not meet such a demand in any other way than by war.

In making this demand we accepted war, and we must accept all its consequences and all its following responsibilities. Our act was the result of an unselfish impulse, of which every lover of liberty the world over has reason to be proud. It is quite easy to foresee that we may be called upon to settle questions that have never yet confronted us. We may yet be forced to consider the question of colonial possessions and methods of administration that have not as yet been provided for.

But with our ability to form an army and navy, and our ability to administer them with incorruptible efficiency, who will deny that we can so reform our civil service as to enable us to administer the civil government of any territory the necessary possession of which may be forced upon us? We may be obliged to assume such a responsibility by unforeseen contingencies. Let us hope that the same unselfish spirit that led us into war will lead the patriotic intelligence of the country not to shrink from the difficult task.

These words, it seems to me, very nearly cover the ground. I have seen no better.

IN A RECENT ISSUE we were able to give our readers some most interesting pictures illustrating a paper on the American Navy, and through the very great kindness of the American Catholic Historical Association, Philadelphia, we were allowed to use their plates of the statue of Commodore Barry and his last resting place.

More than once has every editor to thank this noble society, which for wholly unselfish ends, goes on doing its patient, and often thankless, work, to the intent that "the old may be remembered, and that our children and our children's children forget not."

FOR MANY MONTHS I have been wanting to say something about stealing. Some time ago a thief sent me a poem very much above the average, and I was delighted with it, and never dreamed of the character of my welcomed contributor until a bright woman in Brooklyn called my attention to a book forty years old, in which lay this precious poem in peaceful obscurity, little hoping for the rascally resurrection which I unwittingly had been a party to.

This was bad enough. But imagine my feelings when I find that the beautiful poem "Nobility," printed in our June issue, was not the work of

the woman who sent it to us as her own, but of the gentle genius, Alice Cary, with whose sweet muse I fancied that I was tolerably familiar. My good associate editor, who has the eye of an eagle and a memory sharpened awfully by previous swindles of this kind, felt uneasy about "Nobility," but let it pass, as I myself did, her suspicions being lulled by the beauty of the lines. Well, the poem was stolen, body and soul, from Alice Cary's book, and then the thief palmed it off on us, assuming even another woman's name — thereby doubly deceiving us.

It is an easy matter for an editor to explain to the outraged owners of copyright, and to the public, that he has been imposed upon. But I find it hard to explain to myself why a wretched human soul is tempted to commit a sin at once so contemptible and, one may say, unnatural and ungratifying.

ONE MIGHT WISH ONESELF ONCE MORE a schoolboy when the march of improvement is observed. Everything, from a slate-pencil sharpener to the learning of the teacher herself, seems to have been made more attractive than in that far away day when I was young. I was forcibly made to feel this the other day when I received Father J. F. X. O'Conor's new text book on Rhetoric. I compared it with the dry, pedantic little book from whose pages I was first made aware of the difference between *Catachresis* and *Synecdoche*, and I sighed to be young again. Here is a delightsome little book which convinces you that "flowers of speech" smell sweet. The chapters on the formation of the oration "don't seem like school" a bit. One would rather read them than not —which is praise I could not truthfully utter of any one of the row of old-fashioned school books which stand in battered, pathetic array on a top shelf of my library.

THE SUMMER SCHOOLS were a success this year—which means that by next year their critics will be found on the right side of the question and proclaiming themselves the originators and founders of the idea. Good!

NOT MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about a great and far-reaching work which is quietly being advanced from year to year. I refer to the "Sisters' Institute," which assembles the religious of the several teaching orders during the vacation, at their Mother Houses, for the purpose of discussing the most important phases of educational work.

Lectures are given by expert educators, and papers and talks are prepared by the Sisters. Immense good must result in stimulation, the enlargement of horizon and the benefit of learning from others' experience. It looks as if the good Sisters intend to bring and to keep the parochial schools and academies up to the highest and best standards in every detail. Prosit! It means much for the twentieth century.

A Unitarian minister out West announces his intention to show up St. Thomas Aquinas! I hope that he will do this heroic work before Leo XIII. is no more, because the poor Holy Father has thought all along that he must urge the world to return to the great Doctor. What a pity! Just fancy how mean he will feel when the little minister has demolished it all!

GLIMPSES OF A HERO-PRIEST OF EARLY CANADA.

BY HENRY COLIN CAMPBELL.

One of the most striking and romantic of the many striking and romantic figures of the French regime in North America was François Dollier de Casson, priest and soldier.

In the pages of history his character stands out boldly and attractively, his fame not being confined to his Church. Even writers of fiction have described him; his is the distinction, indeed, of being one of the principal figures in two of the most fascinating French-American historical novels that have been written.

Who that has read "The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker, a story of which the dashing Iberville, founder of Louisiana, is the hero, will forget the violin scene, in which the author introduces Father Dollier? The priest is alone, waiting for Iberville, who in his heart has a warm place, indeed. It is at this point that Parker describes him, in the following language:

"The priest was powerfully made; so strong, indeed, so tall was he, that when, in one of the changes of the music, a kind of exaltation filled him, and he came to his feet, his head almost touched the ceiling. His shoulders were broad and strong, and though his limbs were hid by his cassock, his arms showed almost huge, and the violin lay tucked under his chin like a mere toy. In the eye was a penetrating but abstracted look, and the countenance had the gravity of a priest, lighted by a cheerful soul within."

The priest ceases playing. Iberville enters, and, not seeing Father Dollier, takes up the violin and plays an air that both love. A moment later the two men embrace. Iberville salutes his "good fighting abbe." "Pierre," says the priest, "I welcome you as one brother might another, the elder foolishly fond."

"The Romance of Dollard," Mary Hartwell Catherwood's spirited, tragic story, would lose much of its interest were the Sulpitian priest of Montreal, the strong man whom strong men loved and trusted, left out of its pages. About a quarter of a century before the scenes described in "The Trail of the Sword," Dollard is walking upon Quebec Heights. "Not looking over his shoulder, but straight ahead," runs Mrs. Catherwood's story, "he encountered the mightiest priest in New France, stout Dollier de Casson, head of the order of St. Sulpice in Montreal. His rosy face shone full of good will. There showed also the record of hardy, desperate mission work, jovial famine, and the high forgetfulness of Dollier de Casson. His cassock sat upon him like a Roman toga, masculine in every line."

Mrs. Catherwood makes us wish to know more about the good priest, while Gilbert Parker fills us with a feeling that we would very much like to have been one of the friends of this unselfish, stout-hearted, high-minded pioneer missionary.

Father Dollier was a native of France, supposedly of Brittany, and his birth occurred about the year 1620. Before becoming a priest he had served as a cavalry officer under Marshal Turenne, and a most valiant soldier he must have been, for even his life as a priest was filled with deeds of heroism. He was one of the largest men that ever trod the soil of

New France, and it is related of him that when he was in his prime he could hold two men seated upon his extended hands. He went to Canada, a priest, about the year 1655, and died at Montreal September 25, 1701.

One of the most stirring events in the life of the rugged priest was his participation in the march of Tracy and Courcelle against the Mohawks in 1666. These Indians, the most easterly of the Iroquois confederacy, had, as usual, been harassing the French settlements, and finally, in October of the year, a force of 1,300 men, including one hundred Indians, was sent against their cantonments. Dollier went upon the expedition as chaplain of a hundred or more hardy woodsmen from Montreal. He, like the rest, suffered from lack of food. But, weak as he must have been, when a servant of the Jesuits fell into the water, Father Dollier jumped in after him, and made an heroic but futile effort to save his life.

On this expedition, which resulted in harm to Mohawk crops only, Father Dollier became afflicted with a swelling of the knee, and he fainted when, after his return to Montreal, bleeding was resorted to as a cure.

Shortly afterward he was sent to Fort Ste. Anne, at the northern end of Lake Champlain. It was in the middle of a Canadian winter, and the distance, which had to be covered on foot, was a hundred miles. At Chambly, an intermediate post, he asked for an escort for the rest of the journey, but not until he threatened to go on alone at all hazards was an ensign ordered to take ten soldiers and accompany him. On the way one of the soldiers fell through the ice. His comrades made no attempt to rescue him, but Father Dollier hastened to his assistance, caught hold of him, and pulled him out of the water. His own great weight made this brave act all the more dangerous.

In making this journey to Fort Ste. Anne the priest wore snow-shoes for the first time, and these, with a sack of clothing and his portable altar, made the march a very tiresome one. When he finally did reach the fort, it was only to find that a pestilence was raging among the garrison. The soldiers had been living on salt pork and on flour which was unfit for food, and in a short time forty of the sixty men had become ill of the scurvy. Father Dollier himself, before his short term of garrison duty was over, had a slight attack of the disease.

During the year that the Mohawk cantonments were invaded by the French, two Sulpitians of Montreal, one of them the Abbe Selignac de Fenelon, an elder brother of the author of *Telemachus*, established a mission on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The Sulpitians, about this time, were zealously emulating the zeal of the Jesuits in converting the Indians. Father Dollier himself had already spent a winter in a hunting camp of the Nipissings, where he heard of large numbers of Indians who were to be found toward the West. In 1669 an expedition directed by him was fitted out to go to them. Almost at the last moment, however, the civil authorities urged the priest to modify his plans so as to join La Salle, who was about to make his first effort to find the mysterious river of the West. Father Galinee, skilled in surveying, became Father Dollier's companion. Seven other men were in their party. They started from La Chine, La Salle's seigniory in the St. Lawrence River, his domain being thus named because he dreamed of reaching China upon his expedition to the West. Galinee relates that on this journey with La Salle their food consisted of Indian corn pounded between two stones and seasoned with fish or meat.

Early in August they reached Lake

Ontario. On the south side of this lake they fell in with some Seneca Indians, who invited them to their principal villages. Thither La Salle and Galinee went, while Father Dollier and most of the men remained to guard the canoes. The whole party finally left the Seneca country, where some of them had feared for their lives. Passing the mouth of the Niagara River, they soon reached an Iroquois colony near the modern town of Hamilton.

Immediately they were greatly astonished to hear of the arrival at a neighoring Indian village of two other Frenchmen. One of these, they soon discovered, was Louis Joliet, who, four years later, with Father Marquette, discovered the upper Mississippi River. At the time that La Salle and the two Sulpitians met him, near what is now Hamilton, Joliet was returning from a fruitless mission to Lake Superior (whither he had been sent by Talon, the able and enterprising intendant of New France) in search of copper.

It was a strange coincidence that meeting of Joliet and La Salle under such circumstances. La Salle's face was turned westward, his avowed object being the finding of the Great River, while Joliet was bound for his home on the St. Lawrence; and yet he was destined to explore the Mississippi several years earlier than did La Salle, who in history is more prominent than Joliet.

Joliet urged the Sulpitians, when he met them with La Salle, to go to the Pottawattamies and to the other tribes in their vicinity in the Lake Michigan country, saying that they were in great need of missionaries. La Salle, it is said, told the Sulpitians that the Jesuits were already in that region, but nevertheless they decided to follow the route mapped out for them by Joliet. La Salle parted with them at this juncture, and continued southwest. They went on to Lake Erie, instead of going to the Ohio River, as they had originally planned to do. They spent the winter near that part of the shore of Lake Erie known as Long Point. The next spring they pushed onward. Near Point Pelee they lost most of their baggage, including their altar service, in a storm which came up while they were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion on the shore. Being thus deprived of the means of saying Mass, they resolved to return to Montreal, but did so by way of Lake Huron, passing through the straits of Detroit. Near Detroit the priests found a large stone resembling a human figure, which the Indians had painted, and which they worshipped. With their axes the white men broke the stone, and, lashing their canoes together, carried the fragments out into the river, where the remains of the Indian idol were dumped overboard. At Sault Ste. Marie, which they visited on their way home, the two Sulpitians met the Jesuits Dablon and Marquette. Their stay at that mission was very short. Thence their course lay along Georgian Bay, up French River, and down the Ottawa River—a route made historic by the deeds of daring adventures and the blood of martyred priests.

Not long afterward Dollier de Casson became superior of the Sulpitian congregation at Montreal. In this capacity he had to reprimand the Abbe Fenelon. This is the story of the trouble: A quarrel arose between Frontenac, the governor of New France, and François Perrot, the governor of Montreal. Frontenac was making things unpleasant for the wild *coureurs des bois*, and Perrot was befriending them. The Abbe Fenelon, at the instance of Frontenac, went to Perrot, and explained to him why the governor of New France had

had his soldiers arrest a friend of Perrot's at Montreal. Fenelon was so successful in performing this mission that Perrot accompanied him to Quebec, on snow-shoes, in order that an understanding might be reached. At Quebec, however, Frontenac, after a lively dispute with Perrot, locked him up, and sent a trusted lieutenant to take charge at Montreal. This incensed Fenelon, previously Frontenac's friend. Before leaving Quebec the abbe severely criticised the doughty old governor of New France, and, as soon as he returned to Montreal, he preached a bitter sermon, directed at Frontenac. Father Dollier reproved the abbe, who appears to have been as indiscreet as he was young, and disclaimed the sermon. Fenelon, however, continued active in Perrot's behalf, and was finally charged with sedition. The king had to settle the dispute. Fenelon, who was in France by this time, was forbidden by his superior to return to Canada.

Father Dollier wrote a history of Montreal, which was published a few years ago by the Montreal Historical Society. It throws not a little light upon the life of the pioneers of New France, and is a valued part of many a collection of Americana.

The character of Dollier de Casson is one of rare interest. He was a hero, every inch of him, as well as a devoted priest. Giant though he was, he was as tender-hearted as a woman. He was as self-sacrificing as he was brave and gentle. Hardship was his life-long companion. Danger swerved him not. Fear was unknown to him. Father Jean Brebeuf himself, his counterpart in some respects among the Jesuits, did not meet torture and death at the stake more unflinchingly than Dollier de Casson would have met them had Providence willed that he should so die.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I.

The trees are heavy with blossoms,
  The blossoms are heavy with dew;
And thick fall the snowy petals,
  When softly the wind passes thro'.

II.

The glow in the west grows fainter;
  The little birds sleepily croon;
A pale star gleams in the heavens
  In the wake of a pale new moon.

III.

O, time of the summer gloaming,
  O, hour of tenderest night—
The spell that you lay upon me
  Is the spell of a lost delight.

MOZART AT TRIANON.

Translated by M. C.

"The crown of the day is its morning."
—Malherbe.

A soft bright sunshine flooded the Park of Versailles on the first day of March, 1764. The early violets peeping from beneath the dry leaves and fresh-springing grass spread around their faint, delicious perfume. Looking up shyly to the blue heavens, they seemed wooing to earth that happy springtime of which they are the sweetest presage; everything was brightness, warmth and gladness.

A group of four persons were walking down the path leading from the Basin of Neptune to the gate of Trianon. It was a German family in their best aspect. Father and mother, both handsome and stately, were arm in arm; the two children were a pair to please the most critical eye, and all in harmony with the sunshine, the birds and the perfect surroundings. The girl was about thirteen; her hood of blue velvet, bordered with swansdown, became her well, enhancing the beauty of cheek, eyes and the sunny ringlets escaping here and there. But the little brother, four years younger, was still more handsome. There was a certain air of distinction about the small man which, joined to his air of childish simplicity, gave to every word and action an irresistible charm. Running now before their parents, now behind, the two chattered unceasingly.

"Leopold," said the mother, "are you sure that nine o'clock was the hour Meinherr Heinrich appointed for us to meet him at the gate of le Petit Trianon?"

"Yes, my dear wife. We are half an hour late, 'tis true, but, thank God, Heinrich is a German! If he were one of those giddy Frenchmen, now, he would have left the spot at three minutes past the hour!"

"Oh, yonder is Heinrich, my friend Heinrich!" cried the little boy, running forward and flinging himself into the arms of a person who had just come in sight at the end of the path.

"Ah, here you are at last, Wolfgang Mozart!" said the great, honest Heinrich, a man of about fifty. He wore the royal livery, being *valet-de-chambre* to the Dauphiness, Marie-Josephe of Saxony. "Do you know, my child, I was beginning to lose patience? What kept you so late?"

"The people at our inn," replied little Mozart. "They go to bed so late that they never want to get up again! Mamma would not let Marie Anna and myself start without breakfast; as to papa and her, they fast; it is Lent, you know."

"I was anxious to have you see the hot-house before the King comes," said Heinrich. "Now I fear we shall meet him."

"The King! Oh, he petted me so much yesterday that I am sure he will be delighted to see me again! Do you know, the Queen embraced me? She gave Nanerl, too, a pair of fine pearl earrings. And look at my new watch! It strikes! Madame de Tesse gave it to me for the sonatas I dedicated to her."

"Meinherr Heinrich," said Nanerl, "see the ring Madame Victoire gave me yesterday!" Mozart and his wife coming up just then, the children fell back, and left the discourse to their parents and Heinrich.

"Well," said the latter, "your suc-

cess is decided! Nothing is spoken of at court but the talents of your children. I am delighted! But what pleases me most is to see these same dear children so good, so innocent still, and so artless. All the praise and attention they have received have not turned the little heads; they are the same simple, natural little ones I knew at Salzburg."

"It is true, and I thank God for it," replied Mozart. "It is something as surprising as their precocious talent. When we come home in the evening, laden with presents, praises and applause, can you guess what Wolfgang does? He and his sister come and ask our blessing; then they sing together a little song written by Wolfgang when he was only four years old; then he says his prayers and goes to sleep, after always telling us that he wants to dream only of the good God, music and of us three."

"Dear child!" exclaimed Heinrich, deeply moved. "May God preserve him! Alas, at this court, and, indeed, in all Paris, he will see many things that may rob him of his innocence and piety! I watched him and his sister yesterday as they played before the King. Their faces were a contrast to those which surrounded them —I seemed to see two angels amid a group of play-actors!"

"The truth, indeed," said Madame Mozart. "What masks we see here! One can scarcely call them faces—men and women, painted like Nuremberg dolls! Their treacherous eyes, studied smiles and mechanical movements are disgusting to me. The Queen and the Dauphiness, alone, have Christian faces! But they speak German—all is said in that."

"Madame, Mesdames de France are holy princesses, I assure you, and are worthy to be named with the Queen and the Dauphiness."

"I do not doubt it," replied Madame Mozart, "but they are so reserved and proud that they freeze one. Madame Louise seems a little more approachable than her sisters; still, she, too, keeps in the background, according to etiquette and rank—always hidden behind Madame Adelaide. Oh, how delightful was the Court of Vienna last year! Just imagine, Heinrich, the Empress took Woferl upon her lap! He threw his arms around her neck, and embraced her as if he had been her son! And, would you believe it, one fine morning, if you please, he proposed for one of the Archduchesses!"

"Oh, no," said Heinrich, laughing heartily. "That is too much!"

"It is the truth," said Leopold. "The Empress signed to Woferl to go to the clavichord. In running to the instrument his foot slipped upon the glistening floor, and he fell, measuring his length. One of the Archduchesses, a child of seven like himself, sprang forward to assist him to his feet again. She was so charming, and spoke to him so sweetly, saying, "Are you not hurt?" that he exclaimed before every one: "Madame, I want to marry you!" That very day he made a proposal for her to the Empress. I leave you to imagine the amusement of the royal family at this prank!"

Thus chatting, they had drawn near the hot-houses of Trianon, and Heinrich said to his friends: "You had better throw aside your wraps; it is very warm in the houses. Think of strawberries and bananas ripening here in winter!"

Entering, they were dazzled by the beauty of these royal hotbeds. Not so extensive as those designed by de Fleury in our day at the Jardin des Plantes, where a few precious remnants of the royal collection are still to be found, they were yet most elegantly laid out. Exquisite flowers, grapes and cherries, ripening at the same time, were mingled with coffee

trees laden down with berries. Prisoners within gilded cages, birds from Bengal and America sang in marvelous concert, cheated by the warmth and heavy perfumes surrounding them into the belief that they breathed their native air. Mozart, his wife and daughter, were attracted by the flowers; but little Wolfgang remained spellbound near the birds. This new and wonderful warbling, this concert of a terrestrial Paradise, as he called it, charmed him to such a degree that he remained in the same spot for a long while, mute and motionless. His sister, running from the other end of the hot-house, which was quite lengthy, found him thus.

"Come quick, Mozart," exclaimed she, breathlessly. "The King is down there, and is asking for you!"

"Tais-toi!" said Mozart. "Listen!" A little Bengali, more sociable than the rest, had drawn near to the door of his cage, and was singing the sweetest of songs. Nanerl, too, forgot that the King was waiting, and stood by her brother, unconscious alike of time, place or prince. Louis XV had just entered the conservatory through a door opposite the one unlocked by Heinrich. He was accompanied by Claude Richard, his favorite gardener, and the old Duc de Richelieu, painted, perfumed and affected as an ancient coquette. Three or four courtiers followed.

Perceiving the Mozarts, the King showed a momentary surprise, but immediately put on an affable air, and asked Leopold for his little son. Nanerl flew to call Wolfgang, and Claude Richard, somewhat piqued at seeing the attention of the King distracted from his flowers, hastened to say: "We have something new to-day at Trianon, Sire. One of the plants which Antoine, my son, brought from Spain last year has bloomed for the first time. If your majesty deigns to step this way you will see it."

Louis advanced in the direction named and found himself by a bush of singular beauty. The leaves were oval, and the stems were covered with flowers of a dark red, resembling small anemones, and emitting a heavy odor. Louis complimented Richard upon his acquisition. "It is a conquest," said he; "a sprig of consolation for the colonies I lost last year when Choiseul made me sign the Treaty of Paris. What a pity, my good Richard, that you are not prime minister! Bah! After me the deluge!" added he aside. "What do you call this plant?"

"M. de Jussieu calls it the *Calycanthus Floridus*, Sire. But we must have a French name, and I beg your majesty to stand godfather."

"I am not inventive, Richard; we might call it the anemone tree, but the name is too long—not characteristic, either, of the perfume. The scent is a mixture of apple, strawberry and banana. What do you say, M. de Richelieu? Does it not seem worthy of crowning Pomona and bearing her name?"

"Oh, sire," said the duke affectedly, "Pomona is furiously old! The beautiful woman who wore her costume at the last court ball is far more worthy of honor than that antique goddess! I propose to call the flower 'Pompadoura!'"

"Charming! Delicious! Adorable!" echoed the courtiers.

Richard alone said not a word. He appeared to be much occupied in restoring to its place a pot of flowers overturned by the duke.

"Allons!" said the King. "The child is christened." He broke off a small sprig of the flower and resumed the inspection of the greenhouse. Leopold Mozart and his wife, somewhat withdrawn, had maintained a respectful silence. Presently the King asked, "Where is the little musician?"

"Over there, sire, near the birds."

"Hu-sh! I will surprise him," said the King. Arresting by a sign the progress of his suite, Louis advanced softly, and concealing himself behind a mass of camellias, listened to the conversation of the two children.

The little Bengali had finished his song. "Begin again, birdie—tra-la-la!" In vain Nanerl's sweet tones rang out. The Bengali cocked his tiny ear, listened, but warbled no more.

"He is tired, sister. Would you have him sing himself to death? Only men are foolish enough for that. What a pretty sonata he has made me think of! I want to write it down. Lend me your gold pencil, Nanerl."

"But you have no paper."

"That is a pity; but I can remember it. Oh, Nanerl, if the King would only give me this little bird, wouldn't I be happy!"

"It would be of no use to you, Mozart. M. Richard told mamma just now that the Bengalis can live only in the hothouse. You would cause the death of the little darling thing!"

"Oh, no! After all, the nightingales of Salzburg are better, and they are free and happy. Have you composed anything, Nanerl?"

"Yes, Woferl. At the end of the house there is a large yellow rose, streaked with red. It made me think of a pretty minuet. I will play it for you when we get home."

"No need to go so far," said Louis, suddenly showing himself. "Come with me to the music room, my little friends; I claim the Rose Minuet and the Bengali Sonata."

Taking the children by the hand, the King rejoined his suite, and led the way to the Salon de Musique. This was an elegant octagonal pavilion, giving a charming perspective to the Chateau de Petit Trianon. Four extended façades formed small salons communicating with the principal rooms, and also opening, by means of four large glass doorways, upon the handsome staircases descending to the lawns. Crowned with splendid balustrades and statues, this pavilion was then but newly built. The tessellated floors, sculptured wainscoting, high mirrors and frescoed ceiling that to-day are partially destroyed by time and humidity, were then in all the brilliancy of color and freshness.

As the royal party entered the salon the tones of a clavichord fell on the ear in rich modulations. "Oh," said little Mozart, "there is in this dear little chateau an early riser like ourselves. Is it the Queen?"

Following the King, the visitors entered the apartment. A lady rose to receive them. She was handsome, but much painted, and seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of lace and lilac silk. Tasteful bows and knots of pale green watered ribbon enhanced the effect of this rather pronounced morning toilette, to which a set of the most exquisite pearls gave a finishing touch. Making a profound courtesy, she addressed the King, who related in a few words the conversation of the children. He then called on Nanerl for her minuet. Without any hesitation the little girl sat down and improvised charmingly. Amid the universal applause the lady drew the gifted child to her side, and gave her a silver bonbonniere filled with burnt almonds.

"Now for the little Mozart," said the King. Mozart perched himself upon the stool. Small for his age, his fingers could scarcely stretch the octave; but his delicate, fluent and expressive execution was marvelous. Without any pretence, with the ease and simplicity of a small bird singing in the forest, he preluded in a minor key, and then commenced a sonatina so melodious that his enchanted audience hardly breathed. When he had finished, Louis took from his finger a

ring, which he presented to Mme. Mozart, saying:

"Your son is a prodigy!"

The happy mother shed tears of joy.

"Truly," said the beautiful lady, "I never conceived such facility! But, my little one, do not flowers inspire *you* also? Compose something for this," holding up the sprig of Pompadoura just given her by the King.

Mozart not understanding French very well, his father translated what the Marquise had said. Opening his eyes wide, with that innocent, questioning expression so charming in little children, he looked from his father to the lady. Then casting a disdainful glance upon the "Pompadoura," he exclaimed: "A beautiful flower would inspire me, but not that!"

"It smells sweet," said Nanerl.

Mozart held the flower to his little nose a moment, and then threw it away, crying in his bad French:

"Oh, the horrid thing! It smells all right at first—strawberry, then pineapple—but, after a minute, if you press it, it is like a rotten apple! I've had enough of it!" He made a gesture of extreme disgust. The Marquise had turned away, and was apparently engrossed in turning over the leaves of a music book near her.

"Woferl," said Leopold, almost in a whisper, "play us a hunting song." Mozart obeyed, and at its conclusion they were dismissed by the King, who embraced the children. Woferl innocently ran up to the Marquise to give her also a farewell embrace; but she drew haughtily away. Thus repulsed, the small maestro withdrew without a word.

On the way home he said suddenly to his father: "King Louis is almost as nice as our Empress, but who was that beautiful, proud lady? The Empress Marie Theresa has embraced me, and the Queen of France; but she thinks herself too great to do as they did! Who, then, has she married?"

Leopold Mozart had recourse to his snuff-box. Much to his relief Nanerl came to the rescue, with the childish wisdom often more telling than that of philosophers:

"She is a vain, silly thing; that's all there is about it! Don't think any more about her, little brother; come help me to gather some violets for mamma! Look, the grass is blue with them!"

A musicale in the salon of Mme. de Tesse, consuming the whole afternoon, closed this eventful day. The Mozart family were just finishing their evening collation at the inn of La Croix Blanche, Rue de la Paroisse, and Madame Mozart was thinking of sending the two children to bed, when Heinrich entered.

"Quick, quick!" he exclaimed. "You must come at once to the chateau! For a wonder, the Dauphin and Dauphiness have been excused from attending the Queen's play, and are passing the evening with their children. M. de Provence won a forfeit from his mother; the payment required is that this very evening the little Mozart must play on the chapel organ. Quick! You will feel yourselves at home with our good princess—you will be in Vienna again."

Hurrying down stairs and out of the house, they took seats in the conveyance provided by Heinrich's forethought, and in a few minutes were in the apartments of the Dauphiness. Situated upon the ground floor, these were immediately beneath those of the Queen, and overlooked the most beautiful portion of the flower garden. Formerly, these same rooms had been occupied by the Grand Dauphin, father of the Duc de Bourgogne and Philip of Spain. Running somewhat in a parallel, the lives of Louis, son of Louis XIV., and Louis, son of Louis XV., may be thus epito-

mized: "Son of a king, father of a king—never a king."

The Dauphin and his wife—the amiable, accomplished and pious Marie-Josephe of Saxony—lived in the sweetest harmony. Engrossed with their children, enamored of study—particularly of music—they set to the court an example of the rarest virtues. But the dissolute courtiers entertained for them only an outward respect, imposed by fear and the presence of the King. In private they were ridiculed by the profligates infesting the court of Louis XV. The Dauphiness possessed a beautiful voice, and was fond of singing with her husband the *motets* of Dumont and Palestrina. Not unfrequently, when the strains of these masters floated out through the windows of their apartments, the idle scoffers without would shrug their shoulders and whisper to one another, "Do you hear the sacristans?"

When the Mozarts entered, the Dauphiness was holding on her lap the eldest of her daughters, Madame Clotilde of France, the future Queen of Sardinia, then four years of age. Madame Elizabeth, still younger, had been put to bed. Marie-Josephe, without being beautiful, was very attractive. The expression of her countenance was sweet and intelligent, her manners dignified and graceful. The Dauphin, tall, well-made and resembling the King, had not yet felt the attacks of the malady which, in the following year, was to consign him to an early grave. His handsome face, however, already bore the impress of that prophetic sadness overshadowing the brow which was never to wear the crown of white hair. Seated near the Dauphiness, he was playing with his three sons, fine-looking children, aged respectively ten, nine and seven years; all of them, in the future, to rule over France. The gentle Duc de Berry, who became the ill-fated Louis XVI, the Comte de Provence, the intellectual student, and the hair-brained Comte d'Artois, whose pranks were already the talk of the court.

Seeing little Mozart and his sister enter, the young princes gave a joyous shout. The Comte d'Artois immediately proposed a game of Blindman's Buff, but the Dauphiness interposed. "My child," she said, "you must retire at nine o'clock. It is now half-past eight, and we shall have but little time to hear Mozart play."

"Oh, Maman Dauphine!" cried d'Artois, "you would be a perfect princess if you did not always know what time it was! Truly, you are too strict, and we have to be too punctual!"

"For shame, brother!" said the Comte de Berry. "Is that the way to speak to Maman Dauphine?"

But the Dauphiness did not hear the charge against her. While the Dauphin was welcoming Leopold Mozart and his wife, she chattered away in German with their children. The accents of her mother tongue filled her heart with joy.

"Let us go to the chapel at once," said the Dauphin. "It is a torture to listen to music with every one around talking. At last I am going to enjoy Mozart in silence and in a place worthy of him!"

Offering his arm to his wife, the royal couple left the salon, preceded by two valets bearing lights, and followed by Mme. Marsan, leading by the hand Madame Clotilde, the three young princes and their tutor, the Duc de la Vauguyon, the Mozarts, and last of all the worthy Heinrich, who carefully closed all the doors as they passed through.

The prince and princess traversed a labyrinth of galleries, vestibules and staircases, before finally reaching the chapel. Heinrich lit the lamps in the organ gallery. All the rest of the edifice was lost in the deepest shadow, except where an occasional faint ray

of light stole in from a slender new moon, intensifying instead of destroying the sacred gloom. The elegant pillars, splendid paintings and the whole rich and harmonious decoration of the most beautiful chapel then existing, were lost in the night. Two arm-chairs were placed near the organ, and the royal couple seated themselves. Leopold Mozart attempted to open the instrument, but uttered an exclamation of vexation. The organ was locked; no effort could open it.

"How vexatious!" said the Dauphiness. "We shall have to send to the organist for the key. Where does he live?"

"At Ménus-Plaisirs, madame," said Heinrich. "I will go at once for it."

"Stay!" cried the Duc de Berry. "There is another way!" And drawing from his pocket a little screwdriver, which he used with remarkable dexterity, the young prince took to pieces in a few minutes the gold lock and opened the organ.

"What a fine accomplishment, and one I did not know you possessed, Berry," said the Dauphiness. "A son of France picking locks!"

"Discriminate, Maman!" cried the Comte de Provence. "Berry has unscrewed, not picked, the lock. There is a great difference!"

"What shall I play?" said the little Mozart, seating himself at the organ, while his father blew the bellows.

"A dance!" said the Comte d'Artois. "That is the only kind of music I like!"

"In the church!" cried the Dauphiness. "Artois, I shall send you to bed if you say another word! Meine liebe Wolfgang," added she, addressing Mozart, "improvise a prayer to the Blessed Virgin."

"Willingly," replied Mozart; "But upon condition that they hold before me the angel I see here," pointing to the little Clotilde. Madame de Marsan approached, and held her near the organ. The baby princess, clothed all in white, with her angelic smile, her azure eyes, her fair hair, and, above all, her heavenly innocence, was indeed a picture from which to draw inspiration. Mozart fixed his eyes upon her and commenced a melody of enchanting grace and sweetness.

The Dauphin's eyes filled with tears. The little princes, even, did not stir; only when the last vibration died away the incorrigible d'Artois exclaimed:

"Charming! But I would rather have something gayer! Now, Mozart, look at me, and compose something resembling me!"

Mozart bent toward his sister and said in an undertone; "I have a great mind to play them 'Dodo, l'enfant do'! I am ready to fall off this stool, I am so tired and sleepy. Give me an idea, Nanerl."

"Don't you remember," replied his sister, "our evenings at Vienna, and the beautiful little Archduchess you wished to marry?"

"The very thing!" cried Mozart. Turning to the young princes he said, "Now listen well, your highnesses, I am going to play a sonata called 'Marie Antoinette of Austria.'"

Thus for the first time, upon this evening in his happy boyhood, Louis XVI. heard pronounced the name of her who was destined to share his throne and crown of martyrdom.

How true of history, as of summer's bright season,—a fresh, balmy morning often gives birth to the day that shall end in the gloom of a tempest's destruction!

[Extract from the "Legends of Trianon, Versailles and Saint-Germain."]

FATHER FABER AS A POET.

BY R. A. RANDOLPH.

"Nature hath been my mother; all her moods,
On the gray mountain or the sullen floods,
Have charmed my soul."
—F. W. Faber.

Wordsworth once said that when Frederick Faber entered religion England lost a great poet. This is perhaps the most touching aspect of Father Faber's sublime self-sacrifice. Generously equipped by nature to win a poet's fame, he stifled the melodies lurking within his fancy, and turned his undivided attention towards God.

The surroundings amid which his early years were spent were picturesque enough to inspire even the most prosaic. Their effect upon the boy's profoundly poetic temperament was very marked. Westmoreland, with its magnificent scenery, forming an ever-changing panorama, was indeed "meet nurse for a poetic child." He tells us that

"Each hazel copse, each greenly tangled bower,
Is sacred to some well-remembered hour;
Some quiet spot, when nature did her part,
And worked her spell upon my childish heart."

Deeply religious, his soul must often have made the easy flight from "Nature up to Nature's God." In writing of his youth, Father Faber also says:

"They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed."

Amid all the mental struggles and doubts which preceded his conversion to Catholicity, this lover of the beautiful never lost sight of the Creator in contemplating the wonders of His handiwork. In his preface to "Sir Lancelot," which was written whilst Faber was still a Protestant, he says: "A taste for the beauties of nature * * * is apt in youth to wander from the right path, and lose itself in some of the devious wilds of pantheism. What I wished to effect in this poem was to show how an enthusiastic and most minute appreciation of the beauties of nature might unite itself with Christian sentiments, Christian ritual and the strictest expression of Christian doctrine."

At the age of nineteen we find our young poet describing in verse the scenery around Oxford, where he was for several years a diligent student. In 1836 his poem, "The Knights of Saint John," carried off the Newdigate prize, and received special praise for its beauty of finish among thirty-seven competitors.

Three years later he visited picturesque Windermere, and here began his friendship with Wordsworth, whose poems he had always enthusiastically admired. The two congenial spirits found great delight in rambling over this charming country, for their eyes were focused and their ears attuned to that pitch which discovers in nature all her latent charms.

One of Faber's prose works, "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches Among Foreign Peoples," published in 1842, was dedicated to William Wordsworth, and in his diary, written whilst making a continental tour, he mentions buying at Athens a volume of the poems of this congenial friend of his. "Well or sick," Faber writes, "cheerful or sad, I can almost always get happiness and quiet

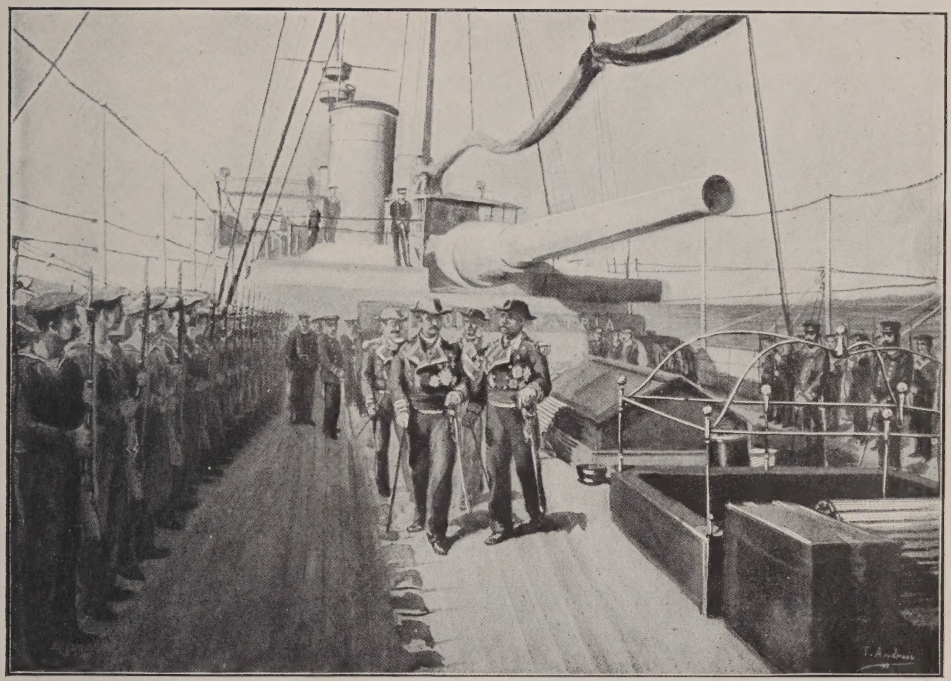
and good resolves out of the old poet —God bless him! * * * One may hang on one sonnet of his by the hour, like a bee in a foxglove, and still get sweetness." Again: "A man would lead a safe life whose conduct was ruled by the *'sortes Wordsworthianae,'* for he never could light upon a line which was not good." The friendship between the two gifted men was destined, however, to come to an abrupt end when Faber embraced Catholicity. This intercourse—truly a union of poetic souls—was but one of the dear conditions which the heroic convert was obliged to relinquish with the old belief. Wordsworth's prejudices against Catholics were very strong, and he probably had little patience with the spirit of renunciation which prompted the zealous neophyte to use his talents thenceforth solely in treating of spiritual things.

Frederick Faber had already published several volumes of poems. "The Cherwell Water-lily" was the name of a pleasing collection printed in 1840. This was followed two years later by "The Styrian Lake." About this time, also, was written "Sir Lancelot," a legend of the Middle Ages, exquisitely told in blank verse. The scene was laid in the mountains surrounding the author's early home. In the preface he says: "My perfect acquaintance with all the nooks and angles of the Westmoreland mountains, the scene of my first and very free school days, and my familiarity with their changeful features, their biographies of light and shade, by night as well as by day, through all the four seasons, naturally decided me as to the locality of my poem. * * * From earliest times it was to me the land of knightly days, and the spell has never yet been broken."

But if England lost a poet with Faber's conversion, the Church gained her sweetest singer. Realizing the dearth of attractive Catholic hymns, he at once began to compose a collection which would come up to his ideas of what a hymn-book should be. The edition of 1861 includes one hundred and fifty sacred songs, each breathing forth the tenderest piety, while adhering strictly to rhetorical rules. A great number of the English hymns familiar to Catholics are from his pen. Among them may be mentioned, "O Jesus! Jesus! Dearest Lord," "All Praise to Saint Patrick," "O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile," "Dear Little One, How Sweet Thou Art," "Joy, Joy, the Mother Comes," "Dear Guardian of Mary," and many others.

Even the author's prose religious works abound in beautiful and poetic ideas, clothed in euphoniously rounded sentences. The mysteries of our Faith are an enduring inspiration even to unbelieving poets, whose fancy is captivated while their intellects deny; but into Father Faber's writings is thrown all the enthusiasm of the earnest believer.

The last edition of his hymns was prepared shortly before his death in 1861. When a friend expressed surprise that one suffering so intensely could compose such verses, he replied: "Did you not know that swans sing sweetest when they are going to die?"



Admiral Aunon. Rear Admiral Camara.
On Board the Battleship "Pelayo." at Cadiz.

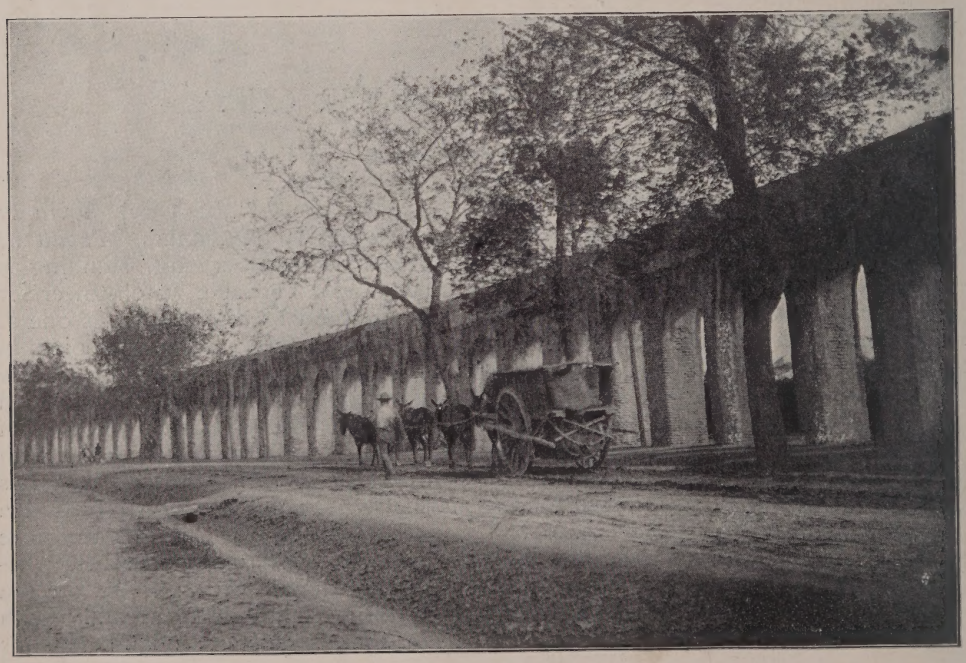
SPAIN'S "LITTLE SILVER CUP."

BY MARY F. NIXON.

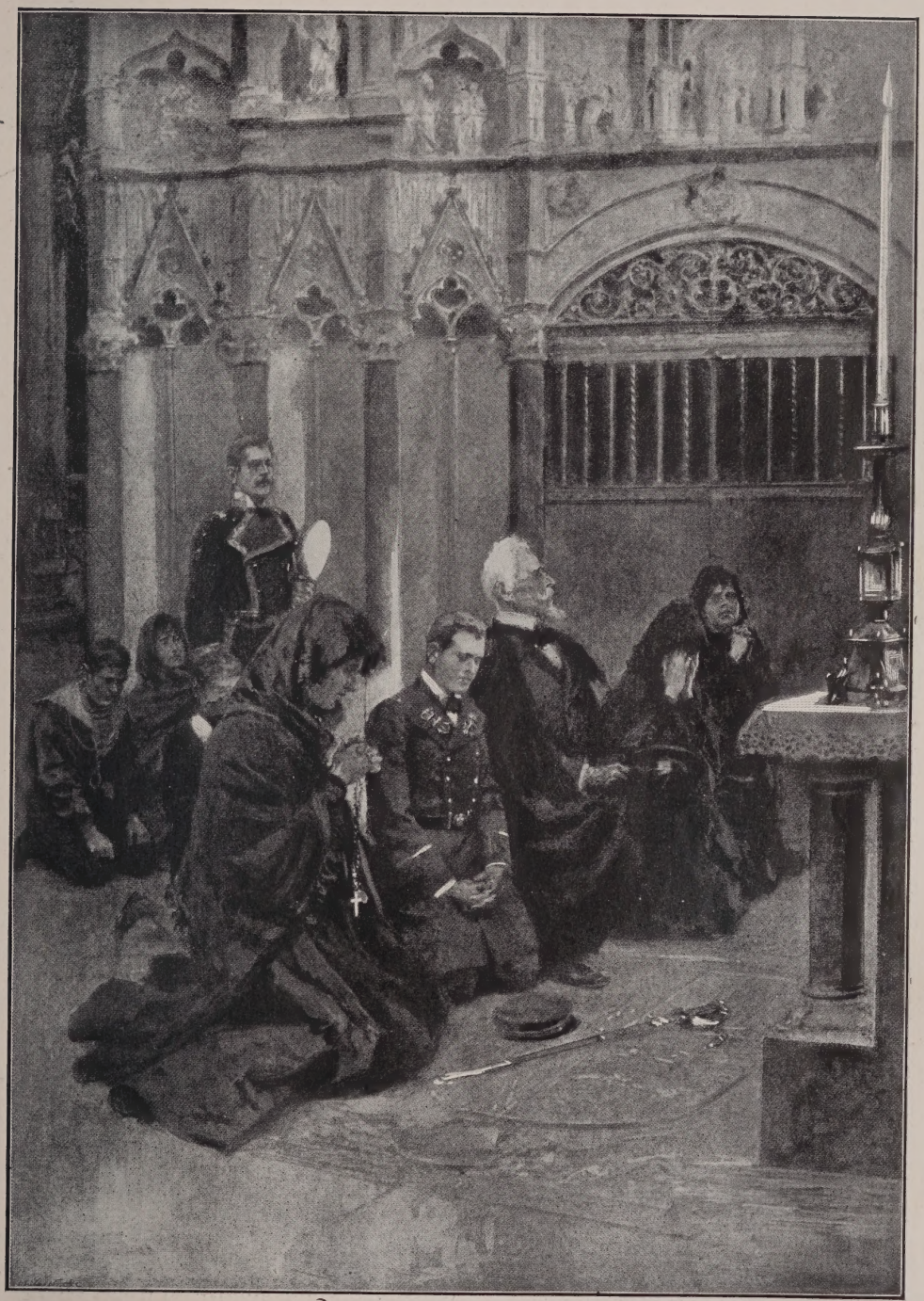
In these days, when all eyes are turned towards Spain, it is her seaport towns which assume the most importance, and a recent "yellow journal" electrified the student of Spanish geography by announcing that Admiral Camara's fleet had sailed from Madrid. This showed a generosity toward the enemy (in presenting them with a new seaport) which is equaled only by some of the chivalrous exploits of Bayard's days, but in forcing inland Madrid to "assume a virtue" when she "had it not," the journalist neglected one of the most important places in the public eye at this critical juncture.

Cadiz, the "Cloud City," lovingly called by its inhabitants *"Tazita de Plata"* (Little Silver Cup), standing as it does as a veritable watch-tower for Atlantic and Mediterranean, is one of the most important strategic points in the peninsula. As the harbor is now supposed to contain the fleet formed under Admiral Camara for the relief of the Philippines, it is watched with an eagle eye, and, indeed, such has usually been the fate of lovely Cadiz. Few spots in the world are more "beautiful for situation" or better fitted for a naval station. By the sea the city communicates readily with Portugal, France, England, Spain's

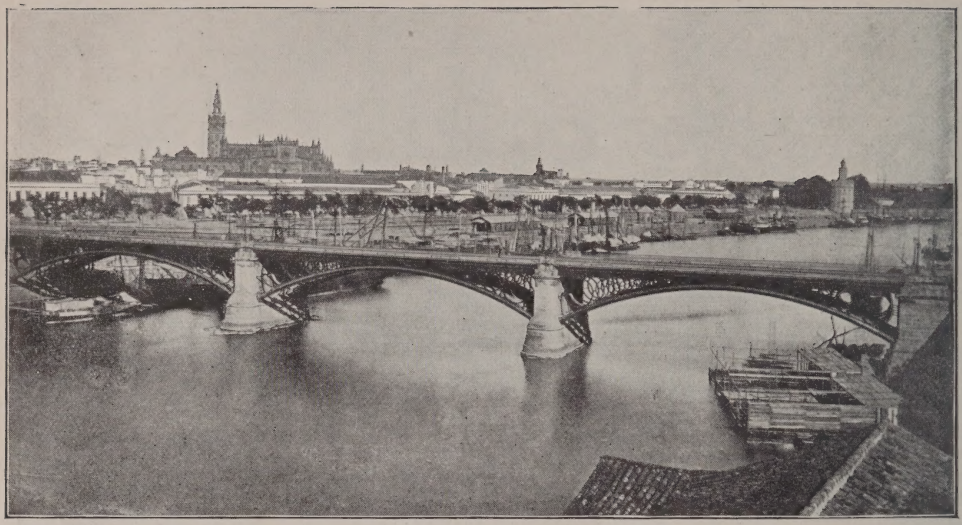
The City of Cadiz.



Roman Aqueduct near Cadiz.



SPANISH PARENTS IN CHURCH WITH THEIR SON, ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE WITH HIS SQUADRON.



A View of Seville.

Galician ports of Corunna and Santander, and all the American colonies. On the side of the straits it reaches toward the Mediterranean cities of Europe and Africa, while by land from Cadiz one can travel to any inland Spanish town. The city lies at one extremity of a long peninsula, being joined to the mainland by a slender strip of land to the south. Approaching from the sea, it is impossible to conceive of a sight more dazzling than the "Cloud City," as Edmondo de Amicis loved to call it.

Blue are the waters; "blue toward the south, and bluer and more blue; living and lustrous as a woman's eye," while the sun sparkling upon the rippling waves makes them "all crinkling sunniness like Helen's hair!"

So white is the little city, so deep-hued in lapis-lazuli the picture's frame, so joyous the southern sunlight and the very atmosphere of Andalusian softness, that one exclaims with the poet:

"It rises from the waters,
As if by fairy wand,
And the eye gleams from the pearly town
To the turquoise sea beyond."

The ramparts of the city are of granite, the houses large and airy, their balconies ascending several stories, with glass *miradores;* there are terraces, parks, gardens, sunny *patios* and a delightful *paseo* or promenade.

A fine cathedral, De la Santa Cruz, was begun in 1820; the old cathedral dates from the thirteenth century, and many minor churches contain good works of art of the Sevillian school. Of these paintings the most celebrated is in the Church of the Capuchins, the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," noted as the last work of Murillo, Spain's greatest artist. In 1682 he was engaged in painting it, when he became so absorbed in his work that he fell from the scaffolding, and died soon afterward, leaving his pupil, Meneses Osorio, to complete the painting. There is also his famous "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," a picture simply marvelous in its conception and execution, but so damaged by the vandalistic French in their occupation of the city that no idea of it can be received, unless taken into connection with the studies of it which still remain.

THE BAY IN TIME OF PEACE.

Balls, Spanish dances, the theatre, a sociable casino—these are the pleasures which await the sojourner in Cadiz, where there is little intellectual life, and, as a witty French man expressed it, *"les lettres de change sont les belles lettres."*

This seaport is, however, an excellent place to study types, and "all sorts and conditions of men" may be found in the streets of the city, which, once the emporium of the world, relapsed into deadly stagnation for centuries, and only recently has begun to live again. Here, sunning himself lazily, is such a mendicant as Fortuny loved to depict with his magic brush; there, idly gaping at the blue heavens, is a Spanish boy, such as Murillo painted, saucy, wistful, enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* of the soft southern clime—as true a type of one side of Spanish character as is the bull-fighter posing at the door of the cigar shop on the corner of the Calle de la Cereria of another. Lovely are the women of Cadiz! As exquisite as when Byron wrote:

"Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is;
But none abroad and few at home
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz."

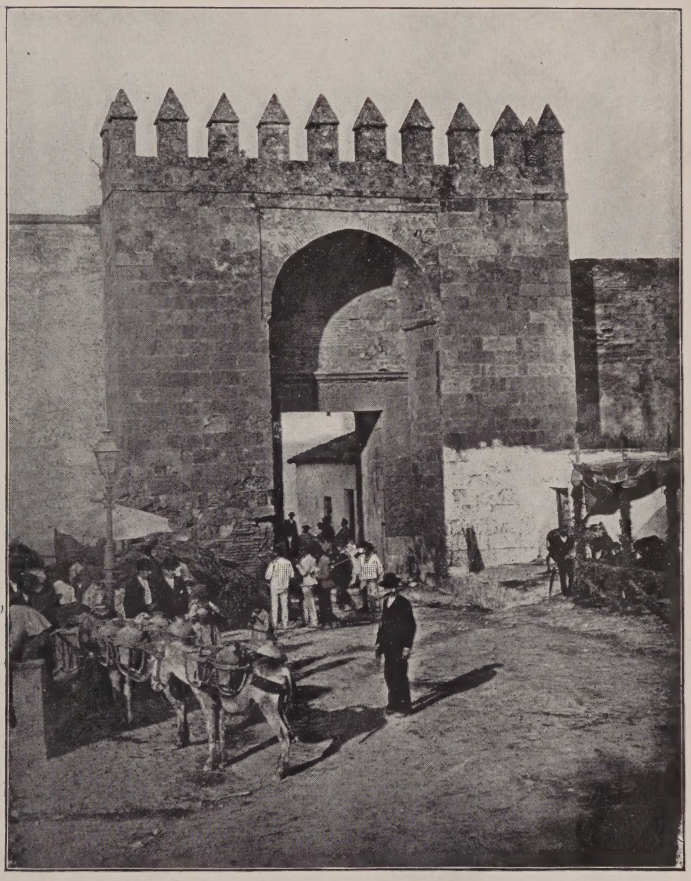
She mingles Andalusian grace with Castillian hauteur, and her tiny hands and feet, pure features and midnight tresses make one fail to wonder that the French soldiers, during the peninsular war, were "glad to kill the husbands and sweethearts of the women of Cadiz." These women, even more than the men, are proud of their origin and the antiquity of their names, probably the oldest in Spain, some of them showing an unsullied genealogy of three thousand years. Among these are the Ximenez and Pacheco families, the former having been known since the founding of Ximenia, before Plutarch's time, and the latter entertaining Crassus for eight months when that unfortunate

Old Moorish House.

Roman fled from the Eternal City. The Pachecos, however, are of Phoenician origin, for the word comes from "pataicol," the name which the Tyrians gave to the carved figure-heads upon their galleys.

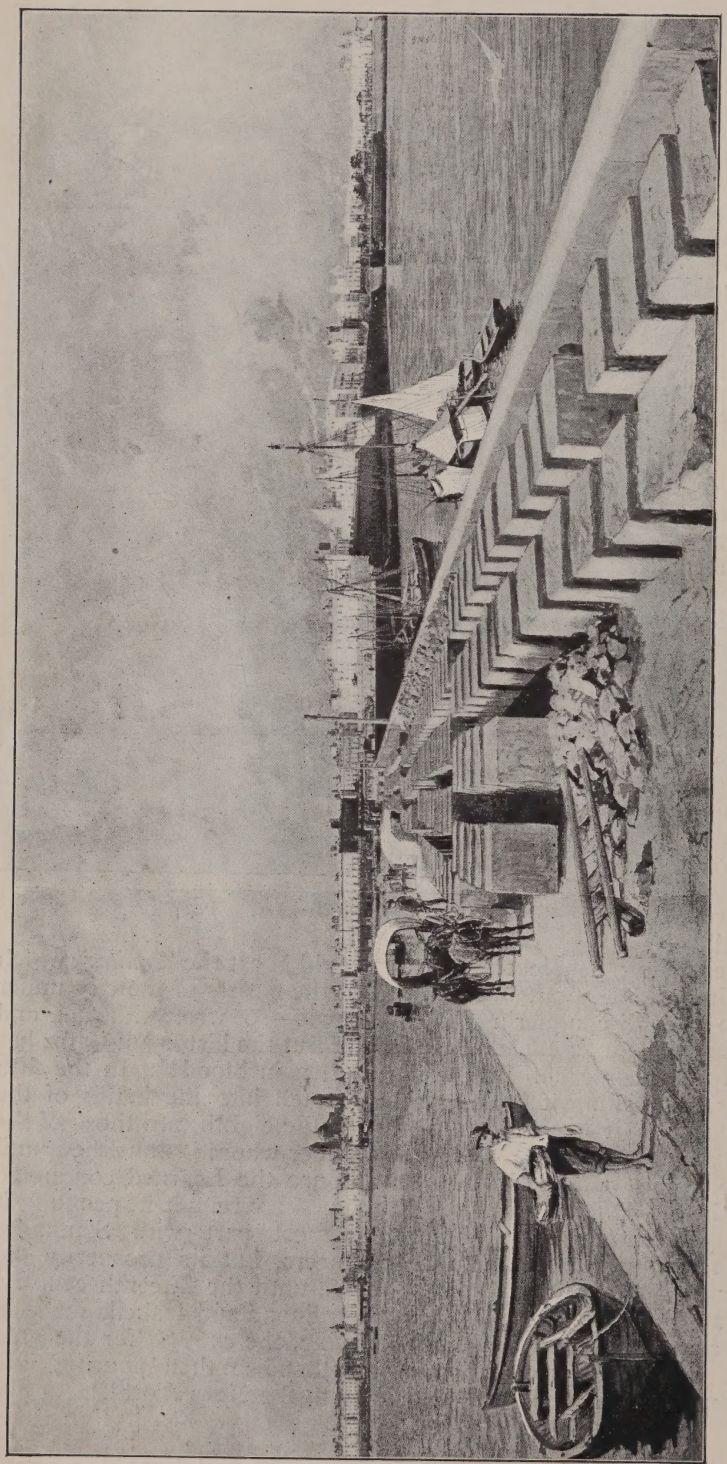
"Men trace their ancestry
To ape or Adam—let them please their whim"—

And these Phoenician traders, shortly after the fall of Troy, sailed to Cadiz and made a city there, naming it Gáddir. They fancied it the end of the sea, and set up thereby the famous Pillars of Hercules, so to this day the city arms are the pillars, Hercules, his lion, and a royal crown surmounting all. Under these enterprising people the port became an important point, but it fell a prey to the all-conquering Roman, and Caesar made it "colonia," conferring upon its people all the rights of Romans, and calling it Julia Gaditana. Under him it became a noted naval arsenal.



A Spanish Gateway.

From Cadiz to Rome went the Via Lata, similar to the far-famed Appian Way, and the city was noted for the magnificence of its commerce, its war fleets, its receipts of English tin, Baltic amber, Tyrian dyes, its marble palaces, superb acqueducts and amphitheatres. It was the Venice of early Europe, and only Rome and Padua could boast the *"equites"* which thronged the streets of the city under Roman rule—so wrote Martial and Juvenal. But the history of Cadiz has been written in blood! In the fifth century it fell into the hands of the Goths; in the eighth into those of the Arabs, under whom it flourished until Don Alfonso the Learned conquered it in 1262. He rebuilt it, peopling it for the most part with Santander mountaineers, but its prosperity did not revive until the fifteenth century, when Ferdinand and Isabella made it, with Seville, the *entrepôt* for the gold and merchandise then pouring into Spain from the New World.



THE WATER FRONT OF CADIZ.

From Cadiz, in March, 1492, went forth the unhappy Jews, expelled from Spain by the fiery zeal of Torquemada, a wretched band of exiles, plundered by the brutal soldiery until, unable to pay their passage to Africa, whither they were bound, they died in the streets in great number, in their death inflicting a horrible punishment upon their persecutors, for their unburied bodies bred the plague which ravaged the fair city of hundreds of its best citizens.

The next great event which Cadiz witnessed was the departure of Columbus from her bay, September 25th, 1493, upon his second voyage to America, where, according to the excited imaginations of

the Spaniards, "caverns teemed with diamonds flaming, and with seeds of gold." With seventeen vessels, fifteen hundred persons, hidalgos and men of even royal blood, flags, pennons, banners, draperies, the harbor teeming with shipping—such was Cadiz! Alas, a sad contrast was the city in 1596, when Lord Essex sacked it, destroyed shipping and dockyards, despoiled the town, giving the inhabitants to the lawless and brutal soldiery, and gaining spoils consisting, in part, of forty galleons loaded with gold.

Frightful as this seems in the searching light of more Christian warfare (if any warfare may be so, in view of the fact that Our Lord's last command before His death was, "Put up thy sword") it is not to be compared to the cruelties in Cadiz during the Peninsular war. Each party seemed almost to vie with each other in their vengeance, and to indulge in

"Whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife,
Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe."

Dupont, one of the bravest of Napoleon's generals, took Cadiz and Cordova, and marched to Baylen, a small town in the Sierra Morena. Here his army was overpowered by a large force of Spaniards under the great Castaños. Dupont's men were for the most part raw recruits, half sick (cholera was raging at the time), wounded, hungry and ill cared for, and after a stubborn resistance the commander-in-chief, seven generals and twenty thousand Frenchmen surrendered, and were to be treated as prisoners of war until exchanged.

They were marched to Cadiz, and Mrs. Lattimer, in her recent book, "Spain in the Nineteenth Century," describes their entry into the city.

"My father, then a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, serving on one of the English ships lying off Cadiz harbor, saw these men as they marched into that city, where, as the government of Spain refused to ratify the capitulation, they were put on board of hulks and kept in captivity. He used to describe the march as one of the saddest sights he ever saw, the mob hooting and insulting them, pelting them with stones, rushing at them with knives."

This was in revenge for the treatment which the people of Cadiz had received at the hands of their conquerors, and from the city the captives were taken aboard transports and embarked to the desert isle of Cabrera, to languish there three years in suffering and starvation.

It would almost seem as if fair Cadiz pronounced a doom upon its lovely harbor, and that over it were writ, not as over the Inferno, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," but "Accursed are ye who sail hence!" and from the beauteous port we

"Seem to see a black procession go—
The crawling prose of Death!"

In 1812 the foundations of the city were shaken to their very depths by the meeting of the provisional government for the famous Cortez of Cadiz, to frame the constitution which is said to have struck the first blow to sever Spain from her American colonies, and sent

"A spasm throbbing through the pedestals
Of mighty Andes, isle and continent,
Urging astonished Chaos with a thrill
To be a brain, or serve the brain of man."

The constitution met with the most violent opposition from nearly all classes. It antagonized the lovers of the old regime by interfering with the *fuéros* or ancient laws, for both Castile and Aragon had free constitutions before Magna Charta days. To the nobility it seemed to give too much power to the lower classes, while it offended the wealthy land-owners by making absolutely no provision for

their interests. Its cruelty toward all who had served the French king (Joseph Bonaparte) horrified all right-minded people, and, worse than all—from a Spanish point of view—by levying against the revenues of the Church and suppressing the convents it made desperate enemies of the peasant class. To this last clause may be traced the greater part of the troubles of the last half of the century in Spain. With all their faults the Spaniard, and more especially the Spaniard of the middle and lower classes (and is not here to be found the true strength of any nation?) is devotedly attached to the Church. Above all else he prides himself upon his unsullied Christian ancestry, and the most insulting thing one can say to a Spaniard is that one of his people has "stood upon his legs for baptism!" A convert is better than a heretic; but a convert is to be pitied, and never by word or look to be reminded that he was not always a Catholic—according to Spanish etiquette.

Moreover, the peasants had lived their hard lives between "the devil and the deep sea" of going to war to fight for what they did not want, or remaining at home to starve because contending foreign armies pillaged their homes and burned their crops. They had no desire to persecute their best friends, the monks and nuns, who had nursed them in illness and fed them when starving. They would none of a constitution which provided for such things, and hence arose "the vulgar cry against the Spanish clergy, that they caused the downfall of the Cortez of Cadiz." Whatever the reason, the Cortez fell before the cry, "For King and Church!" which resounded over Iberia, and a civil war ensued, in which the bloodiest reprisals were entered into upon both sides, and the whole country became a scene of anarchy and desolation.

Cadiz steadily declined in importance, and the next thing we hear of her she is a hotbed of revolutionary schemes, with yellow fever raging in her beautiful streets, the number of deaths averaging two hundred a day. Here also, in 1820, broke out Riego's revolution, whose stirring battle-hymn rang:

> "The country we cherish
> Hath summoned us now
> To conquer or perish,
> Remember our vow!
> The Cid was our father,
> And proud gratulations
> Proclaim from all nations
> 'His children are they!'
> Ye vassals of tyrants,
> Ye tremble—ye tremble,
> Our heroes assemble,
> Our triumph is sure!"

a revolution in so far successful as it compelled the weak and vacillating Ferdinand to accede to the demands of the people and assemble the Cortez.

"Cadiz exhibited a scene of the most extraordinary animation; a rich display of tapestries and banners from all the balconies indicated the sentiments of the owners, while groups of both sexes filled the streets and churches, congratulating each other upon the happy day."

Riego was everywhere the idol of the hour for the time being, but alas! as ever, poor "Spain was the battle-ground of factions," and a counter-revolution set in, which resulted in the downfall of Riego's party.

"Alas, señor!" he said to a French officer who tried to save him in a riot, "the people who are now so excited against me—the people who but for the succor of the French would have murdered me—that *same* people last year, on this very spot, bore me in their arms in triumph."

"Mureta Riego!" cried the populace, and the hero was executed, November, 1823.

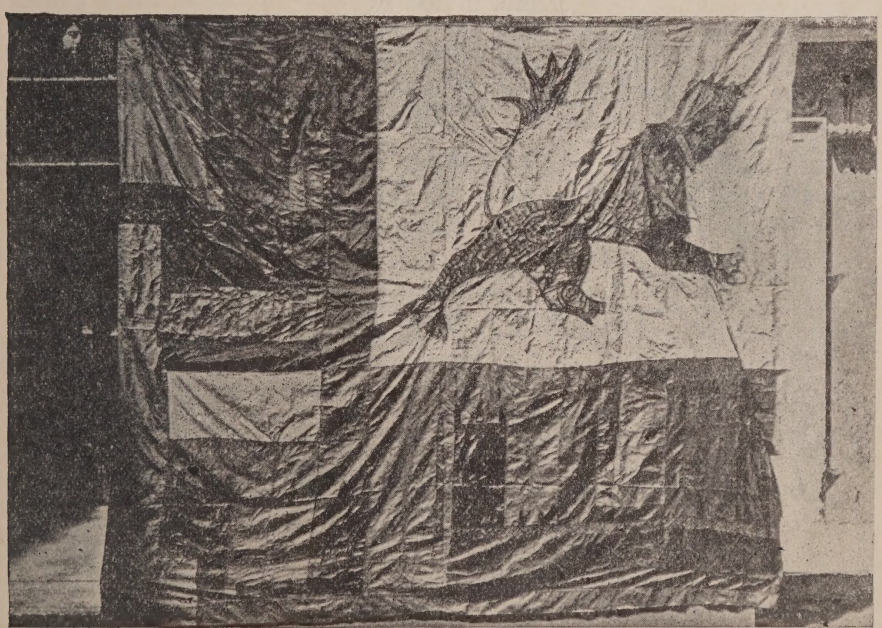
But the story of the many revolu-

tions in which Cadiz has played an important part would fill volumes, and these bloody tales

> "Of repetition infinite become
> Stale as a newspaper once read."

During the various Carlist risings the city has played a less important part, the friends of the Pretender—as the Duke of Madrid or Don Carlos is called by the adherents of the present dynasty—being for the most part confined to the sturdy mountaineers of the Basque provinces and Navarre. In the last few years Cadiz has had more opportunity to recuperate than any other maritime city of Spain, excepting Barcelona, and it is better fortified than any of the seaport towns.

The bay lies between the city and Cape Bota, and boasts a good anchorage in its inner portion, the outer one being exposed to the south-west winds which prevail during two hundred and forty days in the year. Three moles project from the east side of the town, that of Sevilla, of Puerto Piojo and of the Principal, while the castle and lighthouse are on the southwest. The water is not deep enough to permit large vessels to approach nearer than three-quarters of a mile, and opposite the town lie the rocks of Puercas and Cochinos, dangerous and ensnaring for the unwary. The inner bay is well fortified; it boasts of Matagorda Castle, Carracas arsenal, a naval depôt and college. Within this spot, so calmly, beautifully blue, under the shadow of "fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea," lies the fleet of Admiral Camara, whose full name is Manuel de la Camara y Livermore, his mother having been an Englishwoman. He is a graduate of San Fernando, a man of ability and character, deeply religious, adored by his subordinates, esteemed by his equals, a "foeman worthy of one's steel." A devoted adherent of the little King, Sagasta offered him the post of Minister of Marine, which he refused in order to remain in active service during the present war.



THE BANNER OF ST. FERDINAND.

AN EVEN' SONG.

BY ADA THOMAS.

Stealthily the shadows creep,
O'er the hillsides' purple steep,
And the bleating of the sheep,
Sounds afar,
Coming near and nearer still
As they bound o'er vale and hill,
Coming home.

Lazily the cattle come,
From the pasture one by one,
Ere the twilight has begun,
Just at eve.
Stopping here and there to browse,
Here and there to browse and drowse
While the farmer lad still plows,
O'er the way.

Here a school boy stumps along
Whistling sturdily a song.
All the days to him are long,
Shut in-doors.
And the village schoolhouse looks,
Now as if the call to books,
Never echoed from its nooks,
And its crannies.

Noisily the field hand rides
From his work, the old mare's sides,
Looped with straps and chains besides,
Jingling musically.
And the milch cows raise their heads
And wander to the milking sheds,
Where the stolid milkman threads
His weary round.

Now from all directions pour
All domestic things; once more
Clustering round the open door
Of the home.
Now the shadows longer lie,
All the birdlings nestward fly,
Sunset paints the western sky,
Day is done.

A DOUBTFUL LEGACY.

BY N. J WELLES.

"Lucinda Cathcart, you shan't."

"Yes, maw, I shall."

"You shan't, neither; it's no way for a girl to do, runnin' 'round with a man that nobody knows."

"Til Perkins knows him, and is tryin' to catch him. They had him to their house to tea last week."

"Who told you that, Lucinda?"

"Miss Cummings; she was over there when they set the table for him, and she said they brought out all their nice things—napkins, a glass cake dish and egg cups. She said they had boiled eggs and custard, both."

"Well, if Matilda Perkins is bent on makin' a fool of herself, you can't."

Mrs. Cathcart pounded the bread she was kneading savagely. She was proud of her bread; indeed, the time had been when she was proud of a good many things, when they owned the store at Greyton and carried the mail. She thought of it all now, and how she might have been able to give Lucinda a "chance," instead of having her only "help" for Miss Cummings, the dressmaker. When she had put the bread to "rise," she wiped her eyes on the corner of her calico apron, wiping away all memories of the past.

"Lucinda," she observed a moment later, "your clothes are bilin' over."

Lucinda flirted the soapsuds from her hands, wiped them dry on a towel and went to the stove. It was a cracked stove that had done service for many years, and was red and sunk in on the top. Now it was slowly sizzling suds that dripped over the top of the boiler.

"Them clothes will be yallar as saffron, bilin' as hard as that. You didn't use to be so careless, daughter." Mrs. Cathcart rattled the breakfast dishes and Lucinda "lifted" out the clothes.

"He's a nice fellow, maw," continued Lucinda, not heeding her mother's last remark.

"I s'pose he is; so are lots other men; but, Lucinda, you always was tryin' to climb too high. You clumb to the top o' the barn, when you weren't more'n four years old, and fell from the eaves and hurt yourself, and my opinon is, you'll hurt yourself more if you don't stop a-bein' so ambitious. Seems to me, Abe Crandall is good enough."

"Nobody's good enough, 'ness he's the best, and Abe Crandall ain't the best. If you'd ever been with Carl Goodrich, you'd know Abe wasn't the best; he ain't got no kind o' manners. Carl can dance, too, and Abe don't know nothin' on the floor."

"When did you dance with Carl Goodrich, Lucinda?"

"Over to hop-pickin'; he danced with me twice and never danced once with most of the girls, and they was just dyin' to have him. He said I was the only girl in Greyton that knew how to dance."

"Such stuff for that man to tell you. I'll wager a pan of doughnuts he told every other girl there the same thing."

"No, he didn't. I asked Til—he only danced with me and Til—if he complimented her, and she said yes; he told her there was only one girl in Greyton that could dance better than she could, and she asked me who I s'posed it was."

"And you told her?"

"No, I didn't tell nobody; but I'm goin' to the dance to Hopper's, just the same."

"I s'pose you might as well go as

Til Perkins; you've known him just as long. But what have you got to wear to Hopper's?"

"I dunno; that's what I was thinkin' of when I let the clothes boil over. I might wear my blue lawn."

"Not to Hopper's. Mrs. Hopper has real silk satin dresses, with flowers worked right into the cloth."

"Nor my pink shambray?"

"That's faded; pink fades awfully."

"Well, mother, I've got to wear somethin'." She took her hands, wet from the tub, and brushed back the hair falling in her eyes. It was a pretty white hand, when it was not crinkled in hot water, and had dimples at the knuckles. Her arms were pretty, too, and had dimples at the elbows. When she brushed back her yellow-brown hair, that curled all the better for being wet, and exposed her pretty pink-white face, it would have taken a less observing person than Mrs. Cathcart not to know that Lucinda was not a common-looking girl. She had forgotten her dish washing; the cloth lay limp and wet in her hand, while she gazed at this bunch of feminine humanity.

"If you could only have a white dress, something soft and yellow looking, and some roses and a diamond—your father's folks used to wear diamonds—there would be some fun in gettin' you ready to go to a party."

"I have thought a sight about them things, and it would be nice to have 'em; they'd somehow lift a body up." She looked thoughtfully at the tub of clothes. "But if you haven't got 'em and have somethin' else, it seems you ought to get up with what you have."

"Now, Lucinda, I do believe you are gettin' vain. Be you thinkin' to catch Carl Goodrich with your face?"

"If he'd rather have my face than some one's else, I be."

"If your paw had only took to business instead o' fussin' with them bugs o' hissen, he might ha' left you a different legacy, and—and——"

"But he didn't, maw," interrupted Lucinda. "I always did say paw's legacy was rather a doubtful one, hardly worth mentionin' in a will. I think, myself, he wasn't right in his head, for I remember his sayin' that bugs were wonderful things. We all know better than that, so I think the poor man didn't know what he was talkin' about."

"Like as not he didn't, though your father was educated—went to college four years—and I always did expect him to do better than he did."

"He didn't do no better, 'n we have got to stand it, but that ain't tellin' me what I'm goin' to wear to Hopper's dance."

"I was a-thinkin' your Aunt Jen Cathcart might let you have somethin'; she's got all your grandmother Cathcart's clothes, besides all of her own she's been savin' for years, with nobody to wear 'em out. She might have a little leanin' for you, bein' as you're Jed's daughter and just 'comin' out.'"

Lucinda said nothing more, but the spattering of the suds and the remarkable haste made in getting the clothes on the line told Mrs. Cathcart very plainly that she meant to lose no time in getting to Aunt Jen Cathcart's. When the last trace of washing had been cleared away, she tied her sunbonnet strings under her plump chin and started out. Little Jed Cathcart called loudly to follow, and Lucinda promised him something "nice" if he would stay home and play.

It was a pleasant road to Aunt Jen's. Lucinda chose the path through the pasture, because it was shorter, and the cows were there and the sheep, with their long-tailed lambs. She liked the woolly sheep, and often thought she would like to catch the lambs and pull the cockle burrs from their tails. She sat down on a stone to watch the sheep and think about what she should say to Aunt Jen. The more she thought, the less she knew

what to say, and rose dejectedly and hurried on.

Miss Jennie Cathcart, spinster and farmer, was feeding the chickens when her niece came in sight. There were fluffy little chickens, covered with yellow down, and half-grown chickens clothed in pin feathers, and old hens and roosters, all craning their necks to see what was in the big, mysterious-looking pan. It was Aunt Jen's peculiarity not to let them see, but to keep them crowding closer until she could reach out a hand and touch any one of them. In this way, she was always able to supply herself with a fowl without chasing them over the fields, as did some of her less wary neighbors. When she saw Lucinda, she threw the entire contents at her feet and hurried forward to meet her, so sure was she that nothing short of a catastrophe had brought one of her brother's family to her so unexpectedly.

"Lucinda!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Nothin'," said that maiden, looking at the empty pan and the apron full of eggs.

"Mother well?"

"Yes."

"And the children?"

"They're all right."

"Stock ain't got the distemper? Deacon Kemper's stock has the distemper."

"No-up."

"Well, it's relievin' to know you're all right over there. I have worried a good deal for fear your mother's health would give out entirely and leave me with them children to take care of. I don't like children."

Lucinda edged away from her aunt and came nearer the porch; she was tired and wanted to sit down.

"Sit down on the step, Lucinda. I've just dusted the parlor and the kitchen floor ain't dry yet. I always mop a Monday."

Lucinda sank on the doorstep, and pulled off her sunbonnet. "It's awful hot," she observed, brushing back her hair.

"Yes; it is warm in the sun; warmest I've ever seen it this time of year."

Lucinda twitched her bonnet strings. How should she ever tell Aunt Jen what she had come after.

"I heard you had been to a dance over to hop-pickin'?" said Aunt Jen, to break the silence.

"Yes; McAdams' folks gave it, and I went."

"You didn't go with Abe Crandall?"

"No; I went with Arthur McAdams; Liza sent him."

"You didn't dance with Abe neither, so I heard."

"I guess I didn't; I don't believe he asked me."

Aunt Jen shifted herself about and looked the other way.

"There's goin' to be another dance Thursday; Hopper's folks are getting it up," said Lucinda, trying to keep her voice steady.

No reply from Aunt Jen, only a more careful inspection of the doorstep.

"I'd like to go awful well. Til Perkins is goin', and Liza McAdams, and everybody."

Aunt Jen tapped her foot.

"It's goin' to be real swell. Hopper's folks are swell, anyhow. They're goin' to have two fiddlers and a caller. Maw says I hain't got nothin' good enough to wear."

"Like enough your maw knows," said Aunt Jen hoarsely.

"Yes; maw generally knows. You haven't anything you could spare to let me wear, have you? Nothin' very nice, a mull or delaine. I'd sew to pay you for it."

Aunt Jen tapped her foot harder. "I do my own sewing," she said in so shrill a voice Lucinda looked up in alarm. "Besides, I don't know that I've got anything I want a girl of your age a-stringin' out, dancin' in it."

Pictures of the big drawers and the cedar chests, that she had seen in Aunt Jen's closets, where rows upon rows of dresses lay for time to yellow and make rotten, rose before Lucinda's eyes. If she had only one of those dresses, the poorest and cheapest of them all, how she would bless Aunt Jen. It had not occurred to her until now that her errand could prove fruitless.

"You don't mean you won't let me have one?" asked Lucinda, her large eyes filling with tears. "I want one so bad, and you've got so many!"

"I've earned 'em, and made 'em, and kept 'em, and if some other folks had done the same their children would have dresses to wear, instead o' beggin' o' their relation. Besides, I don't like your way, Lucinda; you just think nobody is too good for you. You're pretty, and you know it, and your mother was pretty before you, and she knew it. Her good looks ruined one man, and I don't mean to help you ruin anybody, if I can help it."

Lucinda stared helplessly. "Do you mean that maw ruined paw?" she asked, her face crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Certain she did. Jed Cathcart was a risin' young man when he married Ellen Forsythe. We all told him better but he just couldn't help himself. Some folks can't, if a woman is pretty. She was just a millstone 'round that man's neck; he was poor and kept poor and died poor."

"It was the bugs that made him poor, Aunt Jen. He spent all his time gatherin' bugs and stickin' 'em on bits of white paper and writin' Latin in books about 'em; maw didn't never make paw poor. She 'tended the store, as long as we had one, and made the garden and milked, so paw could have more time. Most folks think maw done too much."

"That kind of women always do too much or too little, anyhow. They manage to spoil a man; besides, they never appreciate them."

"We always loved paw. I used to watch his bugs for hours when he had them under glasses and was expectin' them to do somethin' or other. Maby that wasn't appreciatin' him, but we loved him, sure."

"Of course you didn't appreciate him; why, I've waited years for Ellen to discover what Jed was a doin' with them bugs, and I declare if she has the least idea yet. Jed was a naturalist, and a good naturalist, too. If she only knew it, them bugs ought to be worth something."

"I don't know as maw did know what paw was, but we've kept the bugs as we did everything else that belonged to him. Somehow, we couldn't touch anything that was his, just look at it and think about poor paw. I am glad if he was something; maw always said he was, only he couldn't just bring it out. It makes me forget I went barefoot in the cold and wore cotton dresses in the winter time. I think I had better go home, Aunt Jen; it's most dinner time and maw might need me."

She raised herself wearily from the doorstep; it was damp and she felt stiff from sitting curled up on it so long, and walked slowly down the path. Even from the gate it seemed Aunt Jen must call her back and give her a dress. But no one called and she had reached the pasture gate.

"How can she say such cruel things of poor maw! Ruined paw! when she done Mrs. Perkins' washin' and boarded the teacher and done everything so paw shouldn't be hungry when he hunted his bugs. She is mean! mean! mean! and she wouldn't give me a dress, either." She threw herself down on the grass and sobbed out her grief. She lay on her face and cried, but she felt smothered in the grass. She turned on her back and cried, but the sun glared down in her face and made her eyes ache; then she

sat up and looked around. A big moth, with fuzzy body and dull eyes, crawled along on the ground, then flew clumsily away.

"You are an ugly thing," she said drearily.

A nest of ants were digging beside her, their slim bodies and quick feet hurrying over the ground. One of them was tugging away at the body of a dead fly, and at last carried it away.

"How strong he is! Why, a man couldn't carry a load as much bigger than himself as that."

The sheep were still browsing, the lambs with long tails full of cockle-burrs bleating loudly for straying mothers, but Lucinda did not see them; instead, she saw a spider, slender, quick and graceful, spin his web. He fastened it to a mullein stalk and slowly wound the silken mesh about a leaf and a twig near by. How thin and white and beautiful it was, and it seemed to come from his mouth. What a wonderful spinner to carry his material about in his body and spin so fine a thread without machinery of any kind! A caterpillar crept slowly along with a bit of green in his mouth. Did so small a creature have teeth, and if not teeth, how did he munch in this manner? It was wonderful, very wonderful! Were all insects wonderful and had they all so many secrets to tell? She rose, straight and tall, fixing her eyes upon the ground. The ant was still staggering under the weight of the dead fly. The spider was spinning his filmy web. The caterpillar munched and crawled along. She was in very wonderland. It was for such secrets as these her father had left his store. It was to know these created things that he had forgotten to plow, to sow, to reap; but what a harvest had been his! He knew them all by name and their every transformation; how they lived and how they died, and reared their young or left them in the bright sunshine. She felt drawn to these silent working things. If so few insects had the power to hold her attention so long, what might be expected of the thousands her father had pinned and glued to white cards, their every antennae in perfect position. She knew now why her father had always been so happy and felt so rich. He was rich in knowledge. Amid such surroundings, his jean trousers, his battered hat, his woolen shirt were forgotten, and how small they seemed in comparison with the secrets of living things!

She tried to move about, but invisible cords drew her back. Those crumbling bodies of dead things that encumbered the small spare bedroom held facts and truths that others might be seeking; and if seeking, they were valuable to possess. She laughed aloud in her gladness at the thought that anything belonging to them might be of value. If she could sell the bugs she might have a dress, a party dress, and go to the dance with the others. Such happy thoughts made the blood tingle even in her finger-tips as she hurried home.

She went through the kitchen; dinner was over and the dishes washed. Another time she would have looked for a cold lunch, but not to-day. She was not hungry to-day. She went through the parlor and straight to the little bedroom that had been locked so long, and turned the rusty key. It moved stiffly on its hinges and let her pass in among her father's treasures. She bowed her head in reverence for that father, and a tear splashed down on an ugly moth. She picked the strange thing up and brushed the tear away; even tears must not be allowed to hide truths, and she was convinced this was a truth. For a moment she thought she might like to stay with the bugs always and learn their secrets for herself, but visions of the dance and pretty dresses and Carl

drove the bugs away. It was money she wanted; money would bring more happiness than bugs. She meant to go to the college at Medford, where her father went, and ask them about it; surely they would know the value of such things.

The next day, when the house was still, save for the ticking of the clock and the clicking of her mother's knitting needles, Lucinda made herself ready to go out. She wore her best dress, a linsey-woolsey with bright threads in it, and put on her straw hat. Then she drew on a pair of cotton gloves with carefully mended finger-tips.

"I'm going to Medford for the coffee, maw; they have better coffee to Medford, and we need sugar and a paper of saleratus. I may walk slow and be late gettin' home, but don't worry."

The next afternoon the people of Greyton were very much excited to see a real top-carriage and span, with a driver, standing before the Cathcart gate. Some said it was Carl Goodrich, and that he and Lucinda were getting married on the "sly." Others wondered if some city chap hadn't seen her pretty face and had come for her on the spot. When an old gentleman with stove-pipe hat and gloves stepped out and walked up to the door, they could give no explanation at all. But they watched and took note of things as they happened. The horses became restless and the man drove them around the block. As the old gentleman did not return and the horses positively refused to stand, the man drove about town, always returning to stand silent and watchful at the gate. When, at last, the man did come out, they heard him give hurried orders, and one man saw him stop at the telegraph office and send a message.

It was the day of the dance that two men came. One was shorter than the other and not so old, but they both wore high hats and gloves and carried canes. The old one led the way into the bedroom, and they stood for hours looking at Jed Cathcart's bugs. Sometimes, they wrote about them in a note-book they carried, or talked about them in a low tone of voice. If Mrs. Cathcart came in to see that nothing was taken away, she went out on tiptoe lest she disturb these men, who had been the first to discover the value of her husband's labors.

The men were still with the bugs, when Carl came to see if Lucinda would be ready to go to the dance. He came in a cart and had some roses lying on the seat that Lucinda thought were for her, only he didn't bring them in. When she opened the door and asked him in, he looked as though he didn't know what he had come after. But Lucinda didn't care how he looked. She was sure now the men would buy the bugs and she was thinking what she would get with the money. She would buy a silk party dress first, and have slippers with ribbon bows on them to match. Then she thought she would have a gold belt buckle with an enameled face on it. She was feeling very happy, for she thought she could see herself in her pretty things dancing with Carl.

"I am sorry I can't go to the dance," she said, trying to look sad and wishing all the time he would ask questions so she could tell him the good fortune in store for her, "but I have nothin' to wear. I might as well tell the truth and say so. It is dreadful for a man to keep company with a girl who is poor, don't you think so?" She looked into his face and her pretty dimples played hide and seek in her cheeks and chin. It was easy to say such things when it would be over so soon.

"Perhaps it is dreadful," he said, looking away from her and trying to keep his heart from pounding a hole

through his vest; "I had not thought of it before." He stood silent a moment and then he spoke again. "I saw your aunt, Miss Cathcart, last evening; she was on her way from Medford and I took her home in my cart."

Lucinda said nothing, but wondered if her aunt could have said anything about the dress.

"She said you asked for a dress." He looked white around the mouth and very miserable.

Lucinda did not speak.

"She said something more, something about Abe Crandall, and how you was throwing him over to get somebody with more money. Pretty faces are nice, but I hardly like people to offer them for sale." The words came out quickly, as though they burned his lips to say them. "I brought back the picture, the one we had taken hop-picking. I thought Abe might like it." He took a package from his pocket and placed it on the table; then he opened the door and went out. Lucinda tried to follow him, to say something that he might not think her such a guilty creature. But he was in no mood to listen, and picked up the roses and the lines and drove away.

When he was out of sight, Lucinda went back and sat down in the big rocking chair. She cried and held her apron to her eyes, rocking crosswise of the boards and making the chair squeak. But she did not hear the chair; she only heard Carl's words, that rang and rang in her ears.

What did it mean? Did he think she wanted to sell her face for his money? He did think so, he had said so, and Aunt Jen had told him things to make him think so. And he hadn't so much money; perhaps not as much as the bugs would bring, and she loved him so much, so much! How cruel it all was! Why were old women, that is, some old women, so mean? She thought there might be old women who were not mean, but they didn't live all alone in big houses. She folded her arms, and rocked to and fro, with more bitterness in her heart than it seemed possible to collect inside anybody, and not burst. She looked at the picture, the one of Carl and herself. How well she remembered the day it was taken. They ran away from the others, and went to a tent where a man was taking pictures, and stood together beside a paper stump. How happy they were! They came home through the hop field, and he put his arm about her waist and said something about loving forever and ever. Now, he had forgotten it all, and it was not forever, but only a few weeks.

Once her mother passed her, but did not speak. She had heard Carl's words, and they recalled bitter memories of her own, when she was a pretty girl, and Jen had said such cruel things to Jed. But Jed had come back, and Mrs. Cathcart believed Carl would.

When it was dark, Lucinda crept upstairs. She could sit by the window and watch the teams drive by to Hopper's. She saw the McAdams' double carriage and Liza and Arthur on the front seat. How she wished she was with them, instead of being here in the dark, with such a pain in her side, where she thought her heart might be.

It was a wagon-box full of people who came next to disturb her grief. Their loud, untuneful singing made her raise her head and look. It was Abe Crandall and his friends, and Abe's voice was louder and harsher than the others. Even Abe, with his crooked legs and clumsy hands, cared for her no longer. What a cruel world it was, and why did people have to live in it?

The full, round moon, looking as much like a yellow pumpkin as anything, came out from under a cloud and shone full upon Greyton. How

bright and beautiful it was, casting shadows along the road, and making the trees look so black and dreadful. She was still looking at the moon and the shadows, when a horse and phaeton came slowly round the corner. She knew the horse, and a flush mounted her cheek, even in the dark, as she saw the outline of the man who drove. It was Carl Goodrich, and by his side sat Matilda Perkins, resplendent in a shimmering silk. There was nothing more to watch for; she knew now who had taken her place. Curling herself up in a very small, round bundle, to keep warm, she thought about Matilda, and cried until her eyes were red and swollen, and her head ached. What did it matter now that the bugs were valuable; there was no one to see her pretty clothes or help enjoy it, if Carl was gone.

Then she comforted herself thinking he might come back when he heard of their good fortune, and she fell asleep wondering if she had better take him when he came, if he was very, very penitent, or if it would be better to make him wait a long time and be dreadful sorry. She thought it would do him good to be sorry and cry, as she had done.

When the people of Greyton learned that a professor from Philadelphia had bought Jed Cathcart's bugs and shipped them away, because the Medford College could not afford to buy such a costly collection, they were unable to express their surprise. Some never "dreamed" that lazy Jed Cathcart was such a man, and others had known always that he was "more'n common."

The Hoppers called first, and held Mrs. Cathcart's hands, and said they were glad she was so fortunate at last. Then Mrs. Perkins and Matilda called, and while Mrs. Perkins was trying to tell Mrs. Cathcart that she was rejoicing in her good fortune, Matilda told Lucinda that Carl Goodrich was the nicest fellow that ever came to Greyton. Then Mrs. Goodrich called, but she drove herself, and went away without mentioning her son and heir. When they were all gone, Lucinda took Liza McAdams upstairs and told her all about the dreadful party and what Aunt Jen had done and Carl had said. And they decided that Aunt Jen was horrid, and Carl Goodrich should know better than to believe everything he heard, and if he ever did come back, he should be taught a lesson.

When they had tired talking of Carl and Aunt Jen, and Matilda Perkins, they talked about the college that had bought the bugs, and how kind they were to send a scholarship to Jediah Cathcart's daughter. Liza wished she could go to college, and thought it might be much nicer than staying in Greyton, even with the privilege of having Carl Goodrich for a beau. Lucinda agreed with her outwardly, but in her heart she wished she was going to have silk dresses with flowers on them and pretty hats with plumes, and that she could walk up and down the streets of Greyton all day, just for Carl Goodrich and Matilda Perkins to see and envy.

* * * * * *

In a pretty cottage, with marble pillars and marble steps, sits a sweet-faced woman. The last analysis is done for the day, and now she is resting, with her hands folded meekly in her lap, watching the maple trees, with their leaves all red and yellow in the autumn sun. They make her think of other leaves, as red and yellow as those that grew back in Greyton, when she was young. She thinks how kind they are, and how they are falling in their quiet, noiseless fashion on the graves of father and mother and little Jed, covering up the dead grass and black earth, and making them look bright and beautiful. Then she wonders if they are covering the grave of Aunt Jen, and if it is best, after all, that Aunt Jen should

live? She is still thinking, when the postman brings a letter for "Professor Lucinda Cathcart." It is a square, business-looking letter, with a foreign postmark, and the little naturalist looks for her glasses, brushing back the white hair, that still curls and falls into her eyes, to see if it is from the German who wants to buy her collection of moths. She tears it open and reads the contents.

When it is finished, her hands fall idly in her lap, crushing the closely written pages, while she stares out at the falling leaves of vanishing summer. She forgets that she is Professor Cathcart, and that men from many colleges seek her opinions, and yield to her discussions. She forgets the years she has spent adding to her father's collection, making it the greatest in the land. She forgets the new collections begun, and remembers only her youth and her first and only love. She recalls the dance in the hop field, and how closely he held her, fairly lifting her lithe form from the floor. His touch, his look, his words, come back to her now, leading her on to the little board cottage, with its low windows and unpainted floors, where she watched when he did not come, and wept those sorry tears and felt her first great heartache.

But that was years ago, and she has grown old, with gray hair, and wrinkles, and faded roses in her cheeks. And he has come back, with his love, and asks to stay.

She goes to a cabinet and takes out an old shell box—a philopena present from Carl twenty years ago. It does not matter that some of the shells are missing and that the cotton lining is faded. It is the only love gift she ever owned. She raises the lid and takes out a battered tin-type, and looks at a happy, boyish face, with soft curls and a pretty mouth. She sees his square shoulders and graceful pose. Now, he, too, is old, with bowed form and gray hair, and wrinkles on his brow. The soft down on his face is bristling gray-brown beard. His hands are hard, with many joints, and his step is slow. How cruel are the years to keep so long and give so late! Is the gift worth taking when it comes so late? Is not the sweet young dream better than such old reality?

She sinks on a low divan and hides her face in the silken pillows, brushing away the tears that course soft and silently down her cheeks.

The stars come out and twinkle in the clear, cold sky. The street lamps flicker their brightness upon the cold earth, Then, later, morning dawns. The sun pushes away the clouds and shines upon the leafless trees. A squirrel chatters among the dry leaves and is gone. A flock of chickadees pick crumbs and flutter by. A laborer hurries to his work, slapping his hands to keep them warm. Then she awakens, looks up and heeds the gentle tapping at her door.

"Ah, is it you, Barton? I hardly thought it was morning yet; time passes quickly when one has happy dreams. Yes, you may right the room. Handle the card carefully, please. It is a particularly large and brilliant tarantula that I have had great trouble in preserving. That blotted sheet—I think I must have allowed some drops of water to fall on it—is a letter from Dr. Goodrich; it will need no answer, so you may put it in the grate. That battered tin-type is an old picture that I value highly; put it back in the shell box, and lock it in the cabinet. Then, if you will be so kind as to tie my bonnet strings, I think I shall walk through the campus."

MINOR CHORDS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

"To him that hath shall be given," and nowhere is this truism more striking than in the woods and fields during the musical time of summer and autumn. It is just as natural for one of us to be unconscious of the song festival around as for another to be forgetful of all else and settle himself down to an hour's enjoyment of the rare music. It is easy to disregard the unknown, but hard to bar away what we are beginning to understand and appreciate.

Every tuft of meadow and pasture grass has its singers, and every field and bit of woodland its rare chorus. We may love the song of the bobolink in the open, and of the hermit thrush in the deep recesses of the woods; but there are just as beautiful strains in the grass along the brook sides, and among the daisies in the fields, and even above the dusty wild flowers and weeds of every public roadside and path. The birds are at their best in June; but the tiny fiddles, and pipes, and flutes, and lyres, and harps of the insect orchestra do not tune up in earnest until August or September, when the air is dry and the skies warm and undimmed. And even then some of the strains may be pitched in almost inaudible keys, and others grow shy and silent as we approach; but if we spend an hour in almost any spot under a blue country sky during the musical time of summer or autumn, and can persuade our entertainers that we mean them no harm, our conception of the beautiful and wonderful will increase to the degree of our observation.

No man goes out in the autumn and listens to the wee, tiny voices, and the small, whirring wings that sing in many keys, and regards it as a melancholy sound. It is eminently cheerful and happy, as are most sounds from animate nature. Even the hum of the beetle and moth and other non-singing insects is musical and pleasing.

After the birds have laid aside their melodious pipes and flutes, it would seem as though nature had appointed the crickets and locusts and grasshoppers to take up their instruments. These are chief among the singing insects, and the natural leaders of meadow-grass concerts.

Each species of insect has a peculiar modulation of his notes. The common green grasshopper, that during the months of August and September fills the whole atmosphere with its song, abides chiefly in the lowland meadows which are covered with the native grasses. This grasshopper modulates its notes to several chirps in rapid succession, followed by a loud spinning sound, that seems to be the conclusion of the strain. These notes are continued incessantly from the time when the sun is high enough to have dried the grass until dewfall in the evening. Another grasshopper makes a kind of grating sound by scraping its legs, that serve for bows, upon its sides, as though they were the strings of a viol. In the huckleberry pastures is a species that makes a long trilling that sometimes continues half a minute or more without rest.

Among other grasshoppers are the nocturnal ones, called August pipers, or cicadas. They begin their chirping about the middle of July, but are not in full song until August. The cicadas are the true nightingales of in-

sects, and have a singular plaintiveness in their low, monotonous notes, which are the charm of our late summer evenings. On very warm nights the notes of these nocturnal pipers are in unison, and accurately timed, as if they were singing in concert; but they are evidently dependent on a summer heat for their vivacity, and become sluggish and torpid as the thermometer sinks below a certain point. Their keynote varies according to the temperature of the atmosphere. When it is high, they keep good time, singing shrilly and rapidly. As it sinks, they take a lower key and do not keep time together. When the thermometer is not above sixty, their notes are very low, and there are but few performers.

It is the shrill singing of grasshoppers' wings that we first notice in the field, sometimes rising into such piercing intensity as to dominate the vicinity, and then falling until it is lost in the other voices of the grass. For a long time we look in vain search of the soloist, and at length find him perched on the very tip of a long blade of grass, ready at a moment's notice to make one of his wonderful leaps to another grass blade ten or fifteen feet away.

A cricket begins to chirp, and we look intently, and finally locate him under a broad clover leaf; and by that time we are identifying and locating other cricket voices, and other grasshopper voices, and other voices that were at first strange or even unheard in the general chorus As our presence becomes more familiar to them, the shy, distrustful creatures that have been watching us from the nooks and recesses of the grass forest emerge from their hiding places and climb up neighboring stalks and mount upon clods of earth, and perhaps fly to the swaying branches of some slender weed, and one by one add their voices to the joyous medley. Soon we are able to detect three, four, perhaps a dozen, distinct keys among the various families of chirping, buzzing and humming insects that are crawling and leaping and flying about us. We distinguish the high, shrilling note of the black cricket down among the grass roots, the "zip-zip-zee" of the brown striped grasshoppers, with their fragile glass thighs and leaf-like wings of gauzy green. Then there is the ever-present undertone of locusts tuning their legion of tiny fiddles, while swarms of slender katydids creep and sing among the dancing grass blades.

The notes of these katydids, which are mere drumming sounds, are not musical; but they have become widely celebrated on account of a fancied resemblance to the word which gives the insects their name. One naturalist declares that a chorus of these minute drummers, all uttering in concert their peculiar notes, is "like the hammering of a thousand little smiths in some busy hamlet of insects." There is little melody in the sounds, and they are far less pleasing than those of the nocturnal grasshopper heard at the same hour in similar situations.

There is a species of locust, seldom heard until midsummer, and then only in very warm weather. His post is usually high up in the trees, and his note has a peculiar vibrating sound that is highly musical and expressive. In singing, the insect begins low, and increases in loudness until it is almost deafening, and then gradually dies away into silence. The locust producing this note is a grotesque-looking creature, resembling about equally a grasshopper and a humblebee.

The black crickets and their familiar chirping are well known to everybody. An insect of this family is celebrated in England as the "cricket

on the hearth." Those of the American species are seldom found in our dwelling houses; but they are all around our door-steps and by the wayside, under every dry fence and in every sandy hill. Occasionally, too, I have heard their cheerful notes in my rooms in New England, and traced them to a window curtain or drapery; and even more frequently have they claimed my hospitality in Virginia. They chirp all day, and some parts of the night, and more or less in all kinds of weather. They begin their songs before the grasshoppers are heard, and continue them to a later period in the autumn, not ceasing until the hard frosts have driven them into their retreats and lulled them into a torpid sleep.

Dragon flies and big green flies, and little flies with long, slender wings that are delicately musical, flash and circle above the grass, or dart suddenly down into its cool depths, all busy with some definite object, and all adding their musical mite to the general joyousness. Other insects are there that neither sing nor make any music, except an almost inaudible humming with their wings, but they are as bright as the wild flowers above which they poise, and as airy as the soft breeze that stirs the grass blades. Among them are the big gold, and red, and maroon, and brown butterflies that move slowly and heavily, and the other extreme of tiny "skippers," no larger than our thumb-nails, that skip and dart in short, quick flights over and through the grass. And though we watch them all as intently as may be, we are sometimes in doubt as to which sing and which are silent. We identify those with shrill, piercing voices, and those whose wings are gifted with much musical power; but among the multitude of tiny, restless performers we detect many sweet notes that it is impossible to trace.

A bumble-bee goes blundering above our heads, energetically intent on a journey that is apparently without aim. Then a honey-bee darts past with the result of his morning's work, as sure of his destination as his big, blundering cousin is uncertain of his. And then, perhaps, a glittering body, scarcely larger than a bumble-bee, flashes across the meadow, and poises for a moment above a clover blossom, or thrusts its long bill into the cup of a wild convolvulus, and then darts away as quickly as it came. But as it goes the sunlight strikes full upon its breast, and we recognize in the living, iridescent jewel our own beautiful ruby-throated humming bird; not an insect, to be sure, but in music to be classed with the minor chords.

SUMMER SCENES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY JANE LONG BOULDEN.

In the light of its own transcendent beauty, and in the rays of romance which history, aided by the genius of Helen Hunt, has thrown over its scenes, Southern California glows beneath its unclouded sky. The whole long tragedy of the overthrow of the red race through the superior strength and power of the whites is shadowed forth in the figure of the Indian maiden, from whom Helen Hunt drew the character of Ramona in the ever-popular novel of that name. The desolation of her conquered people is typified by the ruins of the primitive abode before which she stands; the exile of her kindred from the fairer valleys of California is suggested by

FAN PALM AND CENTURY PLANT.

San Diego. (The oldest Mission in the State.)

the bleakness of the landscape which serves as background to the picture; the sorrow of a woman's own heart experience is revealed in the sadness of the far-off gaze; the larger tragedy of her subjugated people's woe is seen in every line of the woman's face and form. Never was scene or central figure more eloquent of unwritten incidents.

Stairway of San Gabriel's Mission.

Charged with the interest imparted by Ramona's tragic story, and by the glorious sun-kissed land itself, our party of easterners—"tenderfeet" that we were—set forth to visit the scenes which Helen Hunt so graphically described. About us stretched the San Gabriel valley, radiant with orange groves, with flowery meads, with wealth of rose and brilliance of ripening fruits; above us towered the Sierra Madre Mountains; among their peaks rose San Jacinto, whose almost inaccessible heights furnished a retreat for Ramona and her Indian lover, Allesandro, when they and their people were driven from their homes and lands by the Americans. Across the broad expanse of that bright valley, beneath the frowning slopes of the lofty Sierras, we drove to the San Gabriel mission, not far from the city of Los Angeles. Into that ancient church, where Ramona's

THE INDIAN FROM WHOM HELEN HUNT DREW THE TRAGIC INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF RAMONA

Indian mother was wedded to her Scotch sea-faring father, we penetrated: there, on the altar, was the altar cloth of drawn work, which, according to the romance which Helen Hunt has left us, Ramona's deft fingers mended when she had grown to womanhood. Into the time-marked burial ground at the rear of the church we wandered: there, upon one of the many weather-blackened crosses which mark its graves, the simple inscription, "Ramona," met our startled gaze, and filled us with the impression that that heroine of romance had really existed after all. The effect was as if, after her many varied experiences in the patrician home of her adoption and in the tule hut which her Indian husband constructed for her upon the mountain side, she had been laid to rest at last in the quiet graveyard behind this mission church. Of course, this was no more than an impression. The novelist evidently had visited these scenes, and had woven them so cunningly into the fabric of her narrative as to give the whole the appearance of fact.

Suddenly the sound of the mission chimes broke in upon our thoughts, and we learned that there was to be a funeral in the mission. Passing through the lace-like shadows which the fern-shaped leaves of the pepper tree cast upon the dusty ground and upon the adobe walls of the aged edifice, we entered the church with the funeral cortege. Filled with thoughts of the past, and of the Spanish fathers who established these missions, we expected to see a venerable Spanish *padre* come forward to conduct the service. Instead, the priest in charge was young; he was Irish, had red cheeks and yellow hair. He was not at all like what our imaginations had pictured. We looked for stately, handsome Indians, such as Allesandro; one half-breed did, indeed, look vastly like the Indian youth of the story; but for the most part they were a motley crowd that gathered about the coffin. The altar boys, swinging the censers, were clad in the

conventional gowns, beneath whose white folds were plainly visible heavy boots, worn and dusty. Yet the rich, soft-toned, well-executed paintings on the walls—relics of old Spain—added their own touch of dignity and solemnity to the time and place.

The sadness of this service in the shadowy interior of the mission was, however, wholly out of keeping with the predominant tone of midsummer in California. Leaving the ancient church, therefore, and stepping forth into the glorious, unclouded sunlight, we came upon an interesting group at some distance from the mission. It was a family of "Greasers" or Mexicans. A more contented, care-free, shiftless family group could never be imagined. In a fence corner upright stakes supported a bit of canvas, which served to shield this family from the untempered southern sun. In this primitive abiding place sat a great, bearded, burly Mexican, placidly smoking his pipe; near him sat his wife, with a baby in arms; while between them, on the bare ground, frolicked three small children. Here was a study for the sociologist and the artist.

But we had started on a drive across country, and could not tarry longer, not even to watch this interesting family. We encountered other "Greasers" as we drove on. They were perched upon wagons of "grease wood," which is sold for fuel, and which consists of gnarled roots dug in the mountains. Beside these swarthy, unprepossessing Mexican men rode the women. The day was excessively warm, as mid-day usually is during a California summer; but each of these women wore, tied over her head, a black shawl,—an invariable summer custom with the Mexican women. Conscious of the heat, which

PART OF ORANGE ORCHARD, PASADENA

"The roses threw their wealth of bloom upon house wall and trellis."

even the ocean breeze did not greatly modify, we turned from the sight of such inexplicable muffling toward an orange orchard of cool, dark green, and in that vision of glossy foliage found relief from the glare of dusty road and granite mountain sides. But our romantic dream of lounging at ease upon the green sward beneath the orange trees was rudely dispelled when we discovered that the ground in these orange orchards is kept always carefully cultivated and free from grass, and that we might as well sit down in a potato patch as in a California orange grove! So vanish poetry and romance before the practical notions of the Yankee fruit-grower.

Yet no one need long repine here because of the shattering of illusions, such a wealth of real beauty and interest does the country afford. In front of residences before which they had for long years stood as ornamental whorls of striped green and white, we came upon the century plant in bloom. In fancy we had pictured a great lily-like blossom rising from the centre of the century plant after its traditional hundred years of growth were consummated. We therefore looked with astonishment at what greatly resembled a pine tree, about thirty feet high; this was the blossom of the plant. With deepest awe we reflected upon the fact that after the many, many years required for maturity, the great blossom-stalk rises regally, and when it has reached perfection falls a dead weight to the earth, when the whole magnificent plant speedily dies. Rarely can one see a more moving spectacle than that presented by these fallen monarchs. But other kinds of infloresence we found in profusion,

the unfolding of which suggests no such sadness. The roses threw their wealth of bloom upon house wall and trellis. The choicest varieties, the Mareschal Niels, the Gold of Ophir, the La France, and others, rioted in rich confusion upon the California lawns. Nor can the products of the hot house surpass the beauty and perfection of rose and foliage which the California climate and soil freely and naturally develop.

Nothing, however, added more of color and picturesqueness to this country than the Chinamen, who form the menial class. In the streets, upon hucksters' wagons, in the gardens cultivating vegetables, in the orchards caring for the trees and gathering the fruit, we encountered them. In the fields we found them in their quaint oriental garb, and in straw head-gear which resembles nothing so much as an inverted work basket! How they jabbered in their heathen jargon as they passed us in the street! Not infrequently they carried fans and fanned themselves comfortably as they walked. On one occasion we observed a group of Chinamen passing along one of the finest streets of the beautiful California city of their adoption, while lads from the pretentious houses upon that street amused themselves by pelting with oranges these Chinese cart drivers. No one but the Orientals seemed to care, and they were quite powerless to help themselves. "They are *only Chinamen!*" expressed the situation. Farther down the same street a gaunt Chinaman upon a vegetable wagon approached us; a sadder, more dispirited looking being was never seen: his horse looked like himself—weak, weary, lank and starved. Among many contented looking Celestials this one apparently was disconsolate. In a monotonous wail he was calling his wares: "Lettichee, lattichee, celye, to-ma-to, po-ta-to, squashee, stlawbellies," and so on to the end. We who were accustomed to the cry readily translated: "Lettuce, radishes, celery, tomato, potato, squash and strawberries." Upon asking this mournful individual his name, we learned with more of amusement than astonishment that it was "Ah Wo!" Thinking to solve the tragedy of his destiny, we inquired why he did not bring a wife from China. "Heap too muchee 'spensee" (too much expense) was his reply. But when we put to any Chinaman a question he did not understand, we found that he answered neither in Chinese nor in English, but in corrupt Spanish: "*No sabe.*" (I do not understand). It is funny, indeed, that an American should be obliged to master some faulty Spanish expressions in order to carry on a jerky conversation with a Chinaman.

TWIN PALMS.

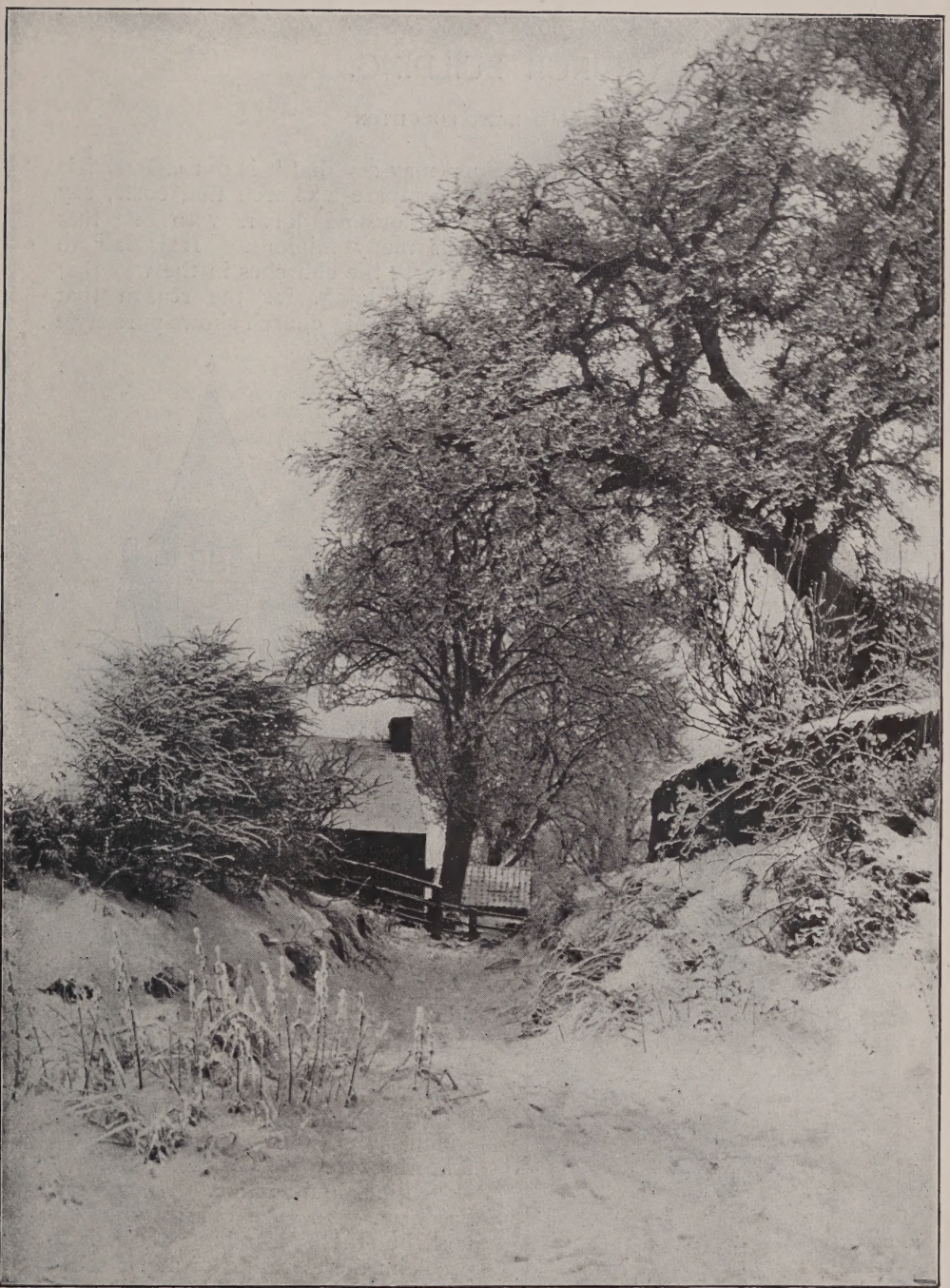
To our occidental sense the oddities of this race were irresistible. A physician of our acquaintance had in his employ as housekeeper a Chinaman recently from China, whom he tried to make as comfortable as pos-

GRAPE-PICKING AT HASTING'S RANCH.

sible in his new California quarters. He provided a decent and comfortable bed for his Celestial, only to discover that the Chinaman slept *on the ironing board* instead. Upon inquiring why he did not use the bed, the physician elicited the reply, "Heap too soft." Thus do tastes differ in this world.

But no brief sketch can exhaust the beauties, oddities and charms of the California scenes with which we became familiar, in which the incessant hum of bees, the songs of birds, the fragrance and loveliness of flowers, the brilliance and lusciousness of fruits, the quaintness of Orientals, and the grandeur and picturesqueness of mountains played their important and separate parts.

"And in the afternoon we came upon a land wherein it seemed 'twas always afternoon." In these words is perfectly described the slumbrous, dreamy aspect of this land, where Nature is so prodigal, and "where under sunny skies the grape grows ripe."



PHANTOMS.

Are ye the ghosts of fallen leaves,
O flakes of snow,
For which, through naked trees, the winds
A-mourning go ?

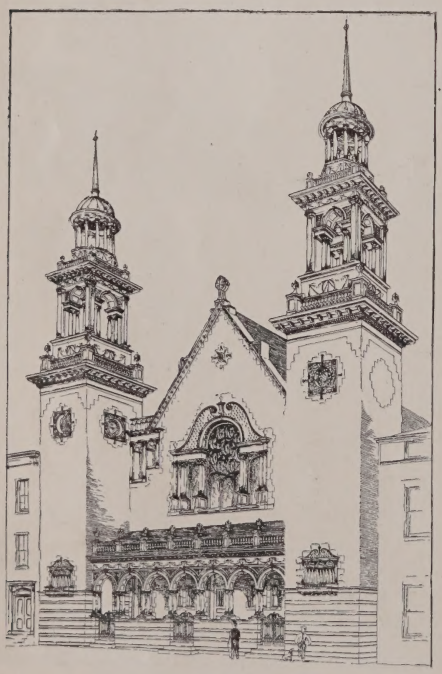
Or are ye angels, bearing home
The host unseen
Of truant spirits, to be clad
Again in green ?

—*From "Poems" by Father Tabb.*

CHURCH BUILDING.

BY WILLIAM HART BOUGHTON

The Catholic Church is limited to a very few styles of architecture for her church buildings. Traditions enter so much into the whole existence of her life, in buildings, as well as in her liturgy, that, when a man starts out to invent a new style of architecture for the church, he finds that he has many things to fight against and he will soon learn that a style is the result of a natural growth and not an invention. The Church had labored for ages to reach the perfection of Cologne, Rouen and many others, and to-day we find men ready and willing to wipe out that effort of ages and say, "We can do better in a few months than they did in centuries." But we will see what the results have been. Some one may say that it is not exactly fair to compare a church that costs, say fifty thousand dollars with one that costs many millions. It is fair to compare the churches in the way that we are doing, for the reason that where the big church shows pure style



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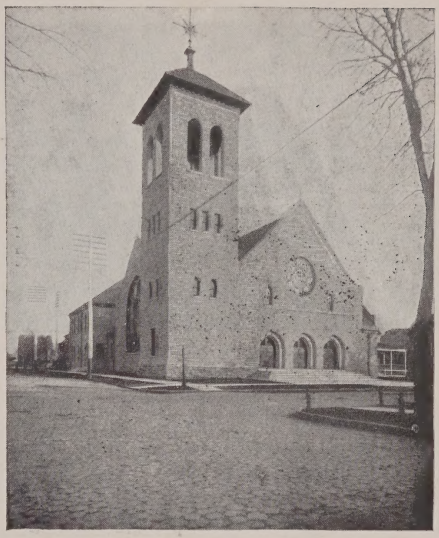
and the teachings of the church, so also, should be the result in the smaller church—but this has not been done, and therefore we must make the comparison, however odious it may be to us.

Among the different styles of architecture used by the Church, styles which should be adhered to, are the following: the Classic, Romanesque-Byzantine, and Gothic. The Classic has been used to a considerable extent, but there is nothing about it to proclaim the elevating of men's souls, as does Cologne, and the style can only be used in the largest kind of

structures, and even then it is not at all churchly. St. Peter's, Rome, and St. Paul's in London, are certainly magnificent examples of what men can accomplish in the line of architecture, but there is lacking that religious feeling that appeals to men. There is no more expression of the "Faith" in these sublime structures than there is in our Capitol at Washington, so that I feel that we may pass the Classic style by, certainly as far as parish churches are concerned. This leaves us the other two styles to choose from. Now if the reader is at all conversant with the European churches, let him compare the following Gothic buildings with the Romanesque ones given:* Bruges (G), Cologne (G), Antwerp (G), York Minister (G) S. Sernin at Toulouse (R), Speyer, Germany (R), Church of The Apostles at Cologne (R), S. Etienne, Caen (R), and so on. In comparing these I am sure that the reader will acknowledge that the Gothic ones are better suited to the Church and better representatives of her teachings, though I do not wish it to be understood that I do not consider Romanesque, Norman or Byzantine good, but that Gothic is, as I have said, better adapted to the Catholic Church. The Spanish churches I would class with the Classic, as unfit for our parish churches. The Gothic has not that coarse heaviness of the Romanesque, but rather the delicate refinement of the liturgy, and, as is always the case, it is the most difficult one to handle on account of the very strict rules of proportion, and the fact that the mouldings and shadows are so much more relied upon to give the final results.

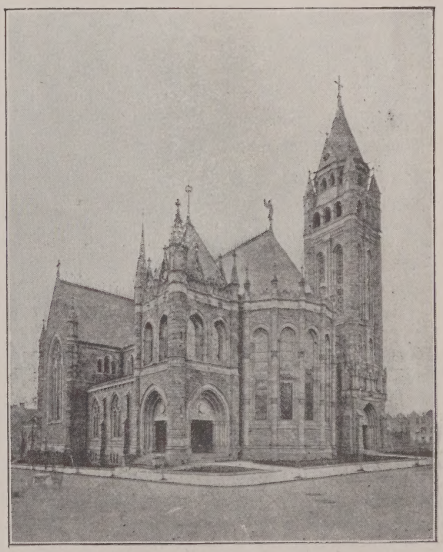
Gothic does not simply mean anything that has pointed arches, but every detail must go to make up the complete whole. In the city and town churches, our designers seem to have stopped at the pointed arch; given

* G Gothic, R Romanesque.



No. 3.

this, they think that they are through and that they have a Gothic church, which is a good deal like putting a clerical collar around a man's neck and saying "he is a priest, don't you see his collar?" or "that is a Gothic church, see the pointed arch." An-



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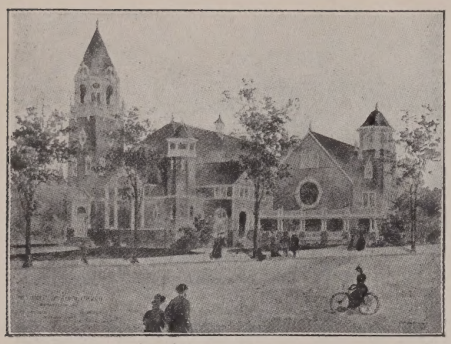

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pearances are deceptive — neither the collar nor the pointed arch in itself goes to make the priest or the Gothic church. The designer must be entirely in sympathy with his subject. What regard can the unbeliever have for the symbolisms of the Faith? He will not love every little detail, or throw his whole heart into every small out-of-the-way ornament that represents something dear to the Catholic heart. No, he goes in for general results and thinks that he can pass these details by, and nine times out of ten he fails in his efforts.

Go into the average so-called Gothic church of to-day and try to worship calmly and peacefully. Could you do it if the great organ were pealing forth discords? No more can you worship in the way that devout souls love to praise and adore their Maker, when you find every detail of the building fighting its neighbor, and all clashing and pulling in opposite directions. Harmony is a stranger here. One of the great things that the Catholic Church has always done in her services is to teach by the eye as well as the ear, and consequently the details, even though they seem in-

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significant to some, should not be neglected as much as they are. You will find, in place of the properly proportioned and moulded columns, simply a cast-iron pipe, with an apology for a capital; and as to finding any correct base, that is not to be thought of—that detail was probably left to the pattern-maker at the foundry where the casting was done; windows are all out of proportion, the tracery, if there be any, is jig-sawed stuff, clumsy and without the faintest idea of proportion or mouldings, and the design, any old thing, so long as it contains a trefoil, quatrefoil or two, and a pointed arch! The hood and sill mouldings to the windows, if there at all, are simply a "moulding" it does not matter whether in keeping with the surroundings or not. The confessionals might have been picked up at a sale of job-lot furniture, and the best thing about them is, that they do not pretend to claim any style at all. And then approach the altar, the thing of things that should be pure and in good style: well, it very often looks as though it was purchased at some store where church furniture is sold made up in quantities, and supposed to fit any style and surroundings. There is a remedy for all of these things, and it is just as easy to get a good church for fifty thousand dollars as a bad one. The trouble is, and has always been, that those in charge of this branch of the work have been indifferent to small details.

I have in mind at the present moment a Catholic church, in a large city in this country, and if it were not for the fact that it contained an altar or two, and some of the other accessories of a church, one could hardly tell what the building was intended for. Were it stripped of its ornaments it would pass for a meeting-house or a large public waiting room of a railway station. Perhaps the reader knows of a very fine depot built in fair Gothic, in one of our largest cities the waiting room is very like this interior, hence the reference. The wood used for the finish is a very light wood, always to be avoided where there is any great quantity to be used. There are no interior columns at all, the roof going from wall to wall, some impossible roof trusses (held together by iron tie rods), and the under side of the roof paneled in what was an effort to get Gothic effect. That was the aim of the designer. There is another church in the same city with splendid high nave and transepts, beautiful clerestory, proper side aisles and clustered columns, and the moment that you enter your voice is hushed, your heart instantly tells you that you are in God's presence and in His abode; the decorations are rich, but quiet and soft, and in perfect harmony with the balance of the work, the wood very dark and the light coming through the rich stained glass windows fills the whole edifice with that religious feeling that makes you realize that you are at rest and in a proper mood to open your heart to your God in praise and prayer. I cite these two examples to show the result of the effect of the two buildings; one means nothing, its detail cannot speak the Saviour's love to mankind and invite you to prayer; the other seems to draw you on and soothe and comfort you, and does not have to ask you to worship.

Some may say that any building that has been consecrated is all right and good enough to hold services in, and that all of these things are not necessary to a service. Quite true, the validity of the Mass is not lessened; but how out of place a beautiful ritual is in one of these detestable "carpenter Gothic" buildings; and then why should we not offer unto God the very best that we can get, in music, service and in our church buildings, breaking away from this

idea that anything will do? Therefore, let us turn over a new leaf and try to see if we cannot improve this branch of our work and have our buildings as beautiful as they can be made, always having in mind what the Church has done before; and let us have the most beautiful and refined taste displayed where Jesus Christ comes to us in the great sacrifice of the Mass.

Let us look for a moment at a few of our American churches and see how they compare with the later English buildings. Take the examples shown of the English churches and you are at once impressed. You would find, if you went into one of them, that the mouldings, columns and every ornament are most carefully worked out and upon the exact lines of the old cathedrals, the builders not having rushed off trying to find something new, but satisfied with what they know to be good. The Gothic style has so many sub-divisions that it has an inexhaustible supply of rich ideas that can be easily adapted to our parish churches.

Now for the other examples. Take figure one. This is a reproduction from a leading architectural magazine, as in fact all these illustrations are; and we are told that this is a church—perhaps it is, but who would be willing to stake his reputation upon it? Certainly not I. This building has towers and towers go with churches, yes; so they do with Madison Square gardens, depots, etc., so that that earmark won't help us much. Gaze upon those charming Colonial (?) windows —how churchly they are! And that nice veranda—but, ah! we behold a cross at the peak of the gable, and perhaps that is the way that they expect people to know that it is a church. As to naming the style we will have to pass that by. Number two is a church farther west than the preceding one—in Illinois, in fact; here we fail to find even a cross, and any one who would pick out this as a church would have to be very clever at guessing. Notice that lovely little bay window over the entrance doorway. It might look well on a house, but just what relation it bears to Ecclesiastical architecture is beyond my understanding. I presume that when the building is completed they will label it in a proper manner, "This is a church."

Number three is also in the West, and you will notice that it has the pointed arches; yet its resemblance to a church is very remote. It might easily be taken for an armory, or several other things, before you would be likely to hit upon its being a church. Number four is in the East, and in some particulars is an improvement upon the preceding examples; but here we strike the result of trying to invent new features in Gothic. The treatment of the apse is coarse, as is also that of the towers. In fact, it has lost the clean lines of Gothic. Number five is certainly a "gem." If a much worse example of building can be found and palmed off upon the public as church architecture, kindly bring it forth. I would like to see how far men can trespass upon good taste and break all of the rules of art, and still design on. This reminds us of that delightful period when all things bad were termed "Queen Anne." I trust that we are not approaching a time when "Colonial" will be debased in a like manner, for this designer would no doubt tell you that his design was in the Colonial style. Here we are upon the eve of a new style for our church buildings, and it is certainly out of the ordinary run, and will be handed down (if it survives the contempt of the people), as a great example of things to avoid. This carries you at once to the thought of the Sea-side, the coast of which still retains some relics of the

Queen Anne period, and this building does one thing; it really gives out a truthful impression. It is near the summer resorts of the Atlantic, so that the structure must be given credit for one point, at least. The two smaller towers are frequently seen upon casinos, barns and such buildings. And then look at the "nice little veranda," suggesting hammocks. That ventilator on the main building, I take it, is intended for a lantern; it looks like a stable ventilator. I will not ask you to draw upon your imagination too severely, and so I cannot ask you to conceive of this being a church. Thank goodness the Catholic Church is not responsible for this, and yet you can find examples almost as bad among her edifices. It is refreshing to find such a church as number six, which is in the city of Detroit, and for a small parish church is an excellent design. Here is a good example for priests to study. There is no sham about this and no effort to disguise the fact that it is a place of worship. It is a Protestant Episcopal church and the designer has tried to maintain that heritage in architecture received from England. The other examples also show steady improvement, but there is still a great deal to be done and now is the time to start. There are opportunities every day to do better, and the priests and others in authority should look to it and see that only the very best, both in design and materials, should be offered unto God.

Let us do away with this period of "carpenter Gothic" and strive to have our churches such as will be worthy of being claimed by the Church. Keep to the pure style, and do not any longer allow experiments to be tried as they have been in the past. Remember, the eye teaches the mind the great truths of the Church, more than we are likely to realize, and let the Church, as the guardian of the faith, see to it that all that we do and that all of our surroundings proclaim the great truth to men, that He is our life, that He is our Saviour, and that therefore we offer unto Him the best that we have.

THE WORLD IS BRIGHT WITH BEAUTY.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

The world is bright with beauty; never morn,
  Since man first broke the clod his bread to seek,
  Rose with a lovelier glow upon her cheek,
Or spread a fairer sky, her brows to adorn;
The dew that trembles on each blade and thorn
  Shines, a small star; and all the sounds that speak
  From the near meadows, where the cattle sleek
Are grazing, thrill the soul to joys new-born.

And looking on such loveliness, I feel
  That every glittering globe's a lamp to guide
  My steps to God, while every sound that sings
Along the wayside is a solemn peal
  Ringing all thoughts to heaven; and I abide
  In holy joy, musing on holy things.

A HONEYSUCKLE STUDY.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY,

By the window of my study,
From the arbor's wreathed height,
Blossom-faces, pale and ruddy,
Flash athwart my wearied sight.

Acrobats, unfearing dangers,
Clamber towards me, press and peer,—
Welcome! vaulting, venturous rangers!
Heaven grows nearer as ye near.

Came the languid summer morning,
And its pulseless, flaccid noon;
Save the bee's low-dronéd warning,
Naught astir and naught atune;

I, as hungry grown for fragrance,
As that bee for honey freight,
Turned me to the fair-faced vagrants,
'Siegers of my fortress gate.

"As you dare to glimpse and clamber,
Yield me now my perfume toll!
To yon rifler, honeyed amber,
Incense draught to soothe a soul."

Nay! It seemed that Nature, swooning,
Close inheld her faintest breath
Through the long, protracted nooning,
While the stillness was as death.

Blessed eve! when shadows drifting,
Serried, massed and densified,
And each blossom-head, uplifting,
Waved its guardian leaf aside!

Then, with doubting thud and patter,
From its tenting clouds, the shower!
Reassured—outrang its chatter,
Hailing bee and bird and flower.

Anon, chatter rose to clamor,
  Babel-like, in tree and grass,
And, as ceaseless fairy hammer,
  Sounded on my window glass.

Down with barriers! Dance and dally
  At your own fantastic will.
Rain battalions! form and rally
  Past the hindering sash and sill.

Enter! Ah, my toll of fragrance!
  Mid the riot came its rush.
Noontime's petty woes and chagrins
  Vanished in the after hush.

Blossom-faces, pale or blushing,
  Peered through gathering dusk around,
And their blended breaths, ingushing,
  Grew as tangible as sound.

Many a truth hath Nature taught me,
  Many a dainty messenger,
As my honeysuckle, brought me
  Aztec messages of her.

"Noon for effort—with the even
  Cometh recompense and rest;
If denied us this side Heaven,
  'Tis the Giver chooseth best."

"Sweet-lipped herald! I have hearkened,
  Turn again the mystic scroll:
Bore yon clouds that swooped and darkened
  Aught of augury for the soul?"

"This—that as the storm awaketh
  Liveliest perfumes in its path,
Who of sorrow's draught partaketh,
  More of Grace supernal hath."

"Of the Grace that helpful gloweth
  Forth in deed, and touch, and tone;
So the stricken brother knoweth,
Mid the wastes where Marah floweth,
  That he treadeth not alone."

WINONA.

BY ANNA M. JOHNSTON.

There was something in the very aspect of Keha Paha, the chief town of the Brule Sioux, characteristic of the race that dwelt in it. Situated on a bold bluff, jutting far out into the Missouri River, it seemed to dominate the surrounding country, even as its doughty people dominated their weaker neighbors.

From this coign of vantage eagle eyed sentinels could descry afar off the approach of an enemy. The level plains, stretching away on every hand beyond the horizon, afforded scant ambush for a lurking foe, and with such a warlike tribe as this other considerations were of trifling importance.

The piercing gales of winter, sweeping down with unchecked fury from the polar zone, might shake their frail habitations and sift the drifting snows over the shivering inmates; the hot winds from the South might smite them periodically, bringing famine and disease in their train; still they clung to the spot which their fathers, generations before, had chosen, rather than forsake it for a home under more genial skies. Once more they were suffering one of those calamitous visitations. For days the air had been a fiery furnace. The maize withered on the stalk; the grass parched upon the plains; the game was already retreating northward in search of greener pastures, and even Indian fortitude gave way before its scorching breath.

In vain the chief medicine man plied all his magic arts to conjure the life-giving waters from the pitiless skies. No refreshing showers followed his frenzied incantations, and in grim despair the people resigned themselves to their approaching doom.

As twilight was darkening over the village at the close of one of those wretched days, two horsemen slowly approached from the northward. The elder of the two was mounted on a chestnut mare that showed in every curve of her body the evidences of gentle blood. The younger bestrode an ill-favored beast, a sorry specimen of that most despised of the equine race—an Indian pony. The contrast between the riders was not less marked than that of their steeds. The one was of medium stature, with a spare, well-knit frame, crisp, curling hair, keen blue eyes, and complexion once fair, now tanned to the hue of old parchment.

The other was a man of middle age, tall and erect. His complexion was dark, and the glance of his brilliant black eyes had in it a penetrating quality which seemed to reach and read the soul. His countenance was lofty and serious, but frequently lighted up by an agreeable smile, the reflection of the benignant spirit within. It was a face that, whether met on frontier wilds or in the crowded mart, would at once be recognized as belonging to a leader of men.

He was dressed in a long, close-fitting garment, with a girdle about the waist, in the front of which was inserted a silver crucifix. This emblem, even without a pronounced clerical mien, would have proclaimed at once his sacred calling. He was none other than Père de Smet, the celebrated missionary, the first to carry the gospel of peace to the wild tribes of the Rocky Mountains.

His half-nude, half-savage companion, Antoine Lavelle, was a fair type of a class numerous on the frontiers in those days, Canadian *voyageurs*. They were hunters and trappers in the employ of the American Fur Company, which exercised undisputed sway over the Northwest. Hardy, daring, resolute men were they, and, being usually wedded to one or more Indian women, they wielded a powerful influence in the councils of the tribe, and were valuable friends or dangerous foes in any case in which their interests or their passions were involved. We have said that Lavelle was a fair type of his class, but that description hardly does justice to his superior abilities; for the genus *voyageur* was reckless, improvident and extravagant, while Lavelle, on the contrary, was shrewd, keen and acquisitive as a Yankee. Long ago he had taken unto himself an Indian wife, the daughter of a chief, and sister of the rising young war chief, Sitting Bull. It was the commercial advantages which he perceived the alliance would afford him, rather than the charms of the maiden herself that had determined his choice, and the event had answered his expectations; for he was no longer Antoine Lavelle, itinerant hunter and trapper, but Antoine Lavelle, the trader, who controlled the fur trade of thousands of Indians scattered over a territory wide enough for a kingdom.

Those were palmy days for him, and many others like him; men of easy conscience, not over scrupulous how they acquired their wealth. A few colored beads would cost the unsophisticated savage a buffalo robe or a fine beaver skin, while the coveted rifle and ammunition brought fabulous prices. Thus Lavelle had become a man of importance, not only in his own estimation and that of the simple people with whom he dwelt, but also in that of certain trading and banking houses in St. Louis, with which he was each year doing an increasing business. Ambitions and instincts, hitherto latent, now stirred into life within him. His domestic relations and the future of his children became a source of much uneasiness, and he pondered over them long and deeply. Had he always remained a humble trapper, it is doubtful if he would ever have awakened to the moral obliquity of his marital relations or the higher needs of his offspring. He had purchased his dusky spouse from her sire, paying the stipulated price—two ponies and a rifle—without demurring. The absence of all religious ceremony troubled him not at all at the time, but now it sat heavily upon his newly-awakened conscience. He was a kindly man, and his squaw was treated with a degree of consideration unknown to other Indian women. Moreover, he had never brought in a rival to embitter her life and dispute her claims. She herself was a comely specimen of her race, and, like all the women of her tribe, a faithful wife and devoted mother.

When the little family circle was widened by the birth of a daughter, the first disappointment of the parents was dispelled by the exceeding winsomeness of the wee stranger. By one of those strange freaks, sometimes met with in families of mixed blood, she bore no resemblance to her mother's race. The fair skin, soft hair, beautiful eyes and perfect features were purely Caucasian. A strange flower to bloom upon the breast of an Indian mother! And, in truth, there was a strong mixture of awe and amazement in the mother's love for her beautiful babe, something akin to that of the mother duck when she finds a swan among her downy brood. Not so, however, felt the father. All the deepest feelings of his nature were stirred by this little maid,

who seemed to belong to himself alone, and as she grew up and developed in grace and beauty his love for her became the dominant passion of his life.

She was now twelve years of age, and he was sorely perplexed over the problem of what to do with the child, who seemed as much out of harmony with her environment as a bird of paradise in an eagle's nest. The status of his other children was fixed, in all probability, by color and traits, on the soil that gave them birth; but for his cherished one he felt that a life such as theirs would be impossible. He was helpless to carry out alone the plans which were revolving in his brain, and he therefore determined to seek the aid and counsel of Père de Smet, who, he was confident, could find a way for him out of the difficulty.

But where was this itinerant Black Robe to be found? He passed from tribe to tribe, often accompanying them in their wanderings. When last heard from, he was with the Cheyennes on the Yellowstone River. Deadly enemies of the Sioux were they, and for Antoine to venture among them was to risk his life, and most certainly lose it if he were discovered. But the hardy frontiersman was accustomed to brave danger for its own sake, recking little of the consequences. He hesitated not an instant for that reason, trusting to his ready tact and experience to bring him safely through the perils of his journey.

His wife knew naught of the anxiety that preyed upon the mind of her lord. She could neither have understood it nor have sympathized with him had she been aware of it; besides, kind though he was, he would never have thought of discussing matters of weighty import with a *woman*. What could women know of such things?

All the information he vouchsafed to his family was the announcement that he was going on a long journey. Before sunrise next morning he was in the saddle, riding swiftly away to the north.

Life at Keha Paha went on in its accustomed grooves after the departure of Lavelle. It was one of those rare seasons when the tribe was at peace with its neighbors. The best hunters were away on the buffalo trail. The braves who remained behind to guard the encampment practised athletic games, running, leaping, horse racing and ball playing, in preparation for the great annual festival of the Sun Dance, which was near at hand. The old men, whom neither the wild excitement of the chase nor the emulation of sport could longer allure, fished or lolled in the shade of the cottonwoods on the river bank, and smoked or gambled. Striplings who were ambitious of becoming full-fledged warriors, but whose fortitude had never yet been tested by the Sun Dance, prepared themselves under the supervision of old warriors for the supreme trial by rigid austerities and painful, self-inflicted tortures. These stimulated their courage by praise or by ridicule of the least manifestation of weakness; but more often by thrilling tales of wonderful feats done by the heroes of the tribe, whose example the aspiring youths were desirous of emulating.

Not least among the incentives to the young candidates was the presence in the village of a few abject creatures, not women, yet clad in women's attire, and condemned to perform a woman's menial tasks. These were they whose courage had failed under the terrible ordeal, and such was their life-long punishment.

The women, patient, tireless drudges, did everything that savored of labor about the encampment. Nor did they murmur at their hard lot. Even a mother would have scorned the son who would demean himself

by offering to lighten the weary burden that bent her towards the earth.

The young girls, light-hearted and joyous, practised the maiden dance.

For the children, life was one long, uninterrupted holiday. School and work, those twin bugbears that fret the souls of the children of the pale-faces, troubled them not. No tasks were assigned to, no duties imposed upon, the fortunate (?) young savages. Supremely dirty, with cuticle all unvexed by the aggravations of soap and water, they grew up much as the wild animals that peopled the wilderness about them.

Not so, however, the little Winona.* Had she shared the characteristics of her squalid little playmates, this story would never have been written. In her fastidious neatness she formed a striking contrast to the other children of the tribe, while her native refinement and intelligence seemed an inheritance from some remote ancestor in sunny France. When war threw its dark shadow over the village, and her fierce uncle and his braves returned from a foray with the scalps of the slain hanging at their belts or borne aloft on poles, and dragging after them a train of captives, foredoomed to death by lingering torture, then, when the whole village turned out to welcome the victors and torment the prisoners, Winona's gentle heart was wrung with pity, and she wept for the sufferings that she could neither prevent nor alleviate.

CHAPTER II.

On leaving Keha Paha, Antoine Lavelle had struck out northwesterly across the plains. At sunset of the eighth day he reached the tributaries of the Yellowstone, and thenceforth he was in a hostile country. The better to avert suspicion he had divested himself of everything that might betray his tribal affiliations to the watchful eye of an enemy. He assumed the bearing and emblems of a neutral scout from the Red River tribes, bearing a message to the great missionary, in which ruse he was entirely successful. He questioned the straggling Indians whom he met, and they pointed him onward to the northwest. Stopping at a cluster of lodges on the Powder River, he heard with delight that the Black Robe was with the main body of the tribe at their summer encampment on the Yellowstone, at the mouth of the Tongue River. At sunset, the following day, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of the jagged buttes, with the groves of timber and the swift-flowing Yellowstone beyond, proclaiming him at his journey's end.

Crossing a shallow ford of the Tongue River, he entered a beautiful open grove of birches and maples, and alighting, tied his horse and went forward to reconnoiter.

He found himself on the verge of a large encampment of over a hundred tepees, and no more ideal spot for the purpose could be chosen than this, with its abundant shade and contiguous waters, filled with that most delicious of the finny tribe—Yellowstone trout. As it was the season of the buffalo hunt, few men were visible. Youths were strolling about or reclining in the shade. Maidens sat in the doorways of the lodges, plaiting willow baskets or embroidering moccasins with colored beads. Children, disporting themselves, eyed the intruder shyly. Women were preparing the evening meal, and the savory odors whetted the keen edge of the traveler's appetite, for he had eaten nothing since morning.

But he was too intent on his errand to permit even the near prospect of supper to divert him from its accomplishment. Looking keenly around, he perceived, half-concealed by the in-

* The eldest daughter in every Sioux family is called Winona.

tervening foliage, a man pacing to and fro, absorbed in the perusal of a book. It was he whom he sought, reading, as he walked, from a well-worn breviary.

Lavelle regarded him attentively, and as he saw him reciting his office as calmly amid his savage surroundings as though under a cathedral dome, he was dimly conscious of that sublime moral heroism which gave to this man the unbounded sway he held over the wild tribes of the Northwest.

The trader was an errant son of Mother Church, but in an instant all his slumbering instincts of veneration for her, typified by the man before him, were awakened. They filled his eyes with tears as the priest advanced to greet him. Good evening, Mon Père," he said in the French patois of the *voyageurs*.

"Good evening, my son," replied the Father. "It is pleasant to hear a civilized greeting in these wilds. Do you seek me?"

"Mon Père, I have come more than five hundred miles to see you," he answered.

"Indeed! It must be business of importance that has brought you so far. You are weary. Here is a comfortable place. Sit down, and you can tell me your errand while you rest," said the priest.

They seated themselves on the fallen trunk of a silver birch, and the trader, with much gesticulation, proceeded to relate the purport of his coming. The kindly face of his listener expressed the interest he felt. "I shall be happy to serve you," he replied, "but no haste is necessary. Let us have supper, and to-morrow, when you are rested, we will discuss this matter further. You will be my guest. I can offer you no other shelter than this leafy canopy, but a veteran frontiersman, I know, asks no better. My poor Indians would willingly make room for me in their lodges, but I prefer the clean sod beneath me and the blue sky or the trees above to the smoke and dirt of a tepee."

The two men moved down to the river, and soon a fine fish was broiling over a bed of live coals. A young girl shyly offered them a dozen roasting ears of corn, so they were able to make a meal that would have pleased a more epicurean palate than that of the abstemious host or his rude guest, and which, to their simple tastes, left nothing to be desired.

The lingering sunbeams at last departed. The afterglow of reddish-gold and pale amethyst faded slowly out of the western sky; the full moon rose and mounted majestically into the heavens, burnishing the waters of the river and the foliage of the trees with a touch of silver, and making weird shadows in the thickets. In all her round she looked down on no stranger scene than that she witnessed in this remote spot on this calm summer night.

The missionary was accustomed to assemble his wild flock for evening prayer and a short instruction. The young men and boys dragged in dry branches, and, heaping them up high, kindled a huge bonfire. The priest rang a bell to call those at a distance, and from near and far they responded to the summons. The old and the young, men, women and children, gliding into the circle of light, silently as shadows, and squatting on the ground, sitting on fallen logs, or leaning against the trunks of trees.

The glare of the fire light extinguished the wavering moonbeams, making intense darkness beyond, and threw into strong relief the striking figures of the priest and his savage auditors. The service was simple—a brief exposition of some important truth and a moral exhortation, all in their own language; a hymn and a prayer, in which they had learned to

join; then they were dismissed with a benediction. They departed as suddenly as they had gathered, the men in silence, the women chattering in their soft, low tones.

The priest and his companion poured water on the flickering flames to extinguish them, and then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they laid themselves down on the fragrant bosom of mother earth and slept soundly till the dawn.

The first level sunbeams were gilding the crest of the buttes when Lavelle arose, and found that his companion was already up and engaged in prayer. How powerful is the force of silent example! He, too, fell on his knees, long unaccustomed to such exercise, and the half-forgotten orisons of his childhood rose unbidden to his lips. Both rose at the same moment, and, after a cheerful greeting, went down to the river to bathe.

The camp was now waking lazily to life. Men and boys were soon deftly landing the nimble trout. Women were gathering fuel and bringing water to prepare the morning meal. Soon the appetizing odor of broiling fish and tender buffalo steaks was borne abroad on the breeze.

Ere the sun was an hour high the bell summoned all once more to divine worship. This was followed by the baptism of several adults and children, one young mother herself presenting her babe, not yet one day old, to receive the sacred rite.

The day was well advanced before the missionary could break his fast. He then signified his readiness to discuss the business that had brought his guest so far over a dangerous route. Thus encouraged, Lavelle told the simple story of his life; how the restless spirit of adventure had drawn him away from the dull routine of a quiet home in far-off Canada, farther and yet farther, till he found himself an adopted member of an Indian tribe; of his marriage, and of his children.

"And this is why I come to you, Mon Père, because of my children, especially my oldest girl. She is not like her brothers and sisters. They are good children, but they are half-breeds, almost Injuns. Now, there is no Injun at all about my Winona. She is white. Her hair is soft and fine and curly, not coarse and straight like theirs, and her eyes are big and soft as a young fawn's. When I look at her, Mon Père, I often think of the pictures of the angels in the big church of Notre Dame at Montreal. And her heart is not Injun, either. Why, Mon Père, I have seen her faint when a poor devil of a Cheyenne was burned at the stake last year, while all the other children were singing and dancing around the fire, thinking it fine sport."

The missionary listened attentively, and when the trader ceased he said, "Well, my son, all I perceive thus far is that you love your pretty daughter better than your other children. Beware of showing partiality, lest you sow the seeds of jealousy in the hearts of your other children, that may spring up later and destroy her."

"I see that," replied the other, "and it is for the good of all my children that I have come to you, Mon Père, to beg you to do something for my Winona, or Marie, as I love to call her. It is the name of the little sister I left in the old home," and he sighed at the recollections called up by the unfrequent name. "I want her to go to school in St. Louis or New Orleans. I want her to be a lady," he urged.

The priest shook his head. "That would be a great wrong instead of a benefit to her. If she is unfitted for life among her people now, what would be her condition among them as an educated woman?"

But the trader would not be dissuaded. "If you could but see her,

you would know that I am right. Come back with me, Mon Père, and teach us. The Sioux are a noble nation. They will welcome you, and I will make everything smooth for you with the chiefs and the people."

The proposal impressed the missionary favorably, and he pondered upon it for some time in silence. He had long thought of establishing a mission among the Sioux, and here an opportunity more favorable than he could have hoped for presented itself. He recognized the hand of an overruling Providence therein, and surrendered himself to its guidance. At last he spoke: "I have made but a beginning among this people. If I leave them now, all I have done will be lost utterly. I will come to you in the spring, or, if you prefer to wait fifteen days, I will accompany you. How does that plan suit you?"

Lavelle was overjoyed. He would have waited a month, if necessary, to achieve his object.

That was a busy fortnight for Père de Smet, holding divine service, instructing and baptizing the neophytes, consoling and admonishing his rude flock, who were heartbroken at his departure, and were only comforted by his promise to return at an early date.

At the appointed time the strangely assorted companions set out for the "land of the Dakotahs." In the exuberance of his gratitude the trader insisted on the priest riding his own blooded mare that he had imported from St. Louis, while he bestrode the hardy but unlovely animal that had carried his master on many a journey over mountain and plain.

While yet a large part of their journey lay before them they encountered the dreaded hot winds, and thereafter were forced to travel by night, seeking what shelter the country afforded during the day. As they approached the village in the dusk of the evening on which our story opens, they perceived no signs of life. A stillness as of the grave brooded over the usually cheerful community. The very dogs were silent. What could it signify? A vague fear took possession of the trader's breast, and he urged his jaded beast to a faster pace, in haste to reach his own dwelling at the further side of the encampment. Just at this moment a figure rose up, almost from under the very feet of the horses.

"How, White Eagle; what is the matter?" he questioned.

"Bad medicine—hot wind—people sick — many died. Your pappoose die too," answered the Indian.

"Which one?" asked the father, a sickening fear at his heart.

"Baby pappoose—two suns ago," returned White Eagle.

With a pang of sorrow for the babe he would see no more, yet with a thrill of joy that his darling had been spared, the trader threw himself from his horse and ran towards his home, the missionary following closely behind him.

In his own dwelling he found his wife with hair disheveled and face painted in mourning for her youngest born, yet endeavoring to care for the eldest, the cherished Winona, whose life was fast ebbing away. Her father leaned over her in an agony of grief, calling on her by endearing names to speak to him. She opened her eyes, smiled, and feebly extended her arms to clasp his neck.

He beckoned the priest to approach. "Quick, Mon Père, quick; she must be baptized," he said.

No time was lost. Glancing around the rudely furnished apartment, the missionary saw a gourd half-filled with water. Snatching it up, he bent over the child supported in her father's arms, and administered the holy rite, conferring on her at his request, the name of Marie. Then she was laid gently back on the couch,

and the father sat down to watch by her bedside, directing his wife to provide for the comfort of their guest.

Soon the child ceased to moan and toss about; the hot hands and fevered brow became cooler, and she dropped into a quiet sleep. Hour after hour he sat listening to the soft, regular breathing; then tired nature claimed her own. His head drooped forward on his breast, and he slumbered heavily. He was found thus in the early morning when the priest entered to inquire concerning the little invalid. She still slept, and to her father's anxious inquiry the priest responded cheerfully, "Have no fears; she will live."

On a hastily improvised altar the Holy Sacrifice was offered up for the first time in all that vast region. Before its conclusion a few Indians dropped in, and the priest seized the opportunity to make a brief address, which was interpreted by Lavelle. They then dispersed, to spread over the village the news of the arrival of the Black Robe.

A still, sultry atmosphere had succeeded the hot winds of the night. The drooping people began to revive, and to look hopefully towards the western sky, where dark storm clouds were mustering. These spread rapidly, and soon enveloped the whole firmament. Then the tempest broke. The vivid flashes of lightning, leaping from the bosom of the black clouds, and the deafening crash of thunderbolts, were followed by the patter of great raindrops that were speedily merged in a great downpouring cataract of rain, blessed rain.

The people shouted for joy, and with glad, upturned faces and outspread hands, welcomed the life-giving waters, nor heeded they the thunder's peal or the lightning's glare. In their simplicity they ascribed their deliverance to the newly-arrived Black Robe, but with ready tact he disclaimed all honor for himself, and told them of the great All Father who hears the cry of His children and provides for their wants.

The only soul who did not rejoice in the re-quickened world around him was the baffled chief medicine man. *His* prestige was forever gone. He would far rather himself and the whole tribe had perished than live to see his magic arts discredited and himself shorn of all his importance. In sullen rage he left the village and returned no more; but years afterwards he was heard of among the Nez Perces, a tribe of the Pacific coast, among whom he had been adopted, and where he once more enjoyed the honors and emoluments he had formerly possessed at home.

CHAPTER III.

Marie's recovery was rapid, and as she moved in returning health and strength the missionary was forced to admit that the trader had not exaggerated the gifts and graces of his child, and he was convinced that she ought not to be given over to a life of barbarism. It was settled, therefore, that she should accompany him on his next trip to St. Louis in the late autumn. When Marie was told of the plans for her future, she was filled with alarm. Why should she be sent away from home, from her father and mother, her brothers and sisters? Her father explained to her that she was going away to learn many things; especially she was to learn to be a lady; but she only looked at him with big, uncomprehending eyes and wept.

As time went by she became accustomed to the idea of separation. She was to ride upon the steamboat, that mystery that had puzzled her ever since she could remember, rushing around the bend of the river, belching fire and smoke, and uttering shrieks which startled even the wild beasts;

then plunging onward, to be swallowed up by the wilderness, only to reappear in the same way after a long absence. Whence did it come? Where did it go? Why did it scream so horribly? Her father had told her that it came from a big city, full of people and houses; but these were only words to Marie. Her imagination could not reach beyond her own horizon and her own experiences, and these included only illimitable plains, the great river, the wild people and scarcely wilder animals among whom she dwelt. Now she was to go to the very end of the big river, and see the wonders she had heard of.

With a heavy heart the poor Indian mother acquiesced in these arrangements. Nevertheless, with the stoicism of her race, she suppressed her sorrow, and made what preparations she could for her daughter's departure. But even here she found her simple arts discredited, her husband being determined that his daughter should not make her appearance at the school handicapped by Indian attire. The pretty moccasins, embroidered with beads and colored porcupine quills, were not to be worn by her. Instead, her slender feet were encased in stiff, coarse black shoes. The mother's *chef d'œuvre*, a soft, deerskin gown, elaborately ornamented, was vetoed for a very monstrosity in green silk, ample enough for a robust girl of fifteen; but the crowning atrocity of the costume was achieved in the hat, a huge affair in straw, decked with red flowers and blue ribbons. Add to this a pair of yellow cotton gloves, in which her small hands were buried, and you will have a very fair picture of the little girl who was all in readiness for a journey of momentous consequences to her on a bright afternoon of middle November.

This extraordinary costume was the joint achievement of the steamboat captain and a seamstress of the city. The trader had given him *carte blanche* to provide his daughter with a suitable wardrobe. Arrived in the metropolis, he went to a seamstress of his acquaintance, and delivered his commission in this wise: "I say, Miss Draper, I've got an order for you. A squaw man up the river beyond Council Bluffs has a girl that he wants to send down here to school, and he wants an outfit for her. He's the trader up to Keha Paha. He wants everything fine, and 'll pay whatever you've a mind to ask. Money's no object to him."

"How old is she?" inquired Miss Draper.

"Blest if I know," responded the captain, looking perplexed. "He never told me, and I clean forgot to ask him."

"How large is she?"

"Can't tell you that, neither," he answered.

"I don't see what I can do without anything to guide me," said the woman. "Can't you wait till the next trip?"

"No, she's coming down the next trip. I'll tell you," he said, brightening with the inspiration of a new idea. "You just get a likely girl about fourteen years old and fit the duds onto her. It'll be all right, I reckon. And, I say," was his parting injunction, "sling on plenty of color. Something dazzlin' enough to make your eyes ache 'll just about suit them to a 'T.' Injuns don't know nothin' about style."

Poor little Marie! A less pretty child would have been hideous in the costume evolved for her in Miss Draper's sanctum; but her flower-like face and graceful figure only looked quaint and picturesque in it. She had been weeping all day at the near prospect of parting from all she loved, and when Père de Smet came to escort her to the boat he smiled indul-

gently at her swollen, tear-stained face and grotesque costume. Her mother fastened around her neck a robe of mink skins, trimmed with sables, that a princess might not have disdained to wear. She was half fearful that her child might not be permitted to wear even this splendid garment, lest it should betray her Indian origin, but when she saw that it met the instant approval of her husband she was reassured and comforted. She took her daughter in her arms and wept over her, repeating over and over again her Indian name, "Winona! Winona!"

Anxious to end the trying scene, her father took her hand and led her to the steamer, accompanied by the missionary, and followed by almost the entire village. In a passion of wordless grief he pressed her to his heart and jumped ashore as the boat moved off, while Marie, her hand clasped tight in that of her protector, tearfully watched the receding village till a bend of the river shut out the familiar scene for many a year to come.

After an uneventful trip, they arrived in St. Louis, and went directly to the Convent of the *Sacre Cœuer*. The door was opened by a white-capped novice, and they were ushered into the presence of a handsome, gracious woman, with a low, sweet voice, whom Marie at once knew to be a lady, such as her father wished her to be.

"What have you brought me, Mon Père?" she inquired, after greeting her guest. "A wild blossom from the wilderness?"

"Madame, this is my god-child, Marie Lavelle. She will be your pupil for some years, and I hope to see her become a good Christian, as well as an accomplished woman, under your instruction," he answered.

"Ah, Mon Père, that does not always follow," she replied. "We sow the seed and water the soil, but it is God gives the increase."

"Then I have no fears for the result, for if ever a child was providentially sent to you I believe that child is Marie. She has rare gifts, and I know the quality of education this institution confers. Procure everything necessary for her, and draw on the Planters' Bank for the requisite funds." He then took leave, bidding Marie be a good child and obey the Mother Superior in everything.

The latter was strangely attracted to the forlorn little creature so unceremoniously thrown upon her care. She drew her to her side, and spoke to her so soothingly that Marie, though understanding nothing of the kindly speech, forgot her fears, and went trustingly to a distant part of the building, where she was given in charge to a stout, rosy-faced lay sister, whose duty it was to prepare her for the new phase of life upon which she was entering. With a well-grounded faith in the civilizing virtues of soap and water, Sister Frances administered a bath, following it up with an entire change of clothing. The kind-hearted nun conceived a strong liking for the pretty child, who was allowed to follow her about the house at will. Her simple mind could not grasp all at once the complexities of civilized life, and she was wisely permitted to become familiar with its rudimentary principles before systematic instruction began.

It was a weary task, even with so promising a subject as our heroine, but the unfailing patience of the teachers, aided by the earnest efforts of the pupil, triumphed, and ere three years had elapsed the keenest eye could not have detected in the graceful young girl any trace of the *gaucherie* of the savage. She was proficient in all her studies, but particularly excelled in music, and her voice,

a pure soprano, had been carefully cultivated.

Père de Smet was gratified beyond measure to find that his anticipations were more than realized. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he often remarked, as he listened to the enchanting melody of her voice as she sang the glorious anthems of Mass or Vespers in the convent chapel. "What a transformation!"

Her life had passed thus in busy, happy seclusion till her twentieth year, and she was still as ignorant of the great world as when, a little child, she had rambled among her native wilds. Even of the life of the great city that daily surged around the convent walls she had seen little. Her vacations were spent with the nuns at their summer home, a beautiful spot, some miles from the city, where the hours glided all too swiftly.

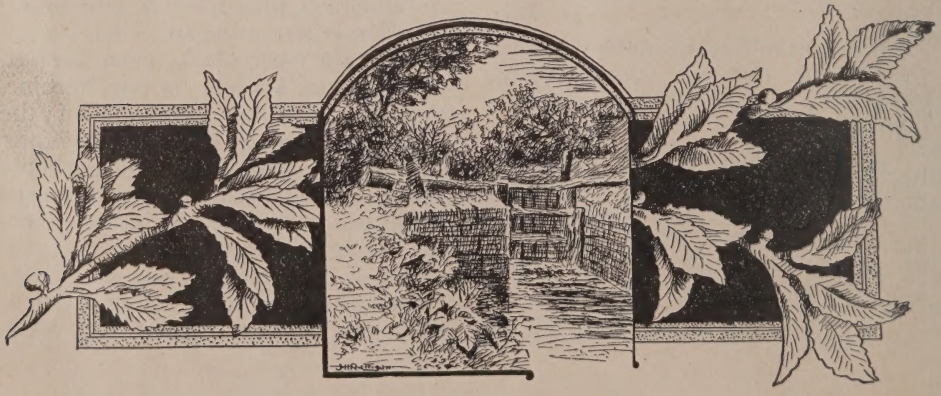
Marie's skill in riding, rowing and archery were the admiration and despair of her companions in this retreat, and much they marveled how she had acquired such dexterity in those accomplishments; but she laughed at their curiosity, and enlightened them no further than to say that her father had taught her, and it seeemd to her as if she had known them always.

On his next visit, the reverend mother held a long and earnest consultation with Père de Smet. Marie's studies were completed. A restlessness, almost amounting to discontent, was noticeable in her manner, and the discerning mother rightly guessed that she was growing weary of the restraints of her narrow life, and was secretly longing for a change. She imparted her observations to the missionary, and the good man was sorely perplexed thereat. He paced the floor in deep thought, while the reverend mother beat a tattoo on the carpet with her small foot. Return to her kindred was not to be thought of. To earn a livelihood was not necessary for her. The Mother suggested, with some hesitation, that she might win distinction on the concert or operatic stage, but the idea was dismissed as being too full of peril.

At last, the priest, appalled by the problem requiring solution at his hands, suddenly shifted the responsibility upon the broad shoulders of Providence. "Keep her here a little longer. Make her stay as agreeable as possible. God will open a way for her," he said. "He may give her the grace of a vocation. Indeed, I have always hoped for it."

But, far above the ken of these tried and true friends, Fate, the mystic weaver, was silently working out the problem of Marie's future.

(To be continued.)



PREPARING THE QUARTERS.
LANDING ON SEAVEY'S ISLAND.

THE ST. LOUIS.
PART OF THE BARRACKS.

THE PRISONERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

On July 10th the ships St. Louis and Harvard, having on board the Spanish prisoners taken by Admiral Sampson near Santiago, anchored in the upper harbor, Portsmouth, N. H.

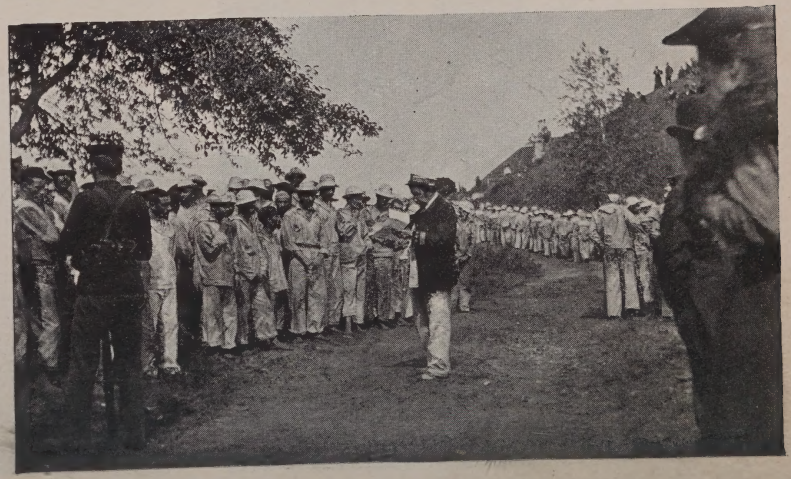
Across the channel from the fort, hugging the Maine shore, is Seaveys Island, where the prison camp was built. It is a high and dry place, one hundred acres in extent, with rocky, seaweed covered shores rising boldly from the rushing tide of the Piscataqua. It is entirely in the State of Maine. Its upper end is close to the Kittery navy yard, and is connected with the main land by an iron bridge. At this end is a large marine hospital, three stories high and of brick, where the wounded among the captives will get the best of treatment.

At the lower end of the island is the site of the camp. It is high, and there is a good outlook to the south, across the river, toward Portsmouth, the old fort, and down the harbor a big summer hotel filling the edge of the view.

The curving shore of the island is formed in a sort of rough beach in front of the camp.

A Halt on the Hillside.

Getting in Line.

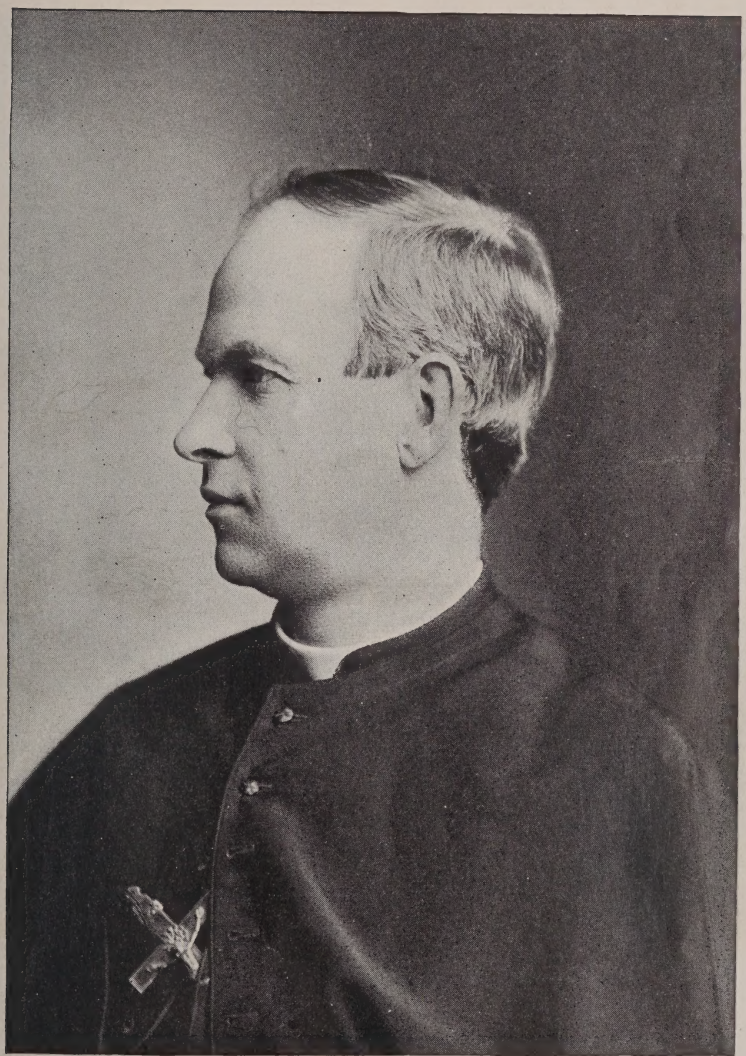


The Old Greeley Cottage.

Captain Moreau, of the Christobal Colon, calling the Roll.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.



VERY REV. J[illegible] A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

Very Reverend John A. Zahm, provincial of the congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States, has tendered to President McKinley the services of all the priests of his order as chaplains for the war.

During the rebellion Notre Dame sent to the front more members than any other community of its kind in the country. From this order have been chosen a number of veterans sufficient to make an army post of goodly size, and many of the students of the University went into the ranks of the volunteers.

Father Zahm has made arrangements whereby many of his priests will be able to leave as soon as called upon, and if this number is too small, others will relinquish their present labors to take up the duties of chaplain.

That a Catholic priest should be invited to deliver an address on Christian marriage before the Divinity school of Colgate university is remarkable even in these liberal days. The lecturer was the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., and he handled his important theme in a masterly manner.

Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.

Father Campbell, drawing his moral from the present conflict with another nation, said: "With a people of 70,000,000, united as we are, there ought to be no fear of a foreign aggressor. The danger is within, in ourselves, and to be taken into account as a very great factor of national peril. Against that foe, taught by the light of experience, there is only one defense,

only one safeguard—the Church of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God; the Church which teaches restraint of the passions, which fearlessly denounces all infractions of morality, and prevents them so far as is possible, by the purity with which it in-

Rev Denis O'Callaghan, D.D.

vests man, and particularly woman; and which is ready at any cost to defend the honor and inviolability of the marriage tie and the sanctity of the Christian home. it is the corruption of life which strikes at a nation's heart, and that can be averted by Christianity alone. If she purifies, she saves; and such has been her aim, and such has been her glorious achievement."

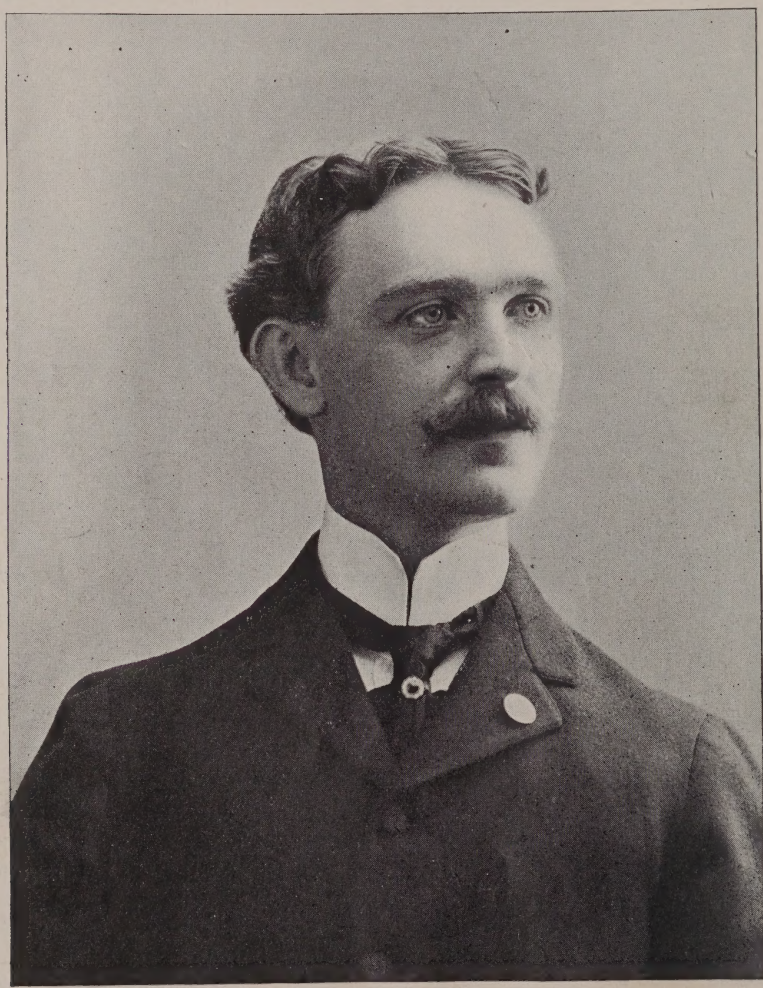
Two high honors have been bestowed upon Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, the beloved pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston. Mayor Quincy chose Father O'Callaghan to be Boston's Fourth of July orator, a fine tribute to the well-known divine. But more important and more lasting was the honor conferred upon him at the golden jubilee of St. Charles College, Baltimore, Md., when the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Father O'Callaghan. Father O'Callaghan was ordained at this seminary more than thirty years ago, and

has always had a deep and lasting affection for his alma mater.

The announcement of the degree by Cardinal Gibbons came somewhat as a surprise, but to none so much as to Rev. Father O'Callaghan, whose well-known fluency and eloquence of speech was almost taken away.

In receiving the certificate from the hands of the Cardinal, Father O'Callaghan said: "I cannot tell you how much I am surprised. I have been a simple, hard-working priest for the last thirty-three years in the city of Boston. As for honors, I never sought them, and I never wanted them; yet, I must say, I am deeply touched by this renewed confidence of my alma mater's kindness, for this honor comes to me, as it were, from a mother."

A few weeks ago the parishioners of St. Augustine's Church celebrated the thirty years' pastorate of Father O'Callaghan. For two nights there was a celebration such as has never been equaled in Boston. On the first evening the leading men of various walks of life in this city made addresses, and his honor Mayor Quincy not only congratulated the pastor, but also the church and parish in having him as pastor.



James J. Killilea.

James J. Killilea is one of the bright

young Irish Catholic boys of New England who is doing eminent service for his country. At present he is superintendent of construction for lighthouse district No. 2, which includes the Massachusetts coast; but he has tendered himself to Secretary Long, and it is quite probable that the head of the navy department will avail himself of Mr. Killilea's technical knowledge.

Since the organization of the mosquito fleet, Mr. Killilea has been engaged in inspecting vessels, and has examined and reported to Commanders Colby and Nelson the conditions of the various vessels contemplated for this branch of the naval service.

He was born in East Boston in 1869, and received his preliminary education in the public schools of that district. He graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In 1897 he was made constructor of the Mangrove, and was stationed in the Crescent shipyard, Eilzabethport, N. J., and at

MME. NEVADA.

the same time he acted as government inspector of steel forgings at the different mills of the Carnegie company.

He received his present assignment as superintendent of construction of the second lighthouse district this year. Mr. Killilea is naturally proud of the little Mangrove's record in the war. He knows every beam and plate in her, and declares that she is by far the best boat in the lighthouse service.

Mignon, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, better known as Mme. Nevada, has just received her first Holy communion at the Church of the Passionist Fathers, in London. Many of the leading representatives of the literary and artistic world of Paris were present. The music was particularly beautiful, as became the young girl's antecedents. Like her mother, Mignon has a bird-like voice, and Mme. Marchesi has promised to cultivate it, though, it is said Nevada is averse to her only daughter going upon the lyric stage.

The two Nevadas, mother and daughter,

Dr. Agnes G. Kelley.

are an interesting pair, and their adhesion to the True Faith shows how the spark of an ancient belief may be revived in the present generation. Mme. Nevada is the daughter of Dr. Wixom, the famous free-thinker of California.

Dr. Agnes G. Kelley has the distinction of being the first young lady to secure a degree from a Dental College in Boston and is the only woman dentist in practice in the New England metropolis.

Dr. Kelley was born in Brookline and after attending the grammar and high schools of the town entered the Boston Dental College, in '95, graduating with honors in June, 1898. In addition to the prescribed college course she has had the advantage of three years practical office experience as assistant to her brother, Dr. Philip P. Kelley of Roxbury, Mass., and some time before finishing her college course successfully passed the examination of the State Board of Registration in Dentistry permitting her to practice in the State.

Dr. Kelley will for the present practice with her brother in Boston, but intends later to open an office of her own.

She is a young lady of charming manners and pleasing personality and rejoices in the possession of a wide circle of friends.

O, SING, MOTHER, SING!

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

O, sing, mother, sing, till you hush me to sleep,
Sing, as when singing me long, long ago,
Of the drowsy lambkins, and little Bo Peep,
Till I into slumber grow;
O, sing, mother, sing me to sleep.

Yes, that is the song of little Bo Peep,
Little Bo Peep of whom all children know;
O, sing it again, till I dreamily sleep,
Sing it, and sing it slow—
For I long for a child's sound sleep.

All my manhood's past years I would gladly forego,
For the innocent ones, when you sang me to sleep;
But, the same soft delight I never can know,
As when singing me little Bo Peep,
You sang me, dear mother, to sleep.

OUR LADY'S INTERVENTION.

BY M. J. McGUIRE.

"What about that excursion, mamma?" asked Clara Fitzroy one August evening. "If we intend to go to Belfast on the 15th we have only four days to get ready."

"I haven't the slightest objection, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "but perhaps your father may have. You must get his consent."

The Fitzroy home was a suburban residence with no trace of unnecessary expenditure, but lacking nothing essential to the home of comfort and refinement. The house and lawn, with its pretty flower beds here and there, were protected from intrusion by the neat railing, with a small gate hospitably open to the tiled walk leading up to the main entrance.

The family in this model home was small, consisting of four members, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy and their two children, Francis, a slender youth, and his sister Clara, a sweet-faced, bright-eyed girl of nineteen years. The love and confidence existing between these two were truly fraternal, and they were not only brother and sister, but also tried and true friends.

There was, however, one drawback to the perfect happiness of this little family. They were not all of the same faith. Mr. Fitzroy was a liberal-minded Presbyterian, who thought that one church was as good as another, and held that matters of faith should be left to individual option. This freedom he allowed to his wife and children, who were fervent Catholics. Their constant prayer was that he, too, might worship God with them before the altar. To bring this end about Clara had secretly and securely fastened in the lining of his vest a badge of the Sacred Heart and an Immaculate Conception medal.

On the August evening when Clara spoke of the excursion, an appetizing dinner awaited her father on his return from his office, and it was noticeable that the young daughter of the home was even more than usually attentive in promptly supplying all her father's needs at table. Nothing seemed good enough for him, and she selected the choicest of everything to place before him. Dinner over, she brought him his box of cigars, and provided him with his evening paper. It is wonderful how attentive we become towards any one of whom we expect a favor. Clara was no exception. When she thought she had her father in a happy, generous mood, she lingered beside him, one hand on his shoulder, the other helping him to hold the paper. At the same time she glanced up and down the columns, and, after turning over a page or two, her eye rested on an advertisement in bold type, setting forth the great advantages and enjoyment to be gained by attending the excursion.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Clara, with undisguised eagerness, "what a beautiful excursion that will be." Then added, with a roguish twinkle in her eye: "Oh, how I should like, papa dear, to make one of that party! Don't you remember that on your last birthday, when I gave you a little present, you promised me something on my next birthday? Now, if you allow me to name my present, it will be—guess!"

"I don't know—what is it?" said her father.

"Well, it is that you will allow mother, Frank and myself to go on the excursion to Belfast, which takes place exactly on my birthday."

Mr. Fitzroy thought awhile, and

then, gently tapping the girl's pink cheek with the paper he held in his hand, replied: "Well, if your mother and Frank wish to go, all right, you may go, and I hope you'll enjoy it."

"I would ask you to come, papa," said Clara, "but I know you could not leave your office."

She ran off immediately to inform her mother and brother of the good news. And then she and Frank had a long private chat with reference to the longed-for excursion.

There was another who had intended to go, and in whom Clara was not a little interested. This was young Harry Naylor, a Presbyterian, and the son of a Presbyterian minister. He and Miss Fitzroy had been intimate friends for more than a year. They had met by accident one evening in the town park, where they were introduced by a friend, and since then they had met quite often, by accident and otherwise, and had grown to like each other.

On a certain pleasant evening, as they were walking through the park, and talking of airy nothings, partly to while away the hours, and partly to conceal mutual embarrassment, Harry's face suddenly grew serious. It was clear that there was preying upon his mind something which he found difficulty to clothe in words. The girl's honest eyes seemed to help him, and he spoke, with a tinge of shyness not unbecoming to one in his position: "Miss Fitzroy, will you let me tell you of the wish which has taken possession of me ever since I met you in this park on that bright afternoon?"

Clara looked away, a deep blush crimsoning her face as the words, "Will you be my wife?" were spoken. Love for him had sprung up in her ardent young heart, but there was between them that difference of creed which her Catholic instincts told her was a bridge not easily crossed. Very gently she told him of her doubts and fears, and pleaded for time for reflection, a plea that he reluctantly granted. And so they parted.

The day of the excursion came at last, the sun shining in a cloudless sky. It was one of those days when the mere sensation of living is a joy. The Fitzroy party decided to walk to the depot, a quarter of a mile from their home, and on their way accidentally encountered young Mr. Naylor, also wending his way to the train. It is needless to say that he was pleased at the meeting, and readily accepted Mrs. Fitzroy's invitation to join them.

As they proceeded on their way they passed St. Patrick's Cathedral, its silver-tongued bell ringing out the summons to early Mass, and starting in Clara's mind a train of thought. "This is the 15th of August—the great feast of Our Lady's Assumption, and my own birthday. Shall I, a Catholic, lose Mass today for the sake of an excursion? Yet I think I can do both. It is yet only a quarter after seven o'clock."

She was naturally loath to propose this to her companions, especially in the presence of her Presbyterian friend. At last, with a supreme effort, overcoming all human respect, she proposed that they should go into the church and hear Mass. Of course, she met with objections. Her mother said it was better to make sure of the train, and that they could hear a late Mass in Belfast; her brother Frank said that was the best course to follow, adding that they should miss the train on account of his sister's piety. She met their objections by showing her watch, and telling them that they had fully three quarters of an hour yet, and that Mass would take only one-half an hour. Finally, all consented. Harry Naylor entered with them, and waited until Mass was over. After Mass they hurried out,

and reached the depot in a few minutes. There everything was in a state of wild excitement; the train was whistling, the excursion band playing, people hurrying to and fro, some buying tickets, others scrambling for room in the cars; some in the cars, some outside, and some neither inside nor outside, but leaning half-way through the windows, shouting and beckoning to some one in the crowd.

The large depot clock tolled out the scheduled hour; the last bell rang; the conductor blew his final whistle, and shouted his last "All aboard." Every car in the long train was crowded. The passengers began to feel uncomfortable already, being so crowded, and the day so warm.

Several had tried in vain to procure seats, among them our little excursion party. A change had come over them; in their faces one could see pictured disappointment and regret. They looked at one another in silence, and then at the culprit, Clara, who felt anything but comfortable. She tried to console her companions by telling them that they could go on another occasion; that they were not alone in their disappointment; that the train was overcrowded, etc. She tried to banish their gloom with a hearty laugh, adding that "it might be all for the best," and that "all's well that ends well."

In her own heart Clara was better pleased to have missed the train than to have been absent from Mass on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption.

As the excursion train steamed out of the depot amidst a din of cheers, music and merry laughter, our disappointed party turned homeward. Clara proposed that they should spend their holiday at home, and Harry Naylor was invited to share in their hospitality.

When they reached home Mr. Fitzroy had gone to his office. They tried to forget their disappointment, and to look as happy as they could. The two young men betook themselves to the library, Mrs. Fitzroy went to put away her holiday attire, and Miss Fitzroy tried to add to the comfort and happiness of all. She sent the servant to the depot for their excursion basket, and with its contents prepared a delicious lunch for the would-be excursionists. They were soon happily enjoying themselves in the dining room, where we shall leave them for the present.

The excursion train glided along gaily, decked with its holiday bunting. It swept northward through the beautiful and varied scenery of old Armagh, leaving on its right and left venerable piles and sanctified ruins, and places hallowed by the sainted Apostle of Ireland. The excursionists, too, were in the gayest and happiest of moods. They had cast aside all other cares, and were bent solely on a good day's pleasure. How few in that crowd, beaming with life and spirits, thought of death. And yet its shadow was upon them. The railway authorities did not expect such a large contingent. They furnished an ordinary train, with a very ordinary engine, and at the moment of starting it was too late to make any alterations in their plans. On the road between Portadown and Lurgan there is a rather steep grade. Ordinarily a train has no difficulty in crossing it; but now, with a poor engine and a long, heavily-laden train, the conductor and engineer saw that they were climbing it with difficulty. They held a consultation, the result of which was that they should go on with one half of the train until they crossed the grade, and then return for the other half. Accordingly, they left the last part in the middle of the road, with the brakes firmly pressed on and large boulders of rocks packed behind the wheels. When the first part of the train began to move it naturally shook the rails, and the motion was conveyed down the line to the station-

ary part. The brakes and boulders began to tremble, then to move, and finally gave way altogether. The detached portion of the train moved backward, slowly at first, but as it went down the grade it gained rapidly in speed, and dashed headlong over the road for about three miles, until it met an on-coming train. One train charged into the other. Engine and cars were shattered. Long stretches of the road were torn up, and iron rails were twisted like threads of wire. The air was filled with smoke and dust and the cries of the wounded and dying.

The appalling news was at once wired to Armagh, causing wild excitement. Fathers and mothers, friends and relatives, abandoned their homes and ran in headlong haste to the depot, and thence to the scene of the wreck.

Mr. Fitzroy was stunned by the heartrending intelligence. What a shock to the heart of that father, who saw in a horrible vision the mangled remains of his loved ones! Bewildered, as if running away from a dream which he vainly endeavored to shut out, he staggered from his office, moaning as he went: "My God! my wife, my children, killed, killed!" His first impulse was to rush to the depot and board the rescue train, but he was told that it had left already. He then turned his steps homeward to await the coming of further news. On reaching his door he heard the sound of voices and merry laughter. He rushed in, and flung open the wide doors of the dining hall. There sat wife and children—all whom his fancy had looked upon as dead.

With one great cry he fell heavily to the floor. His terrified family, ignorant of what had happened, ran to his aid, and raising him from the floor placed him in a chair. After a short time, and with the aid of a stimulant, he began to breathe heavily, his lips parted. "Where am I?" he feebly uttered; "what is the matter? Where are my wife, my son and my daughter? My God! dead! dead!"

Consciousness returning, he recognized them all, and then followed mutual explanations of the morning's disappointment at the depot, and the news of the disastrous wreck. They embraced one another, and instinctively fell on their knees to thank Heaven for such a miraculous escape. Truly, their disappointment "was all for the best." Their delay to hear Mass had saved them.

* * * * * *

On the 15th of August, just one year later, a happy commemoration of the eventful day took place. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, where they had heard Mass on the morning of the fatal excursion, a double ceremony took place—the baptism of Gerald Fitzroy and Harry Naylor, and the marriage of the latter to his fair young bride, Clara Fitzroy.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

BY LOUIS DODGE.

It needed only a casual glance to tell that they were brother and sister. They bore a "family resemblance" to one another, which means that the likeness could hardly have been located or defined. Her face may have been a little too firm in its expression for a young woman's; too plainly stamped with the responsibility and the necessity of foreseeing and anticipating hardship. Yet an estimable and even admirable face. Her hair was drawn back at a time when it was very common for hair to fall forward; and her white, delicate forehead, thus lacking adornment, might have been accepted as an index to her life. Her large blue eyes were a little too solemn in their expression, especially at the moment when she enters this sketch. Her elbow rested on the arm of a great crimson plush seat in a railway passenger car, and her hand, with the thumb extended, supported her face.

The young man shared the more than pensive mood of his sister, though he sat stiffly erect in the cushioned seat and refused to partake of the comfort which it afforded. His countenance might have been thought too mobile and weak for that of a man; his was clearly a disposition to yield in trivial matters, rather than that an impatient word should be spoken, and to forgo his rights rather than contend for them.

They sat rather close together, with their valises tucked in at their feet, thus occupying but one seat. Their conduct was that of grateful visitors in their quiet corner rather than that of dissatisfied possessors of the entire compartment — a peculiarity sometimes noticeable in those who travel but little. There were none of the "trappings of woe" in their attire; and yet they were going home to a funeral.

"How did the message read, Luke?" inquired the girl for the second time.

The young man drew an ominous-looking slip of yellow paper from his pocket and read: "Father is dead. Come." It was signed by one of their parents' old neighbors.

"I cannot realize it," said the girl. "He has never been sick. I have always thought of him as living beyond either of us. And the first word to reach us was—this."

"There may have been an earlier message," replied her brother. "You know the telegraph line goes no further than Goliad, and they had to communicate with us at Uplands by telephone. They don't keep the telephone office over there open on Sunday, and it was only by chance that the manager himself heard the bell ringing when the message came."

"The manager?" said the girl; "Tillson? Oh, dear! how nearly we came to not getting the message at all! You know how hard of hearing he is, and how ill-natured. And as it is Sunday, too, it is a wonder that he paid any attention at all."

"And so his death may not have been so sudden," she continued, with a slightly cheerful quality in her voice. She had had vague fears of something tragic. "I am afraid of the consequences for mother if it should have been sudden. She hasn't been well all winter; and only think what the shock would be to her!"

"I have thought, Jane; and I have been reproaching myself over and over again for permitting you to leave her. I might have taken care of myself somehow, and she has needed you and missed you."

"I don't think you should look at it in that way. You know mother has desired nothing so much as your success. And how could you have gotten along in a new place, and built up a practice, without some assistance? A doctor's life is quite unlike any other. All the details of domestic life must be shaped to suit his convenience. He cannot possibly conform to them. What could you have done in a boarding house? And then, you know how unsociable your studies have made you. I think you have needed me in more ways than one."

"Oh, yes, I have needed you; and I believe it has been almost your success, and not mine, at Uplands. I cannot forget that. But I ought not to have permitted mother to make so many sacrifices for me. What good can there be in my success, now that she is growing old, if her joys must be sacrificed to it? I would better be a laborer, coming home to her every night, and devoting my earnings to her. She has been growing old while I have been preparing for my life-work. And sometimes I am afraid she will slip from us before I can repay her for her years of sacrifice and labor."

"But don't you realize it? It is all changed now. We shall take her back with us to Uplands, and hereafter she shall be in our lives daily. There is nothing but happiness ahead of us. She is only sixty. She may be with us twenty years yet."

Quite unconsciously they had permitted a degree of cheerfulness to enter their faces and conversation; but it was hastily dropped now, as though it were unseemly.

While the train trembled and bounded along toward Merryman, now only fifteen or twenty miles distant, both relapsed into rather moody reflections. And their thoughts were such that they would never have communicated them to each other.

They were recalling their father and going over his life year by year as far back as they could remember it. Alas! he had not been a good father to them. And what was a graver wrong in their eyes, he had not been a good husband to their mother. They remembered him as they had seen him last: strikingly handsome, light-hearted, frivolous, selfish. Going back to their babyhood they could not remember anything affectionate or gentle in his manner either to them or to their mother. They had all been his slaves. It had been his practice to find employment for his children and collect their wages; he had always insisted upon his clothing being immaculate, and had seemed to feel no shame that his family had nothing beyond their physical needs. The wife had loved him; the children had not. Year after year they had suffered from the sense of privation in their lives. As children they had thought that it was only material privations from which they suffered—a lack of playthings, of leisure, of clothing, of advantages. But as they became older they realized that their poverty was greater and more lasting, more blighting in its influence than they had thought it to be; they were wanting a father's friendship and sympathy; they lacked the reverence and affection for him which should have enriched their lives.

But their mother! How she had struggled through the years that her duties as a wife should not conflict with her duties as a mother! How she had foregone the bread of life, frequently, that her children might have a little of its wine! She was a slight, frail creature, but she had never ceased to strive through thirty years

of married life against a harrowing, unjust and miserable condition.

When the son was twenty-one she had persuaded him to leave home and endeavor to win his way in life. The youth, fortified by a fair knowledge of a trade, had gone, and after a period of six years had won a doctor's diploma. And when he had found a promising location his sister joined him, at the mother's request, in order to "look after him," and also that the girl's life might be a little brighter.

And now they were going home to attend their father's funeral.

The train whistled once and again: the signal for a stop.

"We are here," said the young man, reaching for the valises.

It was ten o'clock at night—a late hour for Merryman; but as the train stopped at the station the two passengers who were to alight could see that a crowd stood about on the platform. The townspeople were kind about alleviating distress when they could, but they could not forego the privilege of being witnesses to the distress.

Luke felt and resented this as he alighted from the train, and his face became rigid. Jane, too, was nervous and trembling, and quite unlike herself, as she stepped to the platform. She was the target for all eyes. Everyone in town knew that they were coming, and why.

As they pressed forward the crowd parted and some one stepped forward. It was their father.

Jane's lips fell apart, and she drew in her breath with a little sobbing sound.

"There, daughter," said her father, "don't look utterly stupid. It cannot have been a very great surprise to you. You know your mother has been ailing for years. Come."

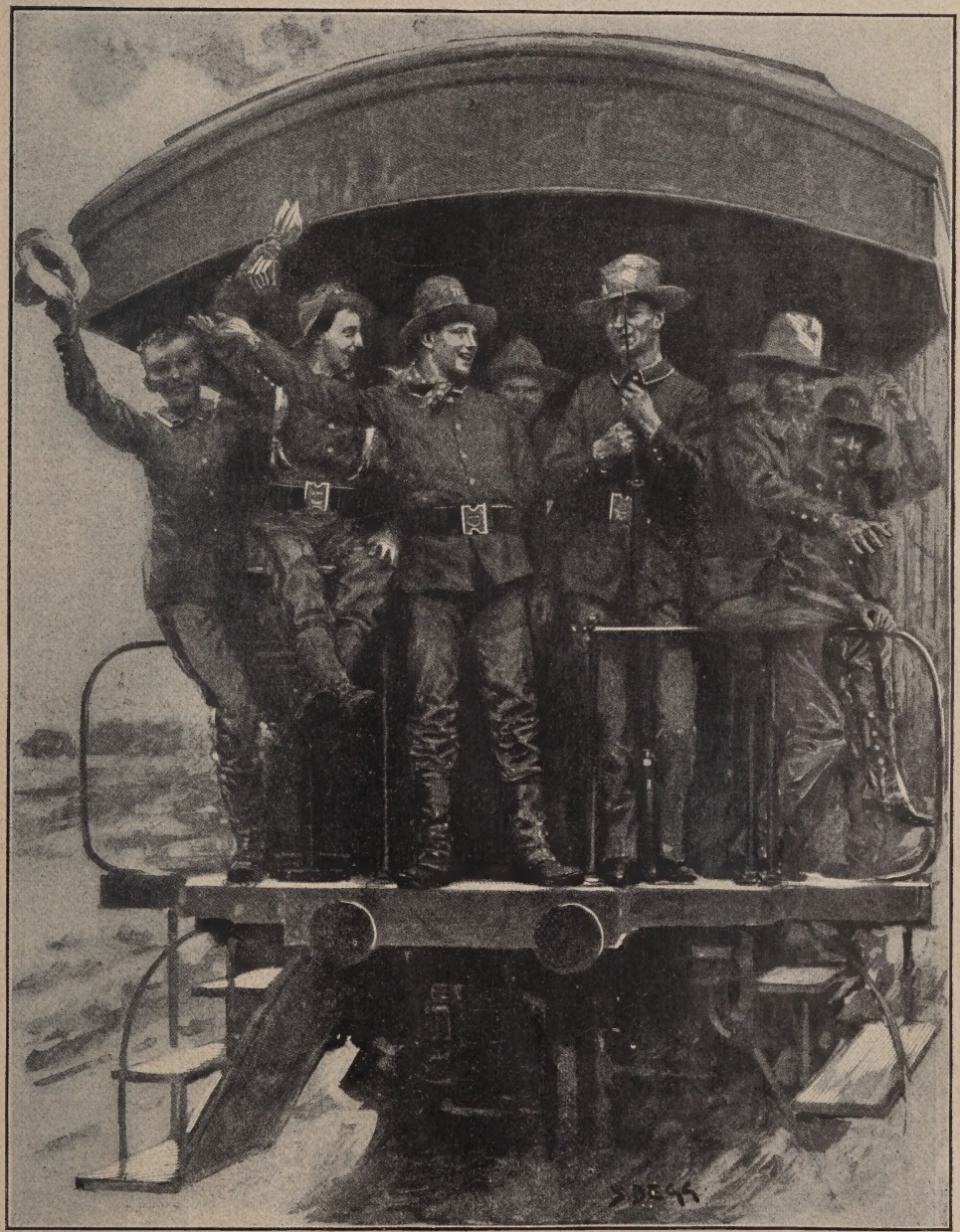
Saul stood, stupified; and then he remembered the indirect way in which the message had come: partly by telegraph, partly by telephone, and finally through a sour old man who was partially deaf. In the latter's hands there had been a wretched mistake.

He slipped an arm around his sister, who stood gazing stupidly at her father.

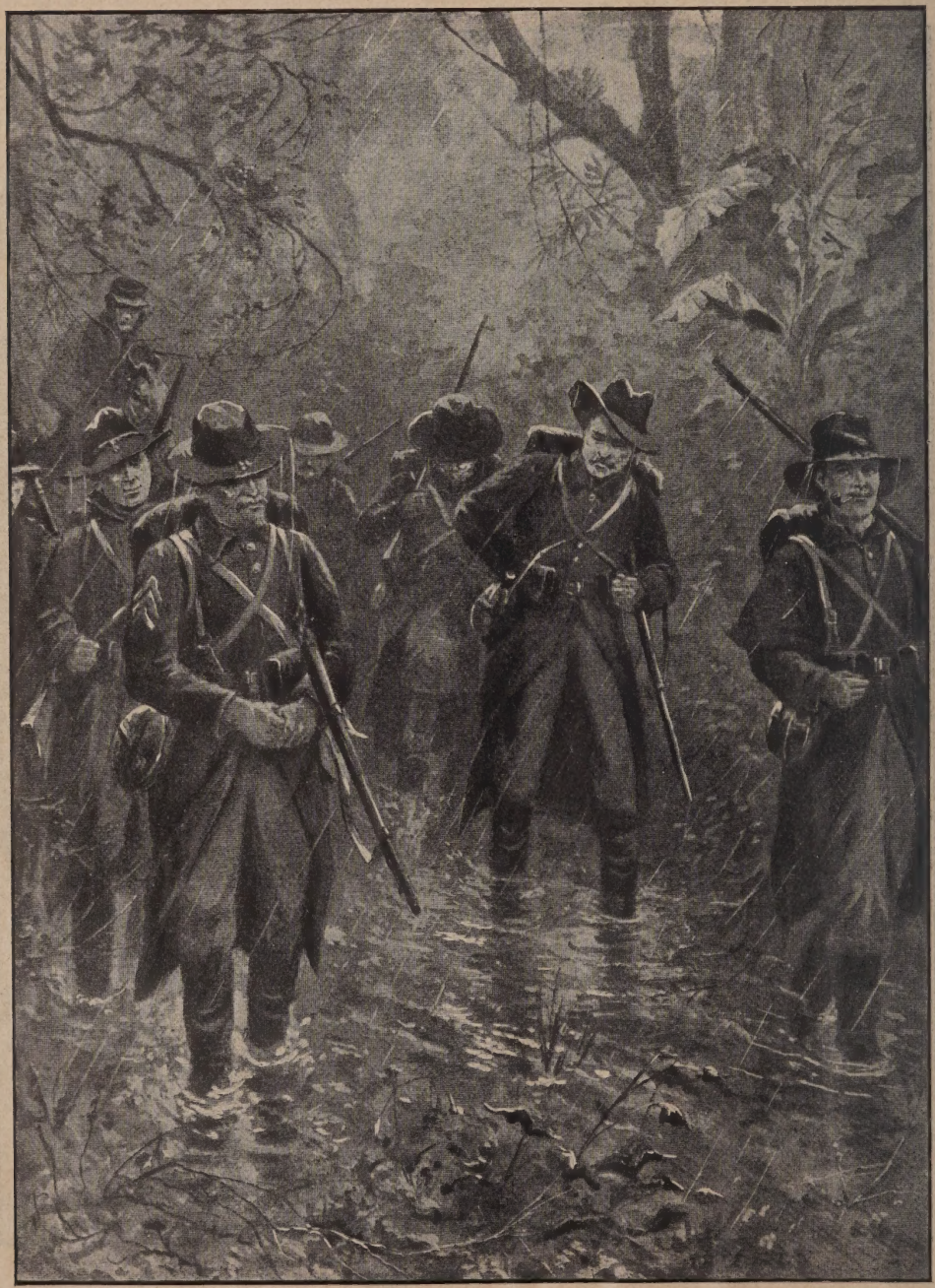
"Come, Jane," he whispered, "away from the crowd. It is the end of the journey."

The girl turned her face up to him pitifully.

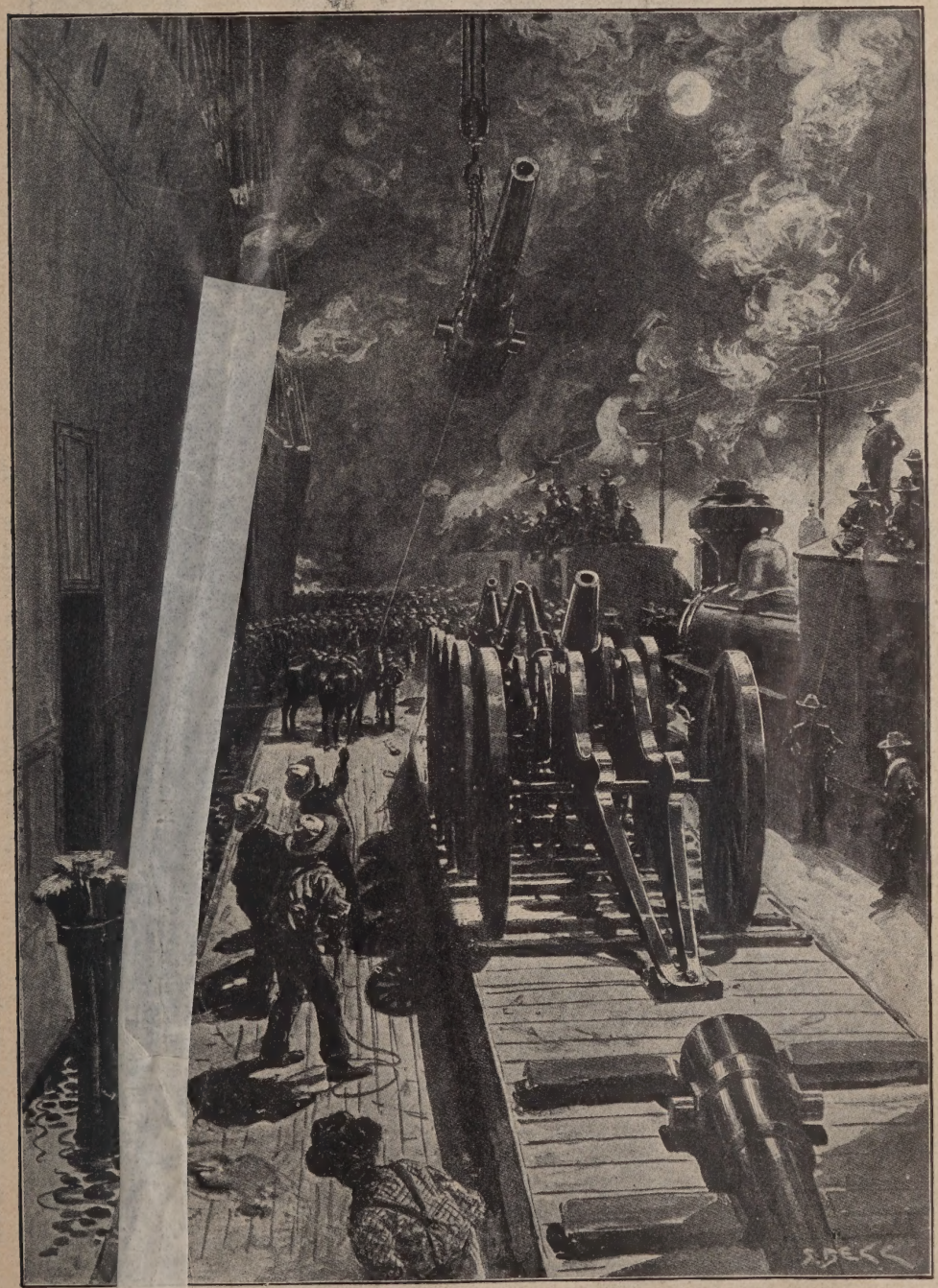
"Oh, Saul," she cried, "it is the end of the journey for mother!"



(1.) GOING TO THE FRONT.



(2.) THROUGH THE CHAPARRAL, CUBA.

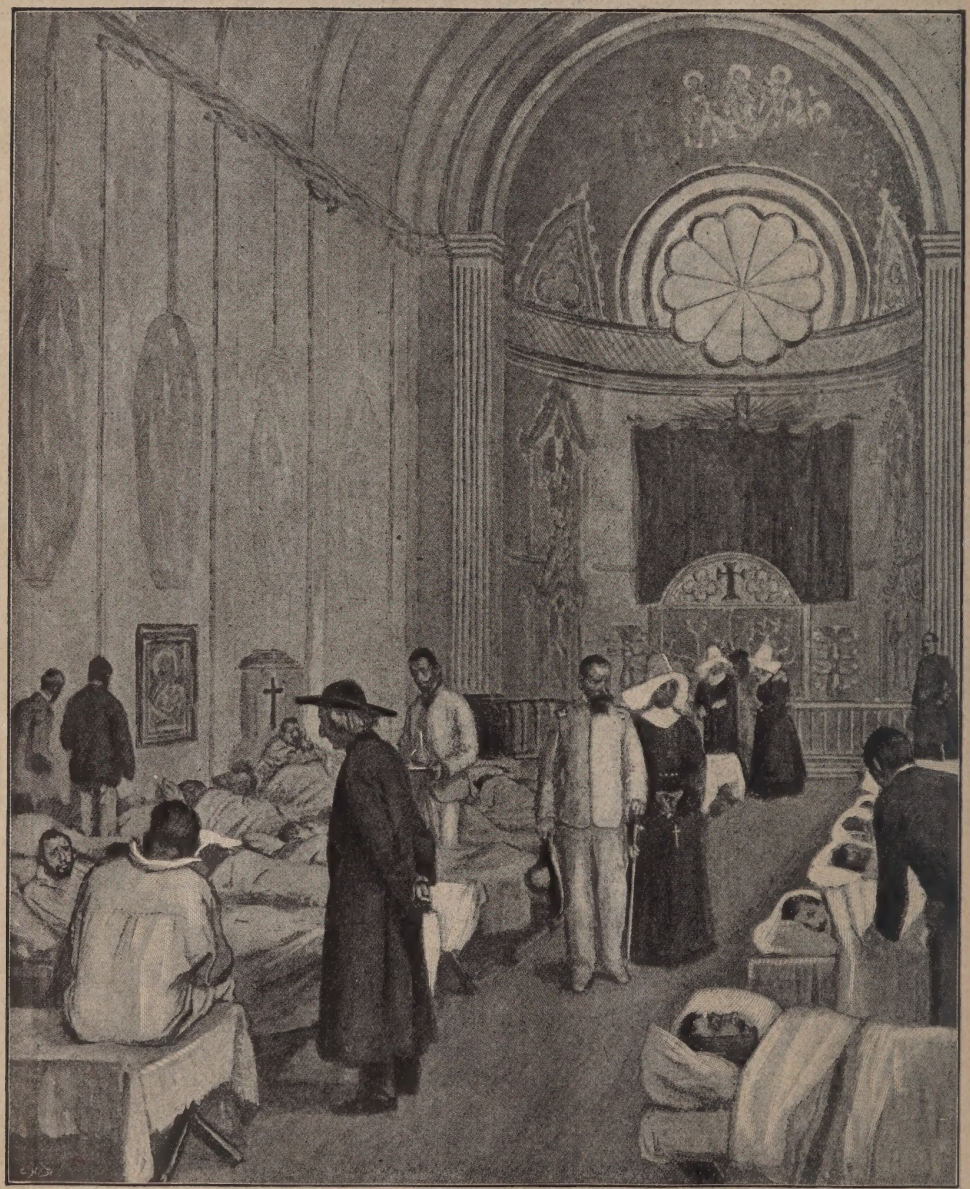


(3.) Shipping Artillery.

(4.) The Transportation of Mules to Cuba.

Scenes 1, 2, 3, 4, from The Illustrated London News.

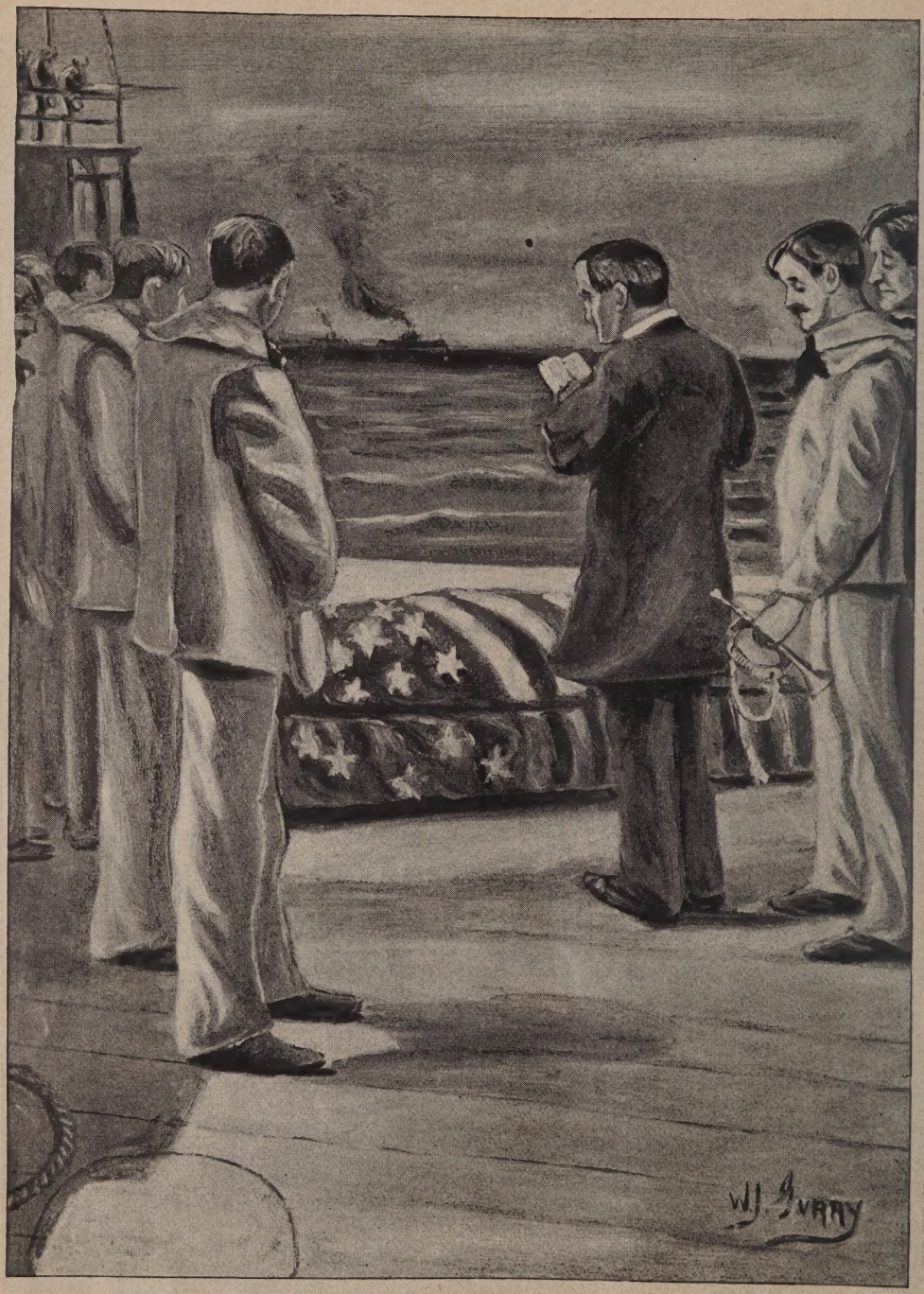
ARRIVAL OF THE BAGGAGE TRAIN AT TAMPA.



(6.) In the Hospital at Manila.

Scenes 5 and 6 reproduced from The Graphic.

(7.) LAST HONORS TO THE DEAD.
A Burial on Land.



(8.) LAST HONORS TO THE DEAD.
A Burial at Sea.

Scenes 7 and 8 from drawings by W. J. Gurry.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In a series of well reasoned lectures Rev. Thomas McGrady of St. Anthony's Church, Bellevue, Ky., exposes the fallacies of Robert G. Ingersoll. These lectures have been published at the earnest solicitation of many who heard them, under the title of "The Mistakes of Ingersoll." It is a pity that so much valuable reasoning should be wasted in replying to a man of Ingersolls' intellectual calibre. The defender of Christianity against attacks such as Ingersoll makes upon cherished beliefs is called upon to answer not argument, but rhetoric. Nevertheless, we welcome Fr. McGrady's book, which will prove of great interest to the general reader, who cannot fail to be impressed by the versatility and wide and varied reading of the reverend author. Cincinnati, O.: Curtis & Jennings, $1.00.

A sermon on "Mariolatry," by a noted Methodist divine, a collegiate preacher of Dickinson College, has brought forth a reply from Rev. Henry G. Ganss, of Carlisle, Pa., which has been published under the title of "Mariolatry; New Phases of an Old Fallacy." The bibliography of authorities quoted at the end of the volume in defence of the Catholic position attests the erudition and research which are displayed in the pages of this admirable reply. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria, 25 cents.

The essay on "Evolution and Teleology" read by Rev. Dr. Zahm, C. S. C., before the Catholic Congress of Fribourg last summer, and since published in the Popular Science Monthly, has appeared in pamphlet form. It will repay perusal, for it discusses a most interesting scientific question in the comprehensive and popular way which is so characteristic of all Dr. Zahm's writings. New York: W. Appleton & Co.

Four short stories from the pen of John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) have been published under the title of "The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes." They display an intimate acquaintance with human nature in its many moods, and though lacking the powerful grasp displayed by the author in her later productions, will prove interesting and pleasant reading. They show the first manifestation of those inimitable touches and charming originality which have reached their fuller development in the last work of this now famous and admired novelist. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50.

The incidents attendant upon the daily life of an itinerant theatrical company through the towns of the West furnish the material for Mrs. Harcourt Williamson's story, entitled, "The Barn-Stormers." The hero and heroine of the story are good, strong characters, and exercise a wholesome influence upon their surroundings; but there are other characters which are in every way unlovable. The whole story is improbable in its conception, yet proves of interest to the reader, principally because of the chivalric character of the hero and rich benefactor. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co; Boston: Damrell & Upham, 75 cents.

"The Son of the Czar," by James Graham, has for a historic background the days of Peter the Great. In fact, he is the overshadowing personage of the whole novel. His character, as well as that of the Empress Catherine, is strongly drawn, and elicits the reader's admiration. The character of the profligate and worthless son excites only contempt. His base ingratitude and weak vices contrast strongly with the sterling qualities and proud forbearance of the great Tsar. Altogether an interesting historical novel. New York: Frederick Stokes Co., $1.50.

"Père Monier's Ward" is another delightful story from the pen of Walter Lecky. In it we catch new glimpses of Père Monier, whose noble and gentle character excited our unbounded admiration in the author's earlier novel, "Billy Buttons." There is a strongly drawn picture, too, of the Irish upstart, who, climbing into political power through the suffrages of his fellow-countrymen, afterward forgets the patriotic sentiments of his youth, gives up his religion and becomes an Anglomaniac. The interest of the story is well sustained, and its close is extremely pathetic and touching. We have no doubt that this novel will repeat the success of its predecessor, and strengthen the belief that the future holds in store bright possibilities for the gifted author in his chosen field. The book is well printed and beautifully bound. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., $1.25.

"Fabiola's Sisters," so named because it may be looked upon as a companion volume to Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," is a tale of the Christian heroines martyred at Carthage in the commencement of the third century. Its chief interest centres around the martyrdom of St. Perpetua and

St. Felicitas. The story is adapted by A. C. Clarke, who has drawn much of the matter from the original acts of the martyrs and from the writings of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Optatus and others. We have, as a consequence, an historico-religious novel of deep interest. and a picture of the flourishing African Church of those days which is interesting and instructive. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros, $1.25.

"Orchids," by Lelia Hardin Bugg, is a novel of high purpose. Interesting in the highest degree, it never degenerates to the merely. sentimental, but steadfastly places principle above expediency. The characters are strongly drawn, and the whole tone of the work is healthful and elevating. The mental struggles of the heroine to follow the plain path of duty and make a restitution which entails a bitter sacrifice arouse the reader's intensest sympathy. Miss Bugg has demonstrated in a markedly successful way that it is possible to produce an intensely interesting novel without violating the canons of Catholic good taste. Her work deserves warm approbation and a generous measure of success. St. Louis: B. Herder, $1.25.

S. Baring Gould has been traveling in the west of England to some purpose, and out of the old memories of that wild region he has constructed a story of real interest, entitled, "Bladys of the Stewponey." This novel reveals many of the curious cruel customs which were in vogue in West England some centuries ago, and the burning of the woman for petty treason, which is so vividly described in the course of the story, is, we are assured by the author, historically true. A story brimful of interest, with strong delineations of character. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co, $1.25.

"Storm Bound" is a series of short stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly. A party becomes storm-bound on an island, and to while the time away each member contributes a story out of his own experience. The stories are quite interesting and well told, but one of them, entiled, "Angela's Theatre Party," though intended to point a moral, borders on the sensational. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

A pretty little story, moral in tone, with a lesson on the fatal results of anger, is "The Romance of a Playwright," from the French of Vte. Henri De Bornier, by Mary McMahon. This short story of the estrangement of two friends through a misunderstanding, impresses upon the reader's mind in a way that will not be soon forgotten how much injustice and heartburning may come from resentment harbored in a human heart. The characters are delightfully drawn, and the interest of the story never flags. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros, $1.00.

"The World Well Lost," by Esther Robertson, is a deeply pathetic story of human suffering, and final peace and happiness through sacrificing work for others. In an interesting way it teaches the lesson that events which at first sight may be considered irreparable misfortunes, may be turned by the strong Christian heart into blessed dispensations of Providence. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros, 75 cents.

Marion Ames Taggart has entered a new field, and gives us two exciting Indian stories, the one the sequel of the other, entitled "Winnetou, the Apache Knight," and "The Treasure of Nugget Mountain." Both are full of adventure, as we would naturally expect from stories of this nature, while the prowess of Winnetou and Jack Hildreth will certainly arouse the youthful reader's admiration. The strong, knightly character of these two heroes redeems these two stories from much of the reproach which stories of this kind, that excite the youthful imagination, usually merit. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., each 85 cents.

Under the generic name of "Pastime Series" have appeared four volumes of stories from the German. "The Armorer of Solingen," by William Herchenback, is an intensely interesting and romantic account of the adventures of a young German armorer, who leaves his native land to learn in Damascus the secret of making the famous Damascus blade. "Wrongfully Accused" is another story by the same author, which describes the pathetic vicissitudes of a German nobleman, who lives for years under the shadow of a false accusation. "The Inundation" and "The Canary Bird" are two volumes of short stories by Canon Schmid, which will interest youthful readers. All are beautifully bound and illustrated. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., each 45 cents.

"Songs of Two Peoples" is a volume of short poems by James Riley, illustrative of New England and Ireland, to which are added some short miscellaneous poems. The author is a sincere singer, and shows lyrical talent of a high order. The lover of the beautiful will find many little gems

scattered throughout these pages. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, $1.25.

Rev. L. W. Mulhane, a personal friend of the general, has published in pamphlet form a short life of "Major-General William Stark Rosecrans." The reverend author presents a life-like portrait of the dead hero, who played such a prominent part in the nation's history, and who will be ever held in veneration by a free, grateful people. Columbus, O.: Columbian Printing Co., 25 cents.

The University Publishing Co., having an office at 352 Washington St., Boston, has issued a handy edition of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," abridged for young readers by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., which will be appreciated by all lovers of good literature. This company issues monthly editions of the standard classics of English literature. The yearly subscription is $1.75.

"The People's Mission Book," by Father M. F., missionary priest, gives in a handy form admirable instructions for making a mission, together with many prayers and devotions suitable for this penitential time, and for every day of the Christian life. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., 10 cents.

Messrs. John Murphy & Co. of Baltimore have issued a neat and handy edition of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" in Latin, which is very suitable for all who recite this office in public or in private.

Messrs. Benziger Bros. have issued a new edition of "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine," prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Word-meanings, giving the definition of words, precede each lesson.

We have received a number of the penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society of England. We cannot praise too highly the zeal of our English brethren in thus bringing before the great English speaking world these admirable expositions of Catholic doctrine and events of Catholic life. We trust that their example may have a salutary influence on this side of the water, where so much might be done in this way. The work of the English society may be judged from the following list of publications received, the price of each being one penny: "The Hungarian Confession," by Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J.; "The Catholics' Library of Tales," short stories; "Persecution," by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "The Age of the Sun," by Rev. Aloysius Cortie, S. J.; "The Catholic Sick Room," by Rev. James F. Splaine, S. J.; "Bessie's Black Puddings," by Rev. F M. De Zulueta, S. J.; "Christ upon the Waters," by John Henry Newman, D. D.; "The Second Spring," by John Henry Newman, D. D.; "The Relics of the True Cross," by Rev. James Belford; "Socialism," by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.; "Father Thomas Burke, O. P."; "Rt. Rev. John Milner, D. D."; "Rules of Life," by Bishop Challoner; "Before the Tabernacle"; "What Is the Rosary Confraternity."

A reader for use in the seventh grade has been added to the series "Stepping Stones to Literature". Being exclusively American in tone its contents are of peculiar timeliness.

The frontispiece seems to strike the keynote of patriotism in its fine reproduction of Bicknell's spirited painting of theBattle of Lexington.

The seventh school grade is the one in which most stress is laid upon the study of United States history; and since the literature of a country is closely identified with its historical record, this Seventh Reader will be used to special advantage in connection with history work.

Like the preceding books of the series, this Reader for Seventh Grades cannot fail to establish in young people a love of the best in literature.

Aside from an array of patriotic sentiment and eloquence, there are numerous selections from representative American authors. Attractive illustrations of historic scenes and portraits of the writers represented add much to the interest and value of the text. Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston. Price 60 cents.

The world has produced no finer music than that of the Catholic Church. America has already, in its short history, contributed to the notable musical productions of the Church, and American composers are taking high rank in the musical world. Prominent among them is Mr. George E. Whiting, organist of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

He has produced many fine compositions. He is also eminent as a teacher of the Organ and Musical Composition, and, as a member of the Faculty of the Boston Training School of Music will continue to work for the grand cause of musical education and thus extend his already great influence and musical reputation.

NATIVE MEDICAL PLANTS AND THEIR PROPERTIES.

By Esther Robertson.

Our grandmothers knew them well, and every year gathered their stock of "roots and herbs," which were well dried, and otherwise prepared for storing. Many of us who read will recall with a shudder the brimming cup or even bowl of hot infusion, tisane, or decoction with which we were presented at the least sign of coming illness. Perhaps we are not wiser for leaving all this work of gathering, storing and preparing to the manufacturing druggist in our day. There are many plants which lose their virtue by having been kept too long, and, whether justly or no, we have all learned to suspect adulteration in everything we eat or drink, either in the way of medicine or nourishment. At all events, our many excursions into the woods this summer will be the more pleasant by having a little knowledge of the wondrous power of healing which the dear Lord has caused to spring up around us on every side, equally free to poor and rich.

"Physic gardens" are cultivated in England, but, so far as I know, not with us. Yet the fresh green leaves of the digitalis, for instance, are now considered necessary for a good result, and for a life-long pursuit what could be more interesting or useful than the collection of those plants which are indigenous to us, or cultivating others to supply the manufacturing druggists.

As a rule, the roots of annuals should be collected just before flowering, those of perennials late in the fall or early in the spring, when just peeping above the ground. The old plants are better than the new ones. Leaves should be gathered when most fully developed, and barks, as a rule, in the early spring. When the whole herb is used it is gathered when in blossom, the thick, heavy stems being discarded and the soft stems, leaves and flowers dried. Seeds, of course, when fully ripe.

Taraxacum — Dandelion. Beginning with our early spring flowers we take that most common and beautiful of all weeds growing in almost every part of the world, the dandelion. It has a perennial root, and it is this part which is usually used for its medical properties. It should be gathered in the fall. The leaves spring in the form of a rosette directly from the root, and are of a fine green, with the divisions toothed, giving it its common name from the fancied resemblance to the teeth of a lion. The flowers rise from the centre, and the seeds form a light, feathery globe, which children delight to blow off "to see if mother wants them." All parts of the plant contain its medical virtues, but the leaves are generally used only as a salad, or as greens and boiled as a vegetable. The roots, when fully grown are about the size of a finger. To prepare them for use they should be cut across in thin disks and dried. These are often used as dandelion coffee, either mixed with other coffee, or ground and prepared in the same way by itself. The juice of the whole plant, with the root, is often extracted by bruising them in a mortar and pressing. This will need one part of spirit to five parts of juice

in order to preserve it for keeping. The bruised pulp should stand a week or longer in the spirit, and then strain off.

The U. S. pharmacoepia tells us that "Taraxacum is slightly tonic, diuretic—acting on the kidneys—and aperient, and is thought to have a specific action on the liver, exciting it when torpid and resolving its chronic engorgements."

A decoction is made by boiling one ounce of the sliced and bruised roots in one pint of water for ten minutes in a covered vessel, and then adding enough water to make a pint after straining. To this is often added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar when an aperient effect is wanted. A little ginger will prevent a tendency to griping or flatulence.

Prunus Virginiana—Wild Cherry, Choke Cherry. This tree is too well known to require much description. The bark, not the flowers, contains the true medical properties. It may be taken from any part of the tree and at any time, but the finest quality of bark is taken from the root in August, when the aroma is strongest. Barks and roots should be very thoroughly dried before storing, otherwise they lose their aroma and become mouldy. The wild cherry tree grows throughout the country along the borders of the forests and fields. The bark of the trunk is of a rough, black quality, and will come off in thick, semi-circular plates. The leaves are a fine green, with a reddish foot-stalk, smooth on both sides. The racemes of white flowers change later into long clusters of berries which have an astringent taste, giving them the common name of choke cherries.

The Pharmacoepia tells us that "Uniting with a tonic power the property of calming irritation and diminishing nervous excitability, it is useful in debility of the stomach or general system." It is very much used in cough mixtures, and is agreeable to the taste.

A delicious syrup may be made by soaking five and one-half ounces of the ground bark in enough cold water for twenty-four hours to make one quart after straining. Dissolve in this by stirring, without heat, a pound and three-quarters of sugar, and then add half a cup of glycerine. The dose is from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful at will. An infusion may be made for those who object to the sugar by soaking half an ounce of the ground bark in twelve ounces (a cup and a half) of cold water for an hour and then straining. The dose of the infusion is a half cupful. By taking copious draughts of the infusion the pulse has become greatly reduced. The bark loses its powers by keeping.

Rubus Canadensis — Dewberry, Running Blackberry. This vine grows throughout the fields and woods of the northern and middle states. The flower is large, white and delicately fragrant. The fruit is like that of the high bush blackberries, but somewhat coarser. It ripens earlier than the higher shrub. It is the root, or, rather, the bark of the roots, that contains the medical properties. That of the high bush is larger, and varies from sometimes nearly an inch in thickness to that of a straw. The bark should be stripped from both species in long, tough strips, cut in small pieces when used, as it is too flexible to grind well in a mill. It is a very valuable and old-time remedy for summer complaint.

The decoction is made by placing an ounce of the smaller roots or the bark of the larger in a pint and a half of water, and boiling down to a pint. A wineglassful of this may be given to an adult three or four times or oftener in twenty-four hours.

Blackberry cordial is made from the berries. Bruise and express the

juice from the berries until you have a pint. Add this, with a tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, to a pint of alcohol and the same quantity of water. At the end of a week strain through a jelly bag and add a very thick syrup to taste. The syrup that the druggists use for such purposes is made by adding two pounds of granulated sugar to a pint of water. Dissolve without heat by stirring.

Queen of the Flowers.

A Favorite Title Given to Our Lady in England.

Respecting Our Lady's title of "Queen of the Flowers," I beg to say that up to the present day there are numerous flowers held dear to her sweet memory in this England of ours, writes a Manchester correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times.

The snowdrop is one flower of many held sacred to the Virgin, and it is linked with her because it blossoms in the winter, in memory of her first visit to the temple with her Holy Child. Many flowers bear traces in their common—or at least provincial—names of the old faith and its associations.

The great convolvulus that hangs its white bells on the summer hedgerow is "Our Lady's Nightcap."

The green tangle of the wild clematis is "Our Lady's Bower."

The alchemilla of the upland pasture is "Our Lady's Mantle."

The most striking British orchis—now, alas! almost rooted out by the greed of inconsiderate collectors—is "Our Lady's Slipper."

Another orchis—the tiny, graceful plant that in the early days of autumn hides so well its spike of sweet, pale green among the long grass on the hill—is "Our Lady's Tresses."

With "Our Lady's Bedstraw" the manger of her Holy Child was filled, while the couch of Our Lady was strewn with thyme and sweet leaves of the woodruff—a flower sacred to her even to the present day.

The marigold, or "Mary Gold," received its name because Our Lady wore it her bosom—that immaculate and pure breast where daily was pillowed the head of the Incarnate Son of God.

In my native place in Staffordshire these flowers are quite familiar to all true lovers of flowers.

Poor Ophelia speaks of the "Rose of May," and "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance * * * and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

To Launder Shirt Waists.

The shirt waist is inexpensive enough, and it is within the reach of every woman to have a variety of them, so she may present a tidy, comfortable and agreeable appearance even on the hottest days. It is difficult to get them properly washed and ironed, yet the process is simple enough. Careful attention to a few details will result in making the shirt as fresh and attractive as ever. If there are any unwashable buttons or trimmings, remove them, and throw the shirt into clear, cold water for an hour. If you are afraid of the color running add a handful of salt. After washing in warm suds and drying, make your starch by dissolving a table spoon of dry starch in a quart of water. Thick cambric blouses should only be starched at the collar and cuffs and down the front hem. To the starch should be added half a teaspoon of gum arabic dissolved in water with a little borax. Wring the shirt dry out of the rinsing water, and hold it by the back of the neck. Gather up collar, cuffs and front hem and work in the starch, after which wring these parts in a towel, and rub thoroughly; roll up tightly and leave them for half an hour, at the end of which they are ready for ironing. In the case of gingham or half transparent materials, dip the entire shirt into hot starch and wring it between a towel. Two tablespoons of raw starch into a quart of boiling water, with a dash of gum arabic, form the proper thickness. Use the starch as hot as possible, and when the shirt is wrung dry clap it between the hands until it is thoroughly cleared of the starch. It must then be ironed as quickly as possible. Select the oldest, smoothest, and cleanest iron you can find, polish it well with a wax cloth, and test the heat of it with a piece of white paper before beginning to iron, first the yoke then the collar, inside and outside, then the back, front, and last of all the sleeves and cuffs. A shirt board and a sleeve board are are very helpful, and, indeed, the latter is a necessity. It should be half an inch thick, five inches wide, and graduated so that it may fit any sleeve. This should be covered all over with flannel and again covered with white muslin, sewed on firmly. When the sleeve is ironed stroke the gathers with the fingers, and again smooth the collar and cuffs and hang the shirt up to dry. If these directions are followed, the shirt will look as well as if sent to an expensive laundress. —Providence Journal.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Monkeys at Football.

They Also Play Cricket, but Not According to Rule.

Travelers in South Africa have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and football.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle, or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about fifteen yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a cocoanut in his hand. He is the bowler.

The monkey at the other end does not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the cocoanut which the bowler aims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it "touches the spot." When it does happen to touch the spot—that is, any part of the monkey's body—that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dispute the question.

Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds under the friendly shade of a neighboring palm.

The football is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a cocoanut. The game, if anything, is undoubtedly the "socker" game, and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal nor any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible.

Still the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "footer," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surprising and wonderful.

In an evil moment some ambitious monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war, in which life is sometimes the prize.

No mention is made of a referee, but if there is one about, like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a tree.—Brooklyn Times.

Pets of Japanese Children.

For pets the children have a kind of tiny rabbits and a queer breed of cats. The cats have white fur with black and yellow spots, and do not have tails. Tiny dogs also are sometimes seen. In the houses of families in moderate circumstances there is usually an aquarium well stocked with beautiful and curious varieties of fish, gold, silver, and crimson, some as round as a ball, some with spreading fins as fine as gauze. Another pet is the large katydid, whose piercing note is very much enjoyed by the children. The katydids are very numerous in certain places in the summer. As a residence for these treasures they have bamboo cages, built like tiny houses, in which they daily arrange beds of fresh flowers or leaves for the minstrels. Gaily colored butterflies are sometimes kept in the same kind of cage upon beds of flowers. Butterflies have been seen to alight voluntarily on children's hands; and in Japan birds, too, show that they are not afraid of man or child.

King Osman's Friends.

[From the French.]

Bv T. A. Mack.

Osman was a good and just king, and loved his people as if they had been his own children. He was also a happy prince, and worthy of envy, for all his subjects had sworn friendship, even unto death, and given him the titles of "friend and brother." Yes, all had sworn, save one man, an old beggar, who came every day to sit at the entrance of the palace, and to whom the king gave alms in passing out.

"Of what use can the friendship of a poor man like me be to a king?" said the old beggar.

The king's courtiers thought it certainly could be of no use—the beggar was right, and tried to drive him from the king's path. Osman took the beggar's part, who continued to seat himself in peace at the palace gate. Every time the king passed the beggar kissed the hem of his mantle.

One day a messenger arrived to inform the king that his coasts had been ravaged, and his best merchantman captured by a prince who lived on the other side of the

water. Filled with anger, Osman gathered his army, and, having fitted out a great fleet, prepared to set sail. The government was confided to the prime minister, Malthos, whom the king had raised from the very lowest rank to the highest dignity in the realm. Osman, to show his esteem had selected the beautiful Zirma, the only daughter of Malthos, to be his bride. To this faithful man, "the best friend of the king," as he was pleased to call himself, was confided the safety of the whole country during the king's absence. Osman embraced his intended, who wept, and took heaven to witness her unchangeable love, then went on board with all his warriors. All the people stood weeping on the shore, and Malthos was so grieved that he threw himself on the earth, tore his garments and uttered cries of sorrow. And the old beggar? Left alone before the palace, he bent his knee to earth, and prayed God to give the king a safe and prosperous voyage.

A long time passed without any word from the king, and every one began to think that the army had fallen under the sword, or had been swallowed by the angry sea. One day, a man, covered with rags, came to the gate of the city, and demanded entrance, for he carried, he said, important news from the king. The sentinel refused to permit him to enter, and even threatened to strike him with the butt of his musket, saying: "My friend, the king is rich and powerful; he would not choose a beggar for a messenger."

"Ah, well allow thy friend, the king, to enter!" said the beggar, proudly lifting his head. It was truly Osman. "I return poor and miserable. After being defeated by the enemy, my soldiers have deserted me, and have chosen another king."

The soldier thought a moment, and then replied: "Since you are king no longer, you have no further business here; it would be better for you to go away."

"But I am still your friend," said the king.

"Of what service can the friendship of a beggar be to me," rudely replied the sentinel, and then closed the wicket.

"This is the first friend I've met," sighed Osman, "but I can console myself. My officers and my rich townsmen, whose fortunes I have made, will treat me better than this rude soldier." He waited outside the city till nightfall, then stole to a part of the wall that was easy to scale. He arrived safe and sound on the other side, and entered a garden which belonged to one of the richest citizens. Through a mass of myrtles he could see the brilliantly lighted windows of a palace-like mansion, in whose interior a great number of people moved to and fro.

"It is a reception," thought Osman. "Most of my friends will be present. I will ask their help." He walked through the garden, and bent his steps towards the richly illumined portal. He was not stopped, and, taking courage, mounted the stairway, penetrated into the salon, and mingled with the gold-bedecked lords, saluting them in a loud voice with these words: "Peace be with you, my friends."

There was silence in the hall; all looks were directed towards the newcomer, and the guests mutely questioned each other. They all had recognized the king despite his ragged garments, but not one felt inclined to go to him, not one extended the hand in welcome to him.

"Do you not know your old friend?" demanded Osman, approaching them.

All recoiled a step.

"When I sailed away your tears fell; you swore fidelity even unto death. At present I have need of that friendship; my warriors have named another king; I must flee to save my life. You assured me that your lives and your fortunes were at the service of your royal friend. I believed, then that you would help me in time of need. Save me, protect me from my enemies who sail across the sea at this moment, and will soon be here."

There was a short silence, then the master of the house advanced and said: "Dearest friend, we would willingly sacrifice for you our lives and shed for you the last drop of our bood; however, we must not draw on ourselves the anger of the new king. It would be better for you to go away, to fly to some spot where your enemies will not go to seek you. None of us will sav that you have been here; our prayers will accompany you on your voyage."

"Yes, our prayers," repeated all the guests.

"But you do not refuse me a refuge for the night, and one of your vessels for flight?"

"Dearest friend, we would sacrifice everything for you, but would not wish to be disgraced by the new king." Then, instead of drawing away from Osman, as they had at first done, the guests commenced to push him from the hall with mock civility and protests.

The poor king soon found himself on the other side of the door, which the master of the mansion hastened to lock with a double turn, and the dance went on and the fun became more fast and furious than before. When Osman returned to the garden he sighed deeply and said: "The brutal frankness of the guard, who saw no profit

from the friendship of a beggar, was much better than the lying civility of these hypocrites, who, with friendship on their lips, have chased me from their noisy revels. Happily, I have yet two friends whose friendship will bring me good luck."

He went out of the garden, and turned his steps towards the palace of Malthos. He ascended the marble staircase and entered a chamber where Malthos was seated with Zirma by his side.

"My dear Zirma, and thou, my most faithful and best friend," cried Osman, extending his arms.

Both threw themselves on the breast of the king, who repeated to them what he had told the rich citizens, adding that a price had been placed upon his head, and that the new king had promised that whoever should bring to him the head of the fugitive should be named prime minister, and be granted any favor that he might ask.

Malthos offered protection to his friend, the king, whom he ushered into a magnificent chamber. Osman bade his betrothed good-night, and retired to his bedchamber. Before closing the door, Malthos solemnly swore that his friend was safe in his house; that he would yield up his life rather than permit a hair of the king's head to be touched. Osman was so weary that he threw himself undressed on the bed, and at once fell asleep. About midnight he awakened, and as sleep fled his eyes, opened the window to breathe the fresh perfumes that arose from the garden below. "Thank Heaven, my dearest friends have remained faithful to me," said he, and was happy on account of his good fortune. His musings were broken by the noise made by some one cautiously opening the door. He heard with surprise the voices of Malthos and Zirma, who whispered mysteriously. His surprise was turned to fear when he understood what they said.

"Rest easy, Zirma; the point of the poniard is poisoned; he will die without a cry," murmured Malthos.

"But he loves me so tenderly, father."

"Console thyself. The favor that I shall ask of the new king will be to marry you, and you are so beautiful that he will readily consent."

"Go, then, father; but strike hard, so that he may not suffer!"

The sweat rolled from the forehead of Osman as he listened. He had, however, sufficient calmness to glide behind the window curtains, where he was protected by the darkness.

Some moments after he heard a dull blow; then he saw Malthos and Zirma steal from the room and double lock the door behind them. The king examined the bed, and found the poniard driven to the very guard in the coverings.

"He also!" he groaned. "He and she," and tears ran down his cheeks. Osman, when he had recovered his calmness, leaped into the garden by the window. The garden extended even to the city walls. At the instant he was about to scale the wall a second time, the king saw a bright light in a cabin close at hand.

"Which of my friends lives in so mean a house, and is up so late?" thought Osman. He glided to the window, and looking in saw the old beggar that had never sworn friendship to him. He knocked at the door, which the old man hastened to open.

"Peace be with you, old man," said Osman. "Seeing thee in thy hut, I resolved to enter and in my turn ask thee for alms. I am poorer than you now, and am pursued by my enemies, who wish to put an end to my days."

Recognizing the king, the old beggar fell upon his knees and kissed the hem of the fugitive's garment, although it was more tattered than his own. "My well-beloved king! All here is thine; everything in my house belongs to thee, save one treasure that I have thus far hidden from the eyes of the whole world."

"What? you have a hidden treasure? I should like to see it."

"Wait a moment, O king. I am going to show it to you." He went into an inner room, but soon came back, leading by the hand a young maiden, so beautiful that before her the morning grew pale and the stars lost their light when she opened her eyes.

"Fall at the feet of thy king," said the old man.

The maiden bent her knees before Osman, who raised her again, saying: "I would wish to be king, for you should be queen, and seated by my side. Many thanks, old man. I do not wish to abuse thy goodness; a price is placed upon my head; whoever receives me into his house must pay with his life the hospitality extended to me. Good-by."

"Remain, O king! I will hide you where I have hidden my treasure from the eyes of all the world. I will watch on thy threshold to save thee. I will give my own life, yea, even the life of my innocent daughter."

"We shall meet again, my friend," replied Osman. "To-morrow, when the sun is at his height, go to the shore with thy daughter."

The king hastened from the city and scaled the city wall. The morrow came. All the people of the city and the surrounding country were gathered on the shore to greet the new king, for the report had

spread that he was to arrive that very day. Malthos was in advance of all others, with his daughter Zirma, and triumphantly held in his hand the key of the chamber in which he believed was locked the body of the former king. At the hour when the sun was at his highest point in the heavens the old beggar arrived with his daughter. To obey Osman he led with him the treasure that he had to that day hidden from every eye. No one noticed them, for all eyes were turned to the river, on which the vessels of the new king proudly sailed. The new king stood on the prow of the first ship, in a breastplate of gold, and held a naked sword in his hand.

But see! it is no strange king; it is the very same king who one day sailed from these shores amidst the tears and blessings of his faithful friends.

He had wished to put their friendship to the test; it was for that reason he came alone, poor and miserable, before returning rich and powerful. Malthos, recognizing the king, tremblingly threw himself on his knees, and Zirma drooped like a broken lily by her father's side. The friends that had driven their king from their feast now gazed on him with looks full of terror. All were silent as the tomb, save the old beggar, who cried out: "Welcome, O king! Welcome!"

When the vessels reached the shore the warriors descended from them, and formed a double line before the one that carried the king, whose orders they awaited.

Osman cast on the crowd a look, severe, but full of sadness, and heaved a deep sigh before lifting up his voice: "Thou Malthos, thou didst call thyself 'the most faithful and best friend of the king'; nevertheless, thou hast wished to plunge a poniard into his breast. Thou, Zirma, thou didst promise to love me as long as thy life should last; nevertheless, thou wouldst have abandoned me for another. You who pushed me from your feast, you all have sworn to be faithful to me, even unto death, yet you have treated me like a dog. Mount at once on board this ship."

The warriors seized Malthos and Zirma and all that pushed the king from the feast, and carried them on board the ship. The ship descended the river to the sea, and all the faithful friends were swallowed up by the furious waves.

The king lifted up his voice anew, and said: "Thou that hast never sworn friendship, but hast offered me all thy possessions, come, seat thyself at my right hand in the highest seat, and confide to me the treasure thou hast hidden from the whole world. Let thy daughter be my queen and share with me the throne."

The warriors bore the beggar and his daughter to the king, who embraced at first the old man, and then pressed to his bosom his blushing bride. A great blast of trumpets greeted the new queen, and the air thrilled with the resounding cheers of brave warriors.

When the noise had ceased, the king raised his sword in the air and spoke to the people: "All you that are gathered on these shores, take back your vows of friendship! It is not a friend you need, it is a master. To your knees; swear me fealty and obedience."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Church-goers complain that many persons stay from Mass in the winter from cold, in the summer from heat; a little rain or snow seeming to be sufficient reason for them to disregard the law of the Church; so he inquires: 1, What is the obligation of hearing Mass? 2, Why is there such a falling off in attendance? 3, What are the duties of our Catholic soldiers during this war in regard to Mass and other religious practices? 4, Can our Catholic soldiers attend Protestant services because they are held in camp, while they may have to walk some distance to where Mass is being said? 5, Can the Catholic soldiers attend Protestant services in the field for any reason?

The obligation of hearing Mass is one of the most serious obligations. Every Catholic arrived at the use of reason is required, under pain of mortal sin, to attend Mass on Sunday and holy days of obligation. The duty is a serious one, the penalty incurred by neglect is serious—the guilt of deadly sin—and in such a serious law only a serious reason can excuse. Ill-health—not a trifle or a whim, but real sickness—care of the sick, necessity, will excuse. But for a person in ordinary health the inconvenience of heat or cold is not a valid excuse. No reasonable man or woman presents such an excuse to personal conscience, or hopes to present it on Judgment Day. Little children go to Mass in summer and in winter, in the rain and in the snow. Where faith is burning, the elements are not brought forward for excuses. So this leads to (2) the lack of attendance explains itself by a lack of faith. Indolence, carelessness, thoughtlessness, downright neglect, willful, stubborn disobedience may be assigned. A strong, living Catholic faith would be superior to all these. Where they rule, faith is weak and weakening. The faithful attendance at Mass, at prayer, and at the Sacraments strengthens faith. The remedy is in what the weak ones avoid. To some wretched souls the reasoning seems to be that they cannot find attendance at Mass set forth in the Ten Commandments of God. It is "only" a Church commandment. These same people naturally yield to the temptation of eating meat on Friday. Catholics in name traitors in reality to their Mother, the Church, the same style of devil that tempted Eve tempts these; it's only a little thing. God had no business to give so much authority to His Church anyway. What is the Church but a crowd of men, priests, bishops, popes; they make laws to suit themselves; they don't understand how a man needs Sunday to rest himself or to sober off after a Saturday night's debauch, or to take a century run with his club. Mass is all right for old women and girls and children. Perhaps Heaven will be all right, too, for those who go to Mass. But what of those who despise the Church and her laws? Through every word and action of Christ, the great truth is brought out that God has given His power to men; that the ministrations of Divine Grace, and the communications of Divine Mercy are through men; that Peter, a man, a sinner as well, was made the rock on which the Church was built; that we are obliged to hearken to the voice of men who represent God, and obey them as we obey God Himself; that the authority given by the Father to Jesus, His Son, has been in turn given by Jesus to His Apostles and their successors, and that to despise the men who represent Christ is to despise Himself, and thus to despise His Father, who sent Him. To confess Jesus Christ in the Church's great public act of religion, the Holy Sacrifice, is necessary on the few occasions—Sundays and holy days—when she commands her children to appear before her altar, and raise their minds and hearts in adoration, and join with the Lord Divine in the sacrifice of the Cross that Christ shall confess us on Judgment Day. Adam's sin, the eating of forbidden fruit, was small. No, it wasn't. It was disobedience to God's expressed commandment. Obedience, disobedience; these are the points of consideration. And you can not disobey God or His Church without drawing down misfortune on you. The missing of Sunday Mass by Catholics seems to bring inevitable punishment, not only spiritual, but frequently temporal. A sudden and unprovided death is often its recompense. "The wages of sin is death."

3. The Catholic soldier should take every opportunity of going to Mass. Where there is a Catholic chaplain to a regiment this is easily done. But where there is no Catholic chaplain, there may be for those in camp while awaiting a call to the front a Catholic Church in the neighborhood. The Catholic soldiers should attend Mass at the Church, even if this requires the walking of a few miles. Soldiers are not afraid of a march. When at the front they will scarcely be without one or more Catholic chaplains on the field. It is then no

question of regiment, but of priest and of religious duties. Besides going to Mass, every soldier should go to the Sacraments. He should not face the danger of death from disease or the bullet without having done all in his power to have his soul in the grace of God. And ever- one should know the value of an act of perfect contrition, as well as the way to stir up in his heart a perfect love for God, who is all good, worthy of all love. Then, should priest and sacrament be beyond his reach, he still possesses in an act of perfect contrition, embracing as it does a perfect love for God, the means for the forgiveness of all his sins.

4. No, A Catholic is not allowed to take part in religious observances other than those of his own Church. Either we believe as Catholics, or we do not believe. We cannot be indifferent, and hold one religion as good as another. Christ has taught but one religion, one law of truth; has founded but one Church. We who, as Catholics, believe this, and believe that we possess the truth of Christ, and are the members of His Church, are in no way allowed to make what amounts to a practical denial of our faith by taking part in any religious services not of our own Church. We have the truth, and we must in no way compromise with error. Foolish theory for a man to advance, that because the Catholic church is some distance from the camp he will attend Protestant services in the camp. That Catholic doesn't know his religion, or, knowing it, is an arrant coward or a cunning politician. Make him a corporal.

5. As to real services, no. As to the burial of the dead, this is not regarded in that light. Every one then understands the position of the living to the dead comrade. No harm is done to religion, no scandal, and no one regards this in any light but as a mark of the last respect to the departed.

"Earnest" asks: 1. What is the best remedy for swearing? 2. What should I do, since I fear to go to confession, as I sometimes have found the priest hard with me? 3. What are the Gospels that are read to us at Masses on Sunday?

1. The grace of God is the general and necessary remedy against sin. To pray, and to frequent the Sacraments with the design of overcoming the habit of swearing is the way for every one. Then there are particular remedies, which vary according to the opportunities and circumstances of the individuals. A confessor can best indicate to each person the best remedy for that person. If there is a Holy Name Society established in your parish become a member. The object of the society, the wearing of the emblem, the example and encouragement of others, and, above all, prayer and the Sacraments, which are incumbent on the members, will be found efficacious for your reform. A good practice is to give all reverence to the name of God and of our Saviour when used in prayer. It will help to make you watchful to use these names only in prayer and in respect. Many, too, have found much help in simply saying the words of the second commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." 2. Be a man, and in manly fashion go to confession, tell your sins with contrition, and receive God's pardon. If, now and then, your confessor is a bit stern with you, treat that as a little penance. It may be that he is only anxious to impress upon you the need of sincere sorrow, and is seeking to awaken in your soul a greater dread of sin. You do your part, and do not take too much concern about the rest.

3. There are four Gospels of our Lord Jesus Christ, written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. These recount somewhat of the life and words and actions of Jesus. From these four Gospels the Church makes selections to be read in the Mass of each Sunday and of each Fast Day. The practice of reading the Gospel in the gatherings of Christians dates back to the earliest days. The Gospel was read in the early part of the Mass that the catechumens might be present at its reading and its explanation. So, now, it is still read after the epistle, and before the offertory, and forms very frequently on Sunday the subject of the preacher's discourse. But the preacher is in no wise confined to this, as he may speak on any topic of religion or of spiritual benefit to his hearers. In the selection of the Gospel the Church does not follow any order of chapters or of evangelists, but chooses for her own wise reasons different portions from the different Gospels. But each year the Gospel is the same as that of the preceding year on the recurring feast or Sunday.

"S. S." writes: Is "Quo Vadis" a safe novel for ordinary readers?

For children it is too strong food. But for adults who read not to satisfy a morbid curiosity, it should be far from harmful; rather it should be a powerful help to most readers, that th ey may the better learn in the vivid contrasts of the book the vast blessings of Christ's religion ove- the wicked and degraded paganism of even civilized Rome. "The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt or hide itself in a powerful book never does any harm" to a reader of good instincts.

THE TOILERS. — TOIL IS LIGHT WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG.

THE TOILERS.—PARTNERS THREE.

THE TOILERS.—TIME TO REST.

"PEACE FOR HER."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

WHATEVER MANY MAY have thought of the wisdom or expediency of entering upon a war with Spain, now that the short and decisive struggle is so happily at an end there is but one view for every true American to take of the situation. Uncle Sam, like the brave and sensible and generous old fellow that he is, will meet any and all responsibilities and difficulties, as do all true and sane men. Perish the miserable pessimism and mugwumpery which already begins to whine and cower. If certain old women at Harvard were the American people, the case were indeed serious; but, thank God, the Pharisaical treason which comes from these sweet old ladies seldom is even heard of by the people, and never acted upon.

THE OTHER DAY, in a train, I sat next to a lady and gentleman of wealth and marked refinement, who belong to a set of fashionable religionists in New York. They are the Salvation Army of the "Four Hundred," and flock about a certain reverend golf expert, who mixes "gospel hymns" with the stately church ritual, and interlards "grace" and "vineyard" and "salvation" with the chatter of an afternoon tea. Well, my neighbors in the train were discussing "the slums." The lady felt convinced that a whole street in New York had improved (real estate values and all) since dear Doctor Lofter's mission was set up there. Then the man declared it to be generally true that a church raised the tone of a neighborhood. "Why, yes!" cried the lady; "I've often thought that even the Catholics do some good by building churches in wretched places."

"Yes, exactly," answered the man. "I know of one Catholic church in a street so tough that I would not pass through it at midday."

"Indeed! How do you account for their success?"

"Oh, easily enough! Those people can commit any crime, and then drop into the church and get square by paying the priest a dollar and a half."

The woman giggled, and the man, with his greasiest unction, murmured, "But I suppose that, aesthetically, they do good by enabling those miserable wretches to creep out of their squalid dens into the great, beautiful church."

Yes, you conceited, purse-proud hypocrite and ignoramus, those poor churches *do* good! Would to God that you could take your sordid, tired and homeless heart to that priest whom you vilify and to those sacraments which you in your abysmal idiocy contemn.

THE REPORTS FROM THE Summer Schools give evidence of growth all along the line. In a year or two the quondam critics of this inevitable and glorious movement will be its chief supporters.

A GOOD IRISHMAN IN PHILADELPHIA has written to me, evidently offended at my article last month, in which I referred to Mickey and Pat. This only goes to show that even when you are praising people there are some brains so constituted that they will feel hurt.

MR. CARL SCHURZ thinks that these United States are not capable of handling the new problems which the recent war has brought us. Well, it is a long time since anybody cared what Mr. Schurz thinks about anything.

I ONCE HEARD A LEARNED and good man, when I was a child, declare that Pius IX. would be the last Pope. His astounding prophecy was based on the argument that European politics were shaping themselves in such a way that the so-called Catholic countries must soon go to the wall, and, in consequence, the institution of the Papacy be relegated to oblivion. Then came 1879, and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Holy Father; but scarcely had this terrific blow fallen upon the See of Peter than the Papacy entered upon a field and a measure of vital and expanding influence unparalleled in many centuries. Pius IX., so far from being the last Pope, either in name or power, was succeeded by a man whose tremendous power for the salvation of the world and the elevation and conservation of society has been felt in every court of Europe, and in the uttermost corners of the Earth. And now comes word that this magnificent Pontificate of Leo XIII. is apparently drawing to its term.

A "Catholic country," Spain, has just been overwhelmed by irreparable defeat, but the dying Leo and the decadent kingdom, once so Catholic, shall pass away, only to find a new Pope raised up by God to cope with the problems of the twentieth century, and ever new nations, like that of our own young Republic, ready to extend and to exploit the kingdom of our God and of His Christ.

MADAME BLANC, in her latest book, which I hope may be translated, pays a tribute so exquisite to the chaste and delicate genius of Charles Warren Stoddard that one feels that not only has this brilliant French critic read Stoddard with appreciation, but that she has learned of him, and caught something of his spirit. I wish that some "Catholic critics" nearer home would read everything that Mme. Blanc writes of American writers. It would open their conceited and "bookey" eyes.

ECONOMIC RESULTS OF THE WAR.

BY RICHARD KNIGHT.

The effects of the Spanish-American war on economic conditions in this country, on American industry and American enterprise, will necessarily be manifold. Nearly every war benefits commercially the successful side. The exceptional instances are the titanic contests in which the combatants are so evenly matched that almost equal exhaustion ensues when the conflict closes, or historical cases like the Napoleonic wars. In these England, though ultimately victor, lost heavily, because during that period the manufactures of the United States had an almost unimpeded chance to rise and attain a vigorous life.

Lord Brougham, in a memorable speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1816, showed his keen appreciation of this fact, when he declared that it would be better for the English manufacturer to sell his goods in foreign, and especially American, markets at a *loss* for years, in order "to stifle in their cradle" the American industries which the Napoleonic wars had called into existence. The English manufacturers, as a rule, did not take his lordship's wise hint. Had they, we might not be to-day the great manufacturing country that we are.

The first general economic benefit that accrues to the nation successful in war results directly from the moral excitement; that is to say, the immense, immeasurable quickening of the spirit of the people as a whole. An electric energy displays itself, and we are stirred to greater activity, even in the small places, the country corners This is general, not sporadic. Or put it another way, it is emotional. Hence, its influence on the stock exchanges of the large cities cannot be safely considered of permanent or of progressive force. On the contrary, its character, being largely psychologic, is necessarily uncertain, and calculated to cause remarkable fluctuations. I predict, therefore, in the next three months, along with a general upward pressure in stocks and bonds, some sudden flurries, besides those caused by the big manipulators of Threadneedle Street and its American tributary, Wall Street.

Outside of the speculative field, however, into which whoso ventures is a fool, unless he has money which he can lose without wincing, the economic outlook is a fairly clear and sure one. Peace means to this country an incalculably rapid—and solid—development of material interests. This for a variety of reasons. In the first place, the old axiom, "Trade follows the flag," holds true. Our trade in the West Indies and in the East Indies, unless our treaty stipulations concerning the Philippines are weak ones, will double itself with almost magical swiftness, and the added outlets there for men of enterprise and for capital will relieve the labor market and the money market here. Take, for example, a single article of commerce. By virtue of her preferential tariff, it has been possible for Spain to take Minnesota wheat to her mills, turn it into flour, ship it across the Atlantic, and undersell in Cuba American flour. But not only will our trade with Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines expand. Our country will expand within its own borders, commercially, in the right direction. Hitherto the tendency of traffic and of transportation has been

to the northern seaports, in disproportion to the southern ones. The new *free* markets opening to us in the West Indies must bring to the southern and southwestern railroads an immense increase of business, because not alone the Kansan, Dakota and Minnesota wheat grower will be shipping direct through such ports as New Orleans, Galveston, Mobile and Savannah, but all other branches of industry will follow suit. This will tend to equalize industrial activity, and bring the southern cities, interior, as well as seacoast, to the front once more.

Another point, really the most important from the truly conservative standpoint, is this. The new fields of opportunity opened by war to American enterprise will cause an efflux of capital and of industrialists. Thus the pressure on the money market and the strain of competition in the ranks of labor will be, at least temporarily, and perhaps for a long time, relieved. Moreover, the draught of money from this country to investment in our new possessions will not by any consequent scarcity raise the value of money at home, for plenty of English capital will flow in to take its place. Indeed, the era of good feeling between America and England having apparently begun in earnest, the likelihood is that more English capital than ever before will hasten to investments in this country, and thus money will be cheaper than ever before.

If this be a sound inference, it follows that monetary agitation, such as the country suffered from in the last few years, is not to be expected again for, perhaps, a decade. The increased prosperity of the southern and western States—the better distribution of prosperity throughout the country—will result in a still further erasement of sectional lines and of party antagonisms. The occupation of the demagogue will be gone on a long vacation, and a new alignment of the old parties may be looked for. They may not change their names, but they must change the substance of their ideas; they must seek fresh issues.

Still another point: the increase in army and navy which our new possessions will necessitate throws open a new avenue for employment, and life employment besides. This, by drawing a large number from civilian industries, will help the labor market. That the raising of our regular army to 100,000 or more, as is now contemplated, may have some drawbacks is possible. It may give Capital a more formidable governmental weapon, wherewith to intimidate labor. But it may be said to those who see in this a menace to the perpetuity of free institutions, that in the era of national expansion and prosperity now dawning labor will not be so much tempted to essay strikes, since it will not have—for years to come—such urgent reasons of discontent.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

BY CHARLES GOULD BEEDE.

Listen, oh, listen to the lark's clear
notes,
His matin song that lifts and floats
Above my head, adown the sleeping
vale,
Greeting the morning pale.

Hark! to the cheery call of coming
day
Fresh from the heart of May,
Dewy with echoes from a thousand
notes
From newly opened throats.

Earth's rising bell soft sounding from
afar,
Where blushing, sweet, the morning
star
Gleams through her misty robes, and
beauty spills
Her glory on the hills.

Each daybreak lifts an infant hope on
high
And holds it up to destiny,
And, at each christening, I can hear
thy voice
O, lark, it says—rejoice!

Ringing down the distance,
Pealing through the air,
Comes thy clean-cut carol—
'Tis thy morning prayer.

Lark, oh, lark, I pray thee
Lift my thoughts above—
On thy sinless pinions,
With thy songs of love;

Till on wings, in Heaven,
As thy notes to me,
Mine shall fall in blessing
On humanity.

THE BETTER PART.

BY DZOR.

The Reverend Lionel Hamilton Wrey, D. D., the young and brilliant pastor of the Mispah Tabernacle, was angry, or, rather in his case, let us say, filled with a righteous indignation. Only yesterday the Quarterly Conference had dissolved, and some of his cherished hopes were dead forever, chiefly owing to the "near-sighted and old-fogeyish policy of the Presiding Elder." Misfortunes never come singly to most people, and at this particular time he certainly was no exception to the general rule.

It was Saturday, and the work of the week—his masterpiece in sermons—was gone—evidently blown from the open window. What should he do? To preach extempore he was not able; to write again in so short a time was equally impossible. Truly a most annoying dilemma.

To add to his grief, that abominable "Popish" girl who boarded next door, was crooning an Irish lullaby, which, at that particular moment, had anything but a soothing effect on the minister's feelings. He hated "Papists" at all times, and he positively knew she was ugly—all Irish were—though he had but caught a passing glimpse of her going to and from her school. He had a prejudice against school marms in general. His opinion at present was decidedly against Saturday holidays, at least for such Irish school marms as bother their neighbors with exasperating music.

The Reverend Lionel Hamilton Wrey, D. D., was brooding with much anxiety of spirit over his misfortunes, while the imaginary mercury in the equally imaginary thermometer under his collar was fast rising to the top point marked "boiling." What a nice dilemma for him, the popular preacher! How could he face the fashionable congregation which would wait for his polished and smooth-flowing discourse on the morrow? He was a new minister, too, and the country round expected a great deal. Must they be disappointed?

"The Presiding Elder was an old fool!" "Oh, that music drives me mad!" thought the irate pastor.

There was a jumble in his mind, but the mercury had reached its limit and was fast descending; and now he found himself wondering which he detested most, the wind that carried off his sermon, the Presiding Elder or the Popish girl next door.

He had not noticed that the music from next door had suddenly ceased; neither had he heard a sweet voice say something like "You naughty bird!" But the blue cloud that hung about him seemed suddenly to dissolve, when a dream in a white gown, with entrancing black eyes (he marked the eyes particularly), stood before his study window. He expected to see wings, but with a genuine relief he noted how pretty puffed sleeves were when properly adjusted to the proper costume on the proper kind of girl. The dream had manuscript in hand; was it the scroll of his fate? Remotely he feared it might be, but actually it was—the missing sermon.

"Pardon me!"—what music he now discovered in the voice!—"but this must be yours. I am Miss Connor, your neighbor. I fear that my landlady's magpie has been very naughty; he must have stolen your manuscript and carried it to my window, and it is not his first offence, either."

The vision was gone; the minister had his sermon; the cloud had rolled by; but he was no more himself. And

stranger, indeed, Popish school marms were not all displeasing to him, and he conceded that at least some Irish are not ugly. Yes, he would go as far as to say that some are decidedly pretty.

The Reverend Lionel Hamilton Wrey, D. D., preached his masterpiece next day with more than his usual elegance of style and delivery. The congregation consisted of scheming mammas and pretty daughters, with an old sleepy papa wedged between. He saw them not. To him the audience was made up of an innumerable number of Popish school marms, all alike, dressed in white, and having bewitching black eyes. Neither did they irritate him in the least, for he preached his best to them, while they, one and all, smiled the same bewitching smile back at him. Clearly he was in love, a very momentous period in the life of a bachelor minister, who happens to be young and handsome.

The habits of our friend certainly underwent a decided change. His rule of life now obliged him to take daily walks (except on Saturdays and Sundays) about the hours of 8.30 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. Strange, too, that he so frequently saw his "dream" with the black eyes—but, on second thought, these were her hours for going to and from school.

Scheming mammas and pretty daughters of the Methodist persuasion noticed it. They lost interest in the sermons, yet not in the individuality of their minister. Yet this did not seem to burthen him, for he walked out regularly at the usual hours, matters shaping themselves most seriously for him.

Why will men fall in love and women have ideas which hinder the course of true love? We cannot answer, yet so it often is.

A change had come into the life of the reverend pastor of the Mizpah Tabernacle, a change that drove the aforesaid scheming mothers and pretty daughters to distraction. The change brightened his life, but spoiled the effect of his sermons.

The world was brighter for him, too, yet, strange incongruity, he was oft-times so miserable. He would not change back. The prisoner loved his fetters. He would learn his fate, and like a man he sought for it.

People noticed a more than usually serious look on his face as he set forth for his usual walk that afternoon, and when at dusk he re-entered his study that look had changed to a manly despair, none the less crushing because well borne. Then the walks ceased; scheming mammas and pretty daughters once more hoped. Spring brightened into summer, but no brightness passed into a darkened life. The dream had passed from him.

* * * * * *

The Reverend Lionel Hamilton Wrey, D. D., at his study window one year later, bent his weary head upon the paper before him and allowed bitter thoughts to trouble his soul. An open letter was on his table, an invitation; to what he did not know. The gold cross upon the white stationery gave him a reminder of his last years; thoughts upon "Papists" in general, and one in particular. This letter, with its simple *"Come,"* made him long to see again the *one*. He would go.

* * * * * *

The Reverend Lionel Hamilton Wrey, D. D., was strangely moved by, to him, a new sight. In the chapel of a convent he beheld an altar resplendent with lights; sweet music which thrilled his soul and senses filled the air, already heavy laden with perfume from flowers and censers. Men in strange yet majestic garb passed to and fro; women in spotless white, with dark veils over their heads, knelt in silent prayer. A prelate came forth

to a throne beside the altar, and to his feet, in bridal robes, approached the *one* who had changed the minister's life. In bridal robes! Why? His heart almost stopped its beatings. He was to witness this? But the bridegroom? Soft! the music ceased. Her voice broke the silence. He understood now, and knew the bridegroom. The veil of black was thrown over her fair head, while he bowed in silent prayer within that strange temple.

Prelate and priests passed out. Lights were extinguished, and yet he lingered, with bent head and throbbing heart. The sexton approached; the minister woke as from a dream.

With one prayer in his heart he passed through the Gothic doorway: "I was not worthy. Such hearts, O Lord, are better all Thine own. Thy will is mine."

There had fallen upon his soul a peace that. "surpasseth understanding." There had broken upon him a ray from a "Light Divine."

DREAM PICTURES.

BY W. EMMETT WALSH.

I.

She sat in a quaint, dim parlor,
A maid with soft, brown hair,
And fresh from her primrose garden
Came the fragrant evening air.

I leaned by the rose-girt lattice,
I asked her my wife to be;
But she thought of one she had
dreamed of,
And her tears fell silently.

II.

She sits in the same dim parlor,
Her hair is flecked with snow,
And still she dreams in her faithful way,
Of that dream of long ago.

And still (tho' my dream is over)
Where the roses climb I rest,
Content to be only the substance
Of the phantom she guards in her breast.

III.

We have dreamed our lives together
So near, yet so apart,
(She with her dream of a shadow;
I, with the maid in my heart).

And now into life's calm evening
We are moving hand in hand,
Behind us the hunger and heartache,
Before us—a dreamless land!

WHERE HELEN COMES.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

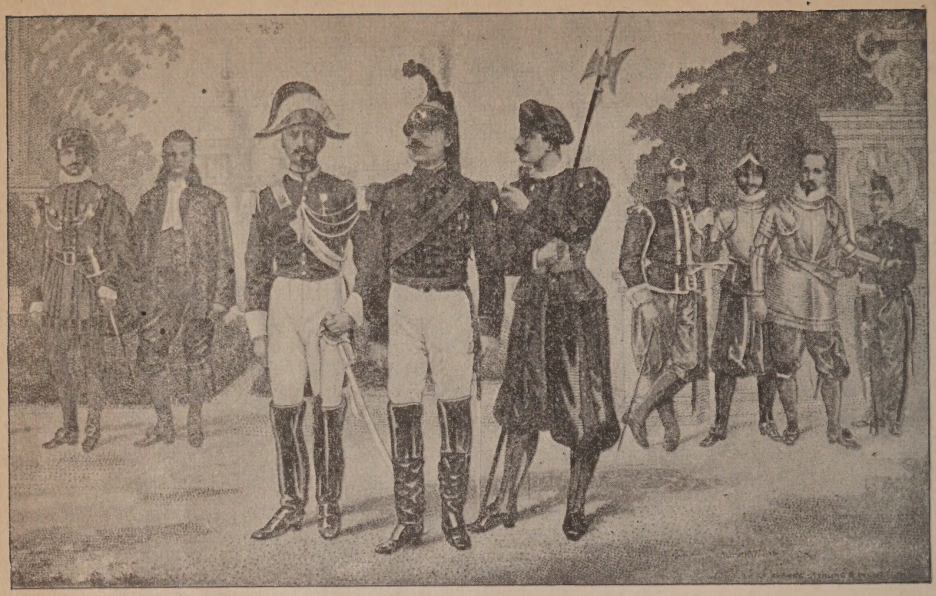
Where Helen comes, as falls the dew,
Where Helen comes Peace cometh too!
From out the golden, western lands,
White lilies blooming in her hands,
A light of beauty in her face,
She passeth on with nameless grace.
Before her fly the shades of life—
The darkling, wheeling bats of strife—
They flee her very garments' stir,
And greater fear the soul of her;
For hath she not the magic touch—
The sesamè of loving much?
Where'er her morning footsteps pass
The daisies sing unto the grass;
Soft whispers full of praises sweet
Her evening presence rise to greet,
And if she go thro' deserts bare
The angels of the heart are there—
They find no spot to weave their spells
So fair as that where Helen dwells!
Where Helen comes, as falls the dew,
Where Helen comes Peace cometh too!

STORM'S END.

BY B. F. GRIFFITH.

Black seas of cloud have blotted all the day
The tender blue of heaven; swirling rains
Have veiled the world's sweet face in mists of gray;
Loud, mournful winds have sorrowed on the plains.

But hush! the winds have wearied into rest.
And list! a bird-note! Look! through yon dark fold
A tiny rift of blue, and out the west
A thin, swift arrow of the sunset's gold!



MOMENTOUS TREATIES OF PEACE.

BY HON. JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

After an uninterrupted succession of victories on sea and land, our three months' war came, practically, to a close at 4.23 P. M. on the 12th of August, with the signing of a protocol in which Spain, through her representative, M. Cambon, the French ambassador, accepted all our terms. At five o'clock orders were cabled by the President to the commanders of the army and navy directing them to cease hostilities immediately. Although the result of the continuation of a contest between a nation of seventy million and a nation of seventeen million could never have been in doubt for a moment, especially when the nation of seventy million was so infinitely superior in material resources, as well as in education, training and discipline, to her antagonist, the suspension of military operations has produced among our people a decided feeling of relief, as well as of satisfaction. Many causes contributed to intensify a sentiment that began to exist shortly after the conflict was well under way. The scandalous mismanagement of the war administration, fatally manifested almost as soon as our troops were mustered, and rendered more humiliating and poignant by its contrast with the splendid efficiency of that of the navy, was creating a not unreasonable dread that diseases which might have been easily prevented or controlled would reap a larger harvest of victims among our soldiers than did the battlefields of Cuba. Then, in the case of the insurgents, a closer contact with them proved how little they could be relied upon when their services were needed. When our men met the Spanish soldiers and sailors they found them a recklessly brave people,

who, if they did not know how to conquer, at least knew how to fling away their lives with an almost careless gaiety, and they respected them accordingly. These were very different folk from those degraded "dagoes" held up to their scorn by certain newspapers and preachers. And the Spaniards, on the other hand, must have looked, half enviously, half admiringly, on the superb specimens of humanity they had been taught to regard as unwarlike "shop-keepers," "Yankee pigs." That this better knowledge would necessarily produce mutual respect and liking was shown by the fraternization of our soldiers and sailors with their Spanish enemies after the capture of Santiago. Our gallant warriors are the last people in the world to take a fancy to foemen they deemed unworthy of their steel.

Now that we have not only gained the object for which we went to war, but, incidentally, a good deal besides, every indication gives edivence that our government is prepared to treat its vanquished adversary not only with justice, but with generosity, and to remember that when we wanted friends badly, "in the time that tried men's souls," Spain, as well as France, was our friend. Spain has sunk and we have risen. It is, unfortunately, not unusual with nations, as well as with individuals, to kick away the ladder by which they rose. But such ignoble selfishness could never find a home in the breast of the American people, and while in our own interest and in the interest of humanity we may feel bound to deprive Spain of the islands in our neighborhood which she certainly has proved her inability or her unfitness to govern, we feel persuaded that in other respects she will receive such treatment at our hands that in the coming years she will look upon the United States as her best friend. Indeed, nothing in history is more surprising than the facility with which nations pass from a hostile attitude to a friendly one. France shed torrents of blood to free Italy from the hated Austrian yoke, yet at present no two powers are on more amicable terms than are Austria and Italy. Russia and France crossed steel a generation ago; now they are devoted allies. Quite recently the press and people of England could find no expressions strong enough to convey their hatred and contempt for Americans; now they can find none strong enough to express their love, especially since the battle of Manila and the complications in China. But though the work done on the evening of the 12th of August is surely the gracious harbinger of lasting concord and peace between two noble nations, it is as well to remember that a protocol is neither a peace nor a treaty.

By a protocol are meant, in diplomatic language, the general articles that must be settled before the details of the treaty of peace can be discussed at all. Ordinarily a considerable time elapses between the signing of the protocol and the signing of the final treaty, and it need not be a matter of surprise if the negotiations that are to follow the protocol of August 12 last three or four months, a delay of little practical importance in the present case, as the terms consented to by Spain insure not only the cessation of hostilities but the evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico by her troops at the earliest possible moment.

Whatever the clauses of the future treaty—and it is not difficult to forecast them all, except that relating to the ultimate destination of the Philippines—it will assuredly rank among that class of epoch-making conventions which have determined the territorial existence of nations and affected the course of the world's history at some time or other during the last two hundred and fifty years.

A brief examination of some of the

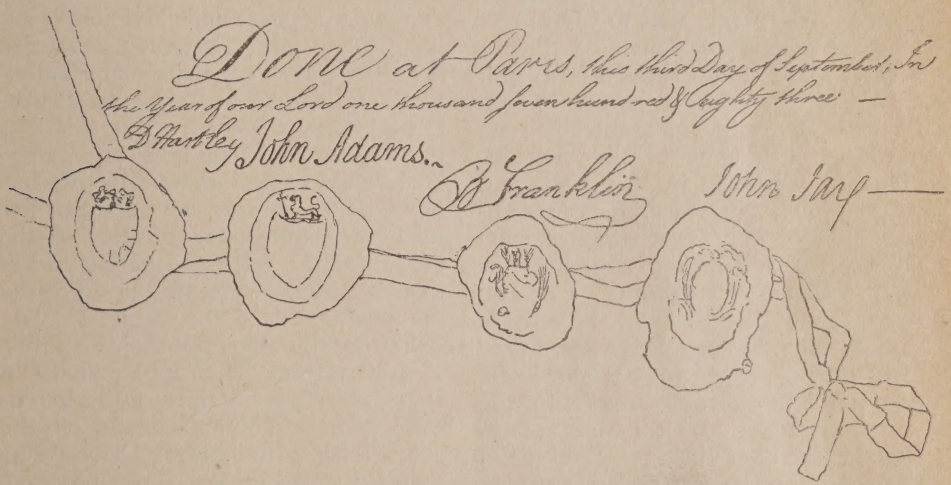
momentous documents that have made Europe what it is and assured the independence or ratified the expansion of the United States, will not be out of place in the present circumstances.

The treaty of Westphalia, signed in 1648 by the representatives of all the Christian powers except the Pope and the king of England, marked the death of one political system and the birth of another, introduced the principle of the balance of power, and, in fact, opened for Europe an entirely new era by constituting her on entirely new foundations. It signalized the close of the Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618, devastated every part of the western continent from the Scheld to the Danube, from the Baltic to the Rhine, and was a fitting climax to the calamities with which the so-called Reformation deluged Germany. But though lit by religious passion, this fratricidal conflict was soon transformed into a political agency by the entrance of France upon the stage. Richelieu, the powerful minister who then presided over her destinies, saw in the dusunion of the Empire an opportunity for the abasement of the House of Austria. He grasped it, took into his service Gustavus Adolphus, Bernard of Saxe Weimar and the other Protestant princes, and this terrible war, ostensibly begun for the sake of religion, terminated in the humiliation of the German Emperor and the exaltation of the French monarchy, which for more than fifty years was to take its place as the dominant power of Europe. The great cardinal did not live to witness the results of his policy, but Mazarin, his pupil and his successor, aided by Oxenstiern, the illustrious Swedish chancellor, dealt the final blow by compelling the Emperor to accept a treaty which indeed assured the triumph of Protestantism in most of the German states, but left Germany herself demoralized and helpless for nearly two centuries, the vassal and plaything of France for nearly a century, and utterly without any national feeling whatever. Her splendid language was degraded to a patois which even the great Frederick was ashamed to speak, and her petty despots, who became practically independent of the Emperor, modeled their courts and their morals on those of Versailles. Though this debasement was universal, it assumed a darker shade among the Protestant princes. Their daughters were reared without any religious training, so that in case an eligible suitor came round, Catholic, Lutheran or Calvinist, no prepossessions on their part might prevent them from accepting his creed. They sold their subjects like cattle to any power that offered to purchase them for soldiers. Our ancestors in the Revolution had good cause to remember the brutalities of the Hessian mercenaries, hired by the English, whose ferocity almost equalled that of the savage Indian.

The Treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, though based on that of Westphalia, which was indeed the foundation of all diplomatic conventions up to the time of the French Revolution, deprived France of her preponderance in the European system. Charles II. of Spain, who died without children, bequeathed his kingdom to Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. to the prejudice of the Archduke Charles, a younger son of the German Emperor.

The conflict that ensued between Germany, England, Holland and Savoy on the one hand and France and Spain on the other began in 1703, and, directed by Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the greatest generals of the age, resulted in a series of disasters to France that brought her to the brink of ruin. Unfortunate on all sides, with famine, disease and misery stalking through his kingdom

in the wake of the allies, Louis XIV. sought vainly to make peace with the victors. But the terms they offered were so humiliating that he declared his resolution to die amid the ruins of the French monarchy at the head of his nobility sooner than accept them. The constancy and heroism of the old sovereign were rewarded. Villars inflicted a crushing defeat on the enemy at Denain and saved France. The accession of the Tories to power in England under Bolingbroke entailed the dismissal and disgrace of Marlborough, and disposed the country to peace. The Treaty of Utrecht which followed comprised more than half a dozen conventions between the different powers, and established the European equilibrium on very explicit and definite principles. France apparently escaped from the struggle with her grandeur but little diminished. The two last years of the war had restored the lustre of her arms and she had seated a French prince on the throne of Spain. But the profound wound then made in the body of the monarchy was the precursor of the Revolution. The Dutch for a time acquired an influence in the councils of Europe out of all proportion to their population or territory. England, after the long succession of victories that signalized the reign of Queen Anne, rose to the rank of a great power and became the undisputed mistress of the seas. She threatened Toulon and Naples from Port Mahon, guarded the entrance to the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, and was thus a perpetual menace to Spain. Austria acquired magnificent domains in Italy. Prussia was born, and took at once a rank among the nations of Europe which a great king, who was also a man of genius, was soon to render pre-eminent.


Done at Paris, this third Day of September, In
the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred & eighty three —
D. Hartley
John Adams.
B. Franklin
John Jay

THE TREATY SIGNED AT PARIS SEPT. 3D, 1783, BY WHICH GREAT BRITAIN ACKNOWLEDGED THE UNITED STATES TO BE "FREE, SOVEREIGN AND INDEPENDENT."

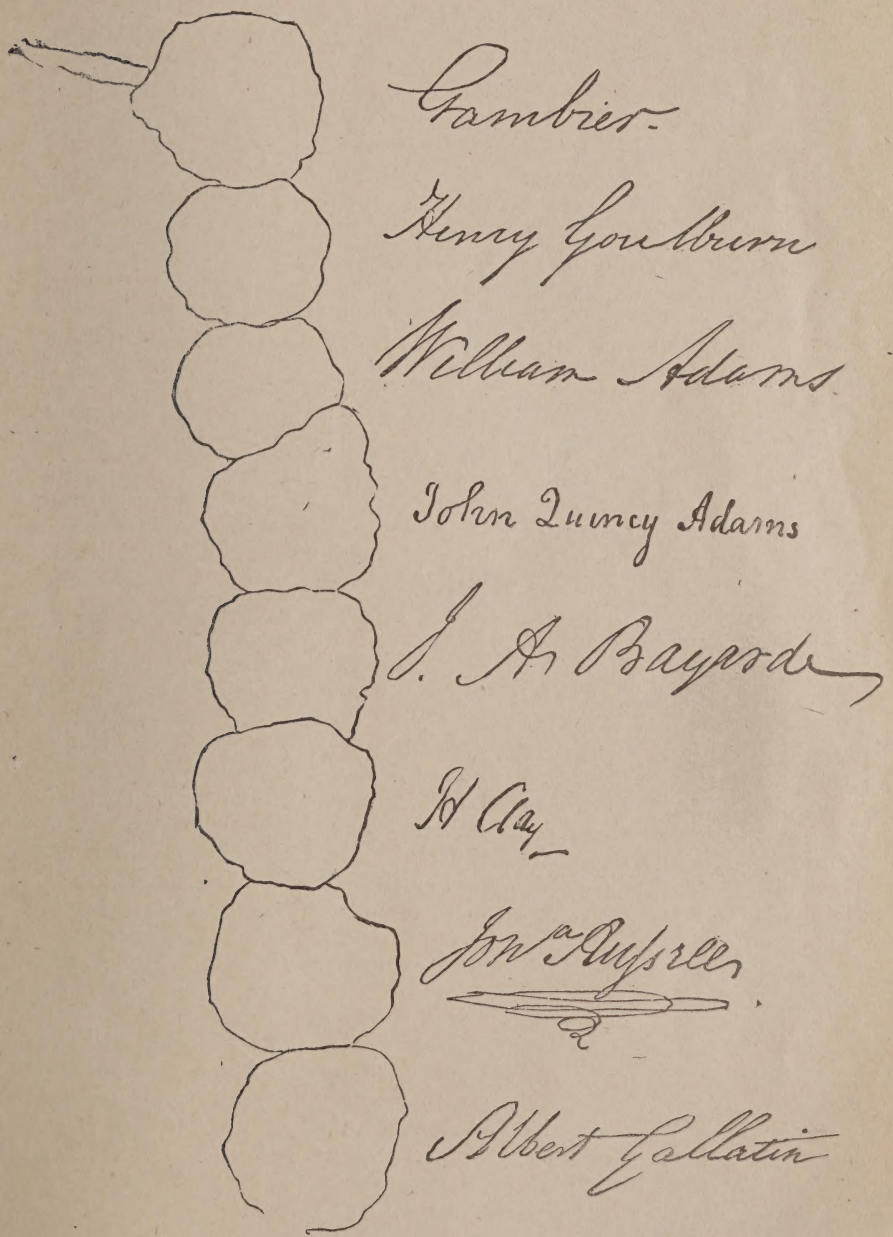
The Treaty of Aix-La-Chapelle, concluded in 1748, was the issue of an abortive attempt on the part of France, aided by almost all the powers of the continent, to prevent the succession of Maria Theresa to the throne of her father, the Emperor Charles VI. The young sovereign made a successful appeal in her weakness to the chivalry of the Hungarians. England and Holland armed in her favor, and, by surrendering in 1742 to Frederick the

Great the province of Silesia, which he had most unjustly seized, she detached him from the coalition against her for a time. But the brilliant victory over the English won by the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, laid Belgium at the feet of France, and was followed by other French triumphs of almost equal importance. The fortunes of the Empress-Queen were therefore reduced to a low ebb, when the presence of a Russian army in the centre of Germany, sent to her aid by Elizabeth Petrowna, changed the aspect of affairs and contributed to put a stop to a murderous conflict which for eight years had drenched Europe in blood. In spite of the victories gained by France in this long and ruinous war, she acquired no advantage in the end. She was not even allowed to retain her conquests in Italy, India and Belgium. England strengthened her hold on the empire of the ocean, and got rid of the Stewarts forever. From this time forth she adopted the custom of subsidizing the German princes, and thus her wealth transformed her into a continental power. Although Austria had suffered so many reverses that she seemed lost beyond redemption, the genius of a great woman saved her. Russia for the first time made her appearance in the affairs of Western Europe, and Frederick II. became the arbitrator of the continent.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had lasted scarcely seven years, and the wounds left by the last struggle were hardly beginning to heal, when war broke out anew. The first spark of the conflagration that was to set Europe on fire came from America, where the English and French, taking advantage of certain obscurities in the late treaty, were engaged in almost daily conflicts. Moreover, English ambition knew no limits ever since the campaign of 1741 had annihilated the French fleet. Admiral Boscawen swept the seas as a pirate, and, during a time of profound tranquility, seized over three hundred vessels, laden with rich cargoes, and two men-of-war. While Louis XV. was denouncing English piracy and perfidy to Europe, Maria Theresa suggested an alliance between France and Austria, and in 1756 the treaty between the two traditional enemies was signed. At first France was successful, drove the English from Minorca and Port Mahon, and won a great naval victory over Admiral Bing. Richelieu scattered the troops of Great Britain at Hastenbeck and forced her army to capitulate at Closter-Zeven. But this was the last of the triumphs of France. The defeat of her soldiers by Frederick at Rosbach was the herald of her misfortunes in every quarter of the globe, for the valor and genius of her generals were rendered unavailing by the profligacy of the court of Versailles and the corruption of the public administration. Her possessions in India were lost, in spite of the herculean efforts of Dupleix and of the great Irish commander, Lally. The heroism of Montcalm could not save Canada, and her West Indian islands met the fate of her continental colonies. The struggle, which is known in history as the Seven Years' War, terminated with the Treaty of Paris in 1763. It cost Europe at least 886,000 men. France lost more than 200,000, her navy, her credit and the best of her foreign possessions. She will be little better than a second-rate power until the last two decades of the century.

England reaped the reward of the statesmanship of Pitt and the genius of Wolfe and Clive; she was supreme in three-quarters of the world. Frederick issued from the conflict exhausted, his kingdom almost ruined, but he himself covered with glory. Austria had to consent to the final abandonment of Silesia, and Spain

Done in triplicate at Ghent the twenty fourth day of December anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fourteen



FAC-SIMILES OF SIGNATURES TO TREATY OF GHENT.

experienced only reverses and became more feeble than ever.

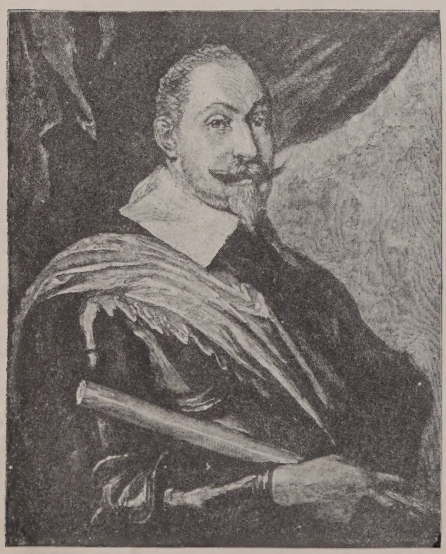
The events that led to the Treaty of Paris in 1783 are too well known by Americans to need recapitulation. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of Washington, our forefathers soon understood that, without foreign assistance, it would be impossible to triumph ultimately over a power which did not scruple to employ Indians, and which, by her contracts with the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel and other Protestant princes in Germany, could always count on an unlimited supply of mercenaries, as long as she was willing and able to pay their masters. Congress therefore commissioned Franklin to conclude an alliance with France. The court of Versailles was at first reluctant to attempt a new adventure, but its hand was forced by the enthusiasm of the French nobles and people in our favor, and a treaty was signed in 1778. The King of Spain then offered to mediate between England and her revolted colonies. His interposition was scornfully rejected by England, and he declared war against her in the following year. The help afforded by France and Spain was of priceless value to the struggling colonies, for it compelled England to meet an enemy, not in America alone, but in every quarter of the world. The Spaniards besieged Gibraltar and captured Minorca. De Suffren carried the war into India, wrested Trincomalee from the English, and defeated them in five battles. Such powerful diversions paved the way for the victory of the French and Americans at Yorktown. These reverses determined a ministerial crisis in England, and the Treaties of Versailles and Paris were signed on the same day (Sept. 3, 1783). France rose erect from the abyss into which another treaty of Paris had hurled her, recovered a part of her colonial possessions, and might count on the eternal gratitude of the infant republic she had ushered into existence. But Spain, in spite of all her efforts, did not succeed in recovering Gibraltar. The treaties of Versailles and Paris mark the close of a whole political era, that which extends from the peace of Westphalia to the French Revolution. New international relations were about to begin, inaugurating a system in which the will of the people would have more influence on diplomacy than the interests of dynasties. The map of Europe was also about to be recast, and, through the agency of a fortunate soldier, all that edifice of European equilibrium so laboriously reared after the peace of Westphalia was destined to fall to the ground, but to rise again when the cataclysm of Waterloo annihilated his colossal work and reconstituted Europe on its ancient foundations.

The Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797 terminated the long series of diplomatic conventions to which the coalition of united Europe against France had given rise after the Revolution. Never did France make so fine a peace, say one school of French historians; never so infamous a one, say another. Both schools are right; it depends upon the point of view. Never before had France obtained such a large increase of territory or such an influence in Europe. Lombardy and the entire left bank of the Rhine fell to her share. But she flung the ancient republic of Venice into the lap of Austria, and all her advantages were won by cynically trampling on every principle in whose name she had overthrown the monarchy and declared war on the world. Peace henceforth reigned for a time on the continent; but there was one power, however, that did not lay down its arms; it was England! The Treaty of Paris, which ensued after the first downfall of Napoleon in 1814, re-

SIGNING THE TREATY BETWEEN SPAIN AND HOLLAND, AT MUNSTER, WESTPHALIA.

QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

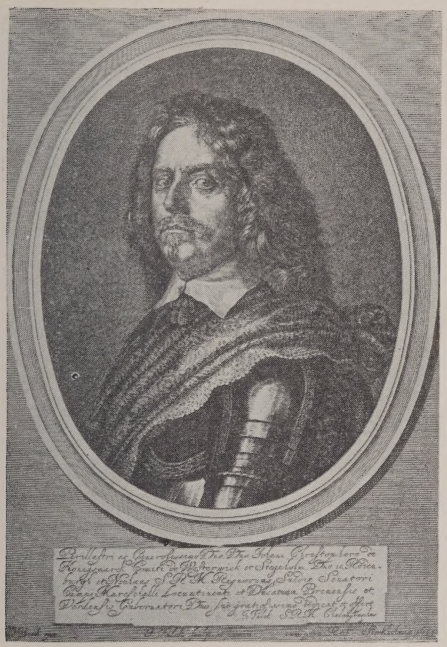
stored peace to France and Europe, and a long sigh of relief was heaved by the nations that had been crushed by a continuous war of twenty years.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

Unfortunately, the peace of Paris turned out to be only a truce, and a truce of less than a year! The Congress of Vienna, which met in pursuance of one of its clauses, had hardly settled down to the congenial task of quarreling over the spoils of victory when suddenly the ears of the Castlereaghs, Metternichs and Talleyrands who were carving up Europe were smitten with these astounding tidings: Napoleon has left Elba! Napoleon is in France! Napoleon is marching on Paris! However, Napoleon's triumph was of brief duration, and, save for the interposition of Russia, the disaster of Waterloo would have been followed by the complete dismemberment of France. But though she escaped dismemberment, the allies were determined to render her incapable of ever again attaining the rank from which she had fallen, and to eradicate every trace of the work she had been trying to complete during a war of twenty years. She was treated as a conquered country, and this, if not just, was at least natural. She had abused her victories, and her conquerors had a right to abuse theirs in turn. She was reduced to her boundaries of the eighteenth century, and nearly all her maritime possessions, as well as those of her allies, fell to England.

A treaty of far more importance to us than even that of Vienna was the Treaty of Ghent, negotiated between the United States and Great Britain on the 24th of December, 1814. When the war of 1812 began, the English people declared they would be content with nothing less than the dissolution of the Union and the banishment of President Madison to some remote island in the ocean, like Bonaparte. Every American schoolboy is acquainted with the glorious achievements of Macdonough, Perry, Stewart, and the other naval heroes who shook the power of Britain on the seas, and proved that her assumption to rule them was but



CHRISTOPHER VON KONIGSMARCK.

KING PHILIP IV OF SPAIN.

an empty vaunt when Yankee sailors chose to dispute her pretensions. The triumph of General Jackson over twenty thousand veterans of the Peninsular campaigns brought the struggle to a satisfactory close. Europe saw that a new people had arisen in the West, with which she must count in the future.

Like the Treaty of Campo Formio,

EMPEROR FERDINAND III.

JOHN CASIMIR, KING OF POLAND.

PHILIP V, KING OF SPAIN.

LOUIS XIV, KING OF FRANCE.

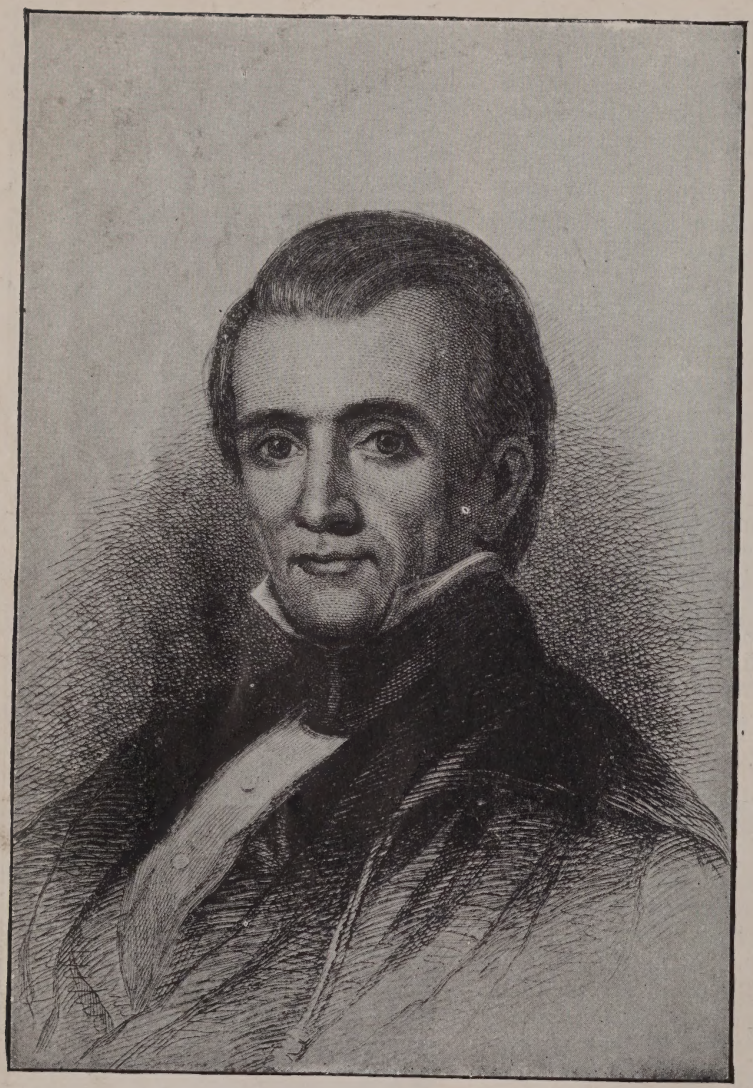
the Treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, has been very differently appreciated by American writers: it was glorious; it was shameful; and all de-

pends on the point of view. The war with Mexico which preceded it was avowedly a war for the extension of slavery, from which, like all the Spanish-American republics, Mexico was entirely exempt. After an uninterrupted series of brilliant victories, Texas, New Mexico and California became possessions of the United States. During the progress of the negotiations for peace, the Mexican diplomatists, with that foolish sentimentalism which is frequently a painful characteristic of the Latin nations, entreated the American commissioner to admit a clause forbidding slavery in the ceded possessions. He replied that "the bare mention of the subject in a treaty was an utter imbecility, and that he could not even dare to transmit such an insolent proposition to the President." But the request became known, and this attempt of a foreign and defeated power to hint disapproval of one of our institutions excited widespread and natural indignation. United States Senator Preston well expressed the prevailing sentiment when he declared, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of thousands of admiring hearers, that "the invincible Anglo-Saxon race could not listen to the prayer of superstitious Catholicism, goaded on by a miserable priesthood." After this scathing rebuke to superstitious Catholicism and the miserable Mexican priesthood, the Anglo-Saxon race had its way. Slavery was established in Texas, and continued there its beneficial career until other Anglo-Saxon interests rendered its further existence undesirable.

It would be useless to relate the events which, with lightning-like rapidity, hurried France into a gulf of disasters in 1870, and led to the protocol of Versailles and the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871, for they are still fresh in the memory of all. After a siege that lasted four months and a half, and after sufferings heroically endured by a population that was in-

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WOLFE.



JAMES K. POLK.

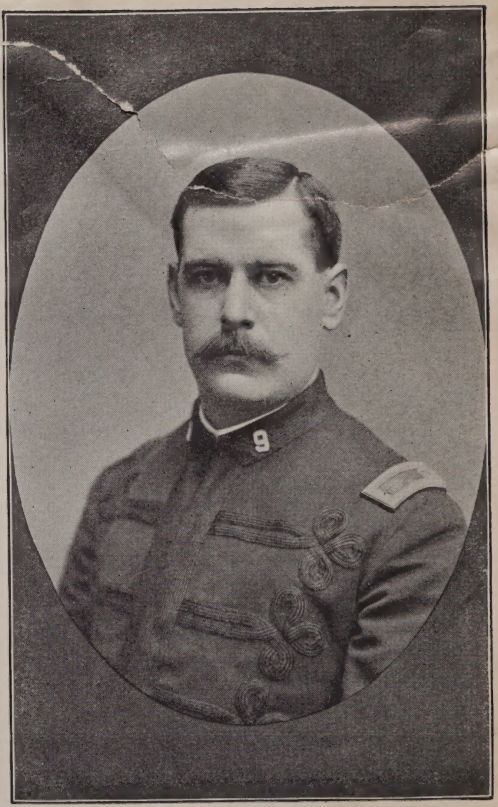
timidated neither by the horrors of bombardment nor the anguish of hunger, Paris succumbed. The ensuing convention, which, it was expected, would crush France for ever, was signed by Bismarck, Thiers and Favre. France had to pay the largest indemnity known to history, and to retire within the frontiers she possessed in the middle of the sixteenth century! Her fall has had few parallels in her history, but her sudden recuperation has been as marvelous as her fall, and still excites the wonder and admiration of the world.

In surveying the varied and momentous incidents that have marked the diplomacy of the past, the most striking feature that leaps to view is the intense and cynical selfishness that characterized all the powers interested in the territorial changes which the several treaties sanctioned. But a new era has dawned for the world. The United States which made war on Spain under the pressure of the noblest and most altruistic motives, will prove by its approaching convention with its late enemy that the strength of a great and free people lies as much in its generosity and disinterestedness as in the invincibility of its armies and navies.

Bismarck Negotiating Terms with Thiers and Jules Favre, at Versailles, 1870.

MAJOR P. J. GRADY.

COLONEL FRED B. BOGAN.



MAJOR MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR.

GALLANT OFFICERS OF THE NINTH WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE

From photograph by Conlin, 53 Temple Place, Boston.

THE BLACK HORSE CLOCK OF THE SENOR VALDEZ.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!"

There was a strange insistency in the clock's tone as it struck the hour. It annoyed the Señor; the metallic sound rasped his nerves, and he gave an impatient sigh, but his thoughts were too engrossing to be long interrupted, and resting his head upon his hand, he was soon deaf to everything. He had lived all his life in this quaint old Moorish castle on the Xenil's banks, and now he was to leave it. He loved every arch and lattice, every azulejo and inscription. Within these grim walls Francina, his wife, had died and left him alone with the baby who had come from Heaven as she went thither. The boy had long since become his father's joy, and now was one-and-twenty, and he wanted to marry. Here the Señor sighed again.

"Marrying costs money," he muttered to himself, "and times are very bad in Spain."

Antonio was a clever lad and painted pictures which the Americanos bought. Nobody knew of this, least of all the proud old Don, and Antonio used his money to lessen in many ways the rigors of his father's life.

It was the question of money which troubled the Señor. For himself he cared little. He was old; he loved only to read in musty books of all the past glories of Spain. He wanted money for Antonio. He surely should not be the last of his race, one which had been famous since Pelayo's days? He could not understand it. The lawyer had patiently explained that mortgages, with principal and interest unpaid for years, had eaten up all the money. The estate was in need of repair; the castle tumbling about his ears, and—worse than all—the Señor Antonio wished to marry a young woman without a *dot!* What a misfortune! There was the Americanita, rolling in gold, with an eye for a title and not ill to see; why could not he have fancied her? His father could not understand all these things. He felt only that, for the first time in his life, he had to deny the idol of his heart, the thing he seemed to want.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!"

"*Quita, quita!*" said the Señor, with as much impatience as his old-world courtliness would ever permit.

The clock ceased striking with the calm air of one who performed a duty virtuously in the face of opposition, but its "tick-tack" solemnly continued. It seemed to the Señor Valdez as if its persistent sound was marking the moments left to him in his home.

If Antonio had been wilful it would have been different, he thought. He was such a good boy! He loved Carisia dearly, and yet when he had asked his father's permission to deck her brows with orange blossoms, and the Señor had angrily said "Nay,"—(angrily, because he wished to say "Yes" and he dared not),—even then Antonio had yielded. He looked sad, very sad, but he said only, "*Si, si, mi padre,*" and went quietly away. The Señor had heard no more of little Carisia.

She was not a fitting mate for his young eagle, he thought, and yet so dearly did the proud old Don love his son that he would have swallowed his Castillian pride and permitted the marriage. Without a *peseta* this was impossible. He wished that he could give the maiden her dot. That would be to give all and take little, which would please the Señor mightily.

Carisa's father was but a goldsmith and spent his days in copying the old Moorish jewelry for the rich Americans who bought much of his silver

filagree and gold wrought stuffs. The goldsmith Garçon had his pride also, and he told his daughter that she should have naught to say to the penniless lad whose castle towers were crumbling into bits.

So it chanced that Antonio's guitar was heard no more beneath the little iron balcony where Carisia was won't to sit, lovely as a saint, with one deep red rose in the folds of her mantilla.

Fate had forced two doting parents into this attitude of cruelty, but lovers have ever defied Fate, and there were stolen interviews between these two dutiful children, vows of fidelity and promises of future happiness.

"*Patiencia,* Antonio *mio,*" said Carisia, sweetly. She was the daintiest of Andalusian beauties, with silky, black hair and eyes like night.

"All will yet be well. I am praying the Portuguese Saint Antonio to find a way that I may become pleasing to the Señor thy father."

"Not so, my angel," cried Antonio, all aflame. "Thou must be pleasing to anyone. It is but the money. I shall go away and fight and come back rich to marry thee."

"Ah! Wilt thou not return to be false to thy Carisia, as did the wicked soldier in the legend of the *Cristo de la Vega?*" Her soft voice was full of tears.

"*Mia Querida,* thou knowest I will never be false to thee," cried the boy, and then there followed those vows at which they say Jove laughs.

The Señor Valdez knew nothing of all this. He only knew that Antonio was often sad, and he felt himself growing older every moment as he thought over the matter. As the clock tolled forth ten he glared at it fiercely. It was a strange piece of Moorish workmanship which had come down through generations of stately Valdez', and always with the injunction,

"Never part with the Black Horse Clock!"

If some gay Don asked why, the answer was always the same: "I know not, but so my father said to me." That was enough, for to a Spaniard what his father has said or done is as sacred as the sword of the Cid, or the relics of Santiago at Compostella's shrine.

The clock ticked on year after year in the tower of the Valdez castle. It was a large clock, elegantly wrought in metal so dark that it was almost black. The gold wire inlaid upon its surface formed strange letterings which were nearly imperceptible with age. Upon the face were weird marks and scrolls which made it seem almost like a human face, grotesque and distorted with fiendish glee. Strangest of all—for all the world knows that the Moorish artizan made no likeness of any living thing—upon the top of the clock was a bronze horse, a spirited, dashing figure, with one foot raised and poised over a small gold ball. Beneath were engraved in Moorish characters the words, "With a woman it went; by a woman it comes!"

As each hour struck, the tiny hoof of the bronze horse descended and smote the golden ball with a pretty, ringing sound.

"Whatever else goes, we must keep the Black Horse Clock, Antonio," the Señor had said, and his son, wondering a little, told it to Carisia, down by the almond trees.

Carisia was a well brought up maiden, and her *ama* was near by, but the old woman's memory for her own youth was better than her eyesight. She saw not the handsome *caballero* with her little mistress. She saw only the rose-hued shafts of the sunset across the Holy Ground where slept her Juan, and she murmured an *Ave* for his soul.

"I saw the clock once," said Carisia. "'Twas when thou wert gone to the Sierras with the English officers from Gibraltar. Anita took me

to the castle when she went to see thy Manuelita, and she says that at night figures hover about it and dance when it strikes. Is't true?" and she drew closer to him timidly.

He threw a bold arm about her, aping manhood to protect her from even fancied fears, and said: "In truth, I know not, *Chica*; but I do know that nothing shall harm thee."

"Tonito *mio*," she said after a few moments of the silence which is more than speech to lovers, "thou will not be angry if I say something?"

"Angry with thee? Never!" said the lad warmly. "What is it?"

"I,"—she hesitated. "I cannot come more to see thee here."

"Thou dost not love me," he cried amazed.

"Ah, yes, Antonio; but it is thy father and mine," she said. "It is that I like not to deceive, and they think that we"—she paused again and sobbing, cried, "*Mio Querido*, thou knowest that thou art my life and that I shall never belong to another!"

Antonio's breath came quicker as he clasped her close. "Thou art right," he said, "my little saint, but I will never give thee up."

The Señor, meantime sat looking at the Black Horse Clock with pitiful earnestness, and it seemed to leer at him with a smile on its evil face. It ticked so slowly that at last the old man was soothed and fell asleep. Long he slept unmindful of a dread enemy who was creeping nearer and nearer; an enemy clothed in scarlet, with heavy breath and wicked purpose.

Antonio slept also, but he seemed to hear within his dreams his sweetheart's voice, and he murmured sleepily, in the pretty diminutive of Spanish lovers, "Carisita!" The voice of love can pierce to even sleeping ears and at last he roused himself and heard her calling in reality, "Antonio! Antonio! Wake!" He sprang to his feet, hastily throwing on his clothing. Looking from the window he saw her face pale in the moonlight. "What is it?" he cried.

"Quick! There is a fire! I saw it from my lattice. My father has gone for aid. I came to warn thee. Come! The Señor, thy father, where is he?"

"In the turret; I will go to him!" Antonio answered. He sprang to the door but a sheet of flame enveloped the stairway. He rushed to the window, lowering himself from the balcony.

"The stairway is impassible," he cried. "I must bring a ladder. Fly to safety, Carisia."

But she answered only, "Save the Señor!" and he left her.

She wrung her hands. Would help never come? Why did not the Señor awake? Was he stifled with the smoke? Could she not save him for Antonio's sake? She wrapped her mantilla close about her head and face. She stopped for naught, but saying a quick prayer to God, she rushed to the turret door and flung it wide. Up, up, up she ran. The fire had died away, but the smoke was blinding. She forced back the tears, saying over and over under her breath, "Antonio! Antonio!" and her tiny feet at last reached the Señor's door. She flung herself against it, and opening it, closed it behind her. The room was untouched as yet, and the old man slept. She touched him upon the arm.

"Wake! Wake!" she cried.

He stirred sleepily and opened his eyes, looking at her in astonishment, then,—"Will you be seated, Señorita," he said with courtliness, even in his bewilderment.

"I thank you, there is no time. The castle is on fire! You must go by the window," with quivering lips she gasped. The hand which held her mantilla was badly burned and the pain unbearable, but she shut her lips tight together and bore it unflinchingly.

The Señor grew alert in a moment.

"You have come to save me and I must save you," he said. Then pulling down the bed curtains and knotting them together, he tied one end to the great oak posts. "Now, Señorita, you must go first," he said, as he threw the loose end out of the window. "Not so," she panted. "It may not be strong enough. If it holds you it surely will me. You must try it first; I dare not. It may not reach the ground. If you go down in safety, by then the ladder may be here. Oh, Señor! if you love your son, go!"

He knew she did not speak the truth and that there was no fear in her brave heart. She did but stay for his safety, and yet he could not withstand the pleading of those lovely eyes.

"I go," he said, "but you shall be saved, my child."

As he swung himself over the window sill, the Black Horse Clock savagely struck, "One, Two!"

On the next day there was great excitement in the goldsmith's shop just beyond the Alhambra walls, near to the fountain of Charles V. Never before were there so many customers, and never had the old artificer had so many eager listeners to his tales. He told it all with complacence, and yet with that self-respecting calm so agreeable in men of his race, even to the least peasant, and the Señor Garçon was no tiller of the soil, but a man of good birth and of sturdy, burgher ancestry.

"Yes, the Señor Don is my guest, he and the Señor Antonio," he said. "It was sad to have the castle burn. No one knows how it took fire. By the grace of God my little Carisia saw the flames, gave the warning and saved the Señor Valdez. She was brave, yes; and she was burned so badly that she could scarce stand for the betrothal. You did not know that there was a betrothal? The Señor Don is very ill, and sent for me this morning to ask my consent that the Señor Antonio should marry Carisia. Of course" — here the goldsmith looked wise—"it is not a great match for the girl, since the young Señor has not money, and now even his castle is burned. But then, what would you? Young folks must have their will," and the good man smiled benignly.

The Señor Valdez did not die, but Carisia nursed him back to health and strength with such loving care that soon he turned to her for everything. Antonio, who had loved her before, grew to worship her, so sweet was she in her father's house. One day they sat in the little *Patio*, where the orange trees gleamed in the sunlight, heavy with golden fruit.

Antonio was silent, content to watch the sweet face of his betrothed; a face no longer childish but one to which suffering and unselfish care for others had brought a gentler womanliness.

At last the Señor spoke. "Antonio, I am better now; we must arrange something. There is money due to many; nothing remains but the land upon which my castle stood. That must go to pay the debts. All else is gone; all, even the Black Horse Clock," he said mournfully.

"All shall be arranged, *mi padre*," said Antonio soothingly as he saw his father's lips tremble.

Then Carisia spoke, drawing from her bosom a small object.

"Señor, I have but waited till you were stronger to tell you a strange thing. That night of the fire, after you had gone from the window, something, I knew not what, drew my eyes to the chimney where stood the Black Horse Clock. As it struck the hour of two it made so fierce a sound that I sprang toward it and only just in time. Señor, it is too strange to be believed, but the foot of the horse struck the little golden ball; it opened wide and I could see that there was something within. As quickly as might be, I

snatched the little roll, and drew it forth just as the ball closed again. Then I heard shouts from below; the smoke made me ill, but Antonio came through the window and bore me down the ladder. I thought that which was hidden in so strange a place must be of value, and here it is, dear Señor," and she handed him a small folded paper.

Señor Valdez took it with trembling fingers. It was a piece of parchment, yellow with age, and when unfolded proved to be covered with Moorish characters.

"Señor Garçon, you can read these lines perhaps," said Don Fernando. Then, with the dignity which so marked him, he added, "This may concern the honor of my house, Señor. I pray you to hold it in confidence."

"As though I were a priest in the confessional," said Señor Garçon as he took the paper. Then an expression of pleased surprise stole over his features and he said, "You are impatient; I will read."

"I, Abdul Hafiz, Moorish knight, and cousin to the great king of Algecirus and of Ronda, do write this with my own hand.

"Great were the treasures of my house, greatest of all my fair daughter, Caliza, child of my favorite, Haltima. Upon this daughter lies my curse forever and forever. So be it!

"In the year 1345 came false Christian knights with an embassy of peace from the king of Castile and Leon. Many there were, but of these Caliza saw one only, and he, too, saw but her.

"He lingered long in Granada the Fair, and for him she forgot her home, her father and the Faith of the Proph et. For him she stole from my castle at the hour of two on a night so dark that Heaven seemed to frown on one so false.

"Hereafter to me is she dead. Son I have none. Christian dog my jewels ne'er shall have. These have I placed in a casket, beneath the lowest step of my turret stair. Then have I made the Black Horse Clock, since on a horse as black as night Caliza fled from me. Within the golden ball I hide this paper. Only at the stroke of two can the ball be opened; only by a woman pure and dutiful and true shall the parchment be found, else my solemn curse shall be upon that one who touches jewels or casket. With a woman it went; by a woman it comes. So say I, Abdul Hafiz, the Moor."

There was silence in the little *Patio* as the voice of the old man ceased. Only the cool splash of the fountain and the flutter of the birds in the orange trees disturbed the intense stillness.

"My daughter," said the Señor Valdez at last, "thou hast brought good fortune to my house," and he kissed her hand with all his old-world respect and affection.

But Antonio—proud young lover—held her fast and kissed her crimson lips as he whispered passionately, and yet tenderly, too, "Santa Maria! thou art good fortune enough for any man, my angel!"

The Moorish treasures were found, treasures so quaint and rich and rare that queens vied with each other to possess them. The Valdez castle was rebuilt and stood more proudly than before upon its crags, and many were the votive offerings for the poor which found their way to the chapel in the Vega below.

The Señora Valdez wears sapphires and diamonds, and rubies as red as her own fair cheeks, but of all her treasures she prizes most a wide gold band which was her marriage ring, and upon which her father had engraved the figure of a horse and the words, in curious Moorish characters, "With a woman it went; by a woman it comes!"

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY MARIE KIECKHOEFER.

NO. I.

The accents of joy, grief, pleasure, pain, love, hatred and all the utterable emotions of the human heart are, and always have been, recognized by all human beings, in all places. In them nature has endowed us with a tone-language of emotional significance, which is universally intelligible. This simple tone language—"the music of humanity"—the natural vehicle for the expression of human emotions, is the root from which, after long ages of arduous culture, has grown the sublime and universal language of music, a language which touches chords "and reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond all other influences," and is capable of rising far above any form of human speech in the expression and portrayal of emotions.

This language of music, universal in its extent and intelligibility, is shown by its faculties and functions to be of a spiritual nature. It is the medium through which inexpressible thought without shape or form is transmitted directly from one soul to another; from the mind of the composer to the mind of the hearer. The philosopher Hegel says: "Music builds no permanent fabric in space. It has no form which can be seen. It is a voice. Out of the unseen, in skilfully modulated tones, it speaks to the heart of the hearer." The use of this language has been developed into an art of the highest order, but, unlike other arts, the art of music is wholly subjective, and entirely independent of material nature or defined ideas for its creations. Hegel further says: "It is one of the limitations of music that it holds no relation to reason. The latter begins to act only when it is furnished with distinctly formulated conceptions or thoughts, and these are not found in music. Reason and music, therefore, have nothing in common with each other, but belong to different departments of the soul. Music goes in through sense perception, and addresses the feelings directly as such. It can give us a prolonged action of the soul, an emotional history, and in this is its great superiority in spirituality to other forms of art. The proper sphere of music is to portray the progress of the soul from grief or sadness to comfort, joy and blessedness; this it can do with an intelligibility entirely its own. It is the art of the ideal sphere of the soul."

These qualities of universality and spirituality, together with its simplicity of emotional expression, make music preëminently a suitable vehicle for religious feeling. St. John Chrysostom says: "It hath a sweetness and utility, and glorifieth God, purifieth our hearts, elevateth our contemplations, and helpeth to make us wise unto salvation."

Music has ever been associated with worship. Choral symphonies adorned the gorgeous ritual of the Jewish temple, hymns were essential features of the worship of the pagan deities of Greece and Rome, and sacred songs and chants were characteristic of the devotions of the early Christians. Sir John Hullah says: "The first public use of music by every people has been in religious rites and ceremonies. The means presented by the art of amplifying and prolonging ceremonial, of raising and sustaining in great multitudes a similar state of feeling, and of giving simultaneous expression to this feeling—these qualities have at all times recommended music to those on whom the duty of arranging rites and

ceremonials has fallen." Music supplies devotional emotions with means of intelligible expression. By its instrumentality we can direct to God a prayerful or devotional impulse of the heart which we could not frame into language; it serves to carry from us to the altar those devout sentiments emanating from uplifted hearts, which by reason of their simple and spiritual nature are inexpressible in words. It has a language of its own and an independent power of expressing sentiments and combining ideas. The voice of the organ alone has frequently conveyed God's message to the heart, and the soul has frequently been thrilled with devotion by the mere waves of sound breaking upon it from a great chorus.

The wonderful capabilities and various excellences of the art of music offer for scientific treatises and instructive essays an almost inexhaustible supply of material, and the narration of the events and description of the processes connected with the development of this art would be a most interesting history. This article, however, does not pretend to such high literary prerogatives; still, for the proper understanding of the subject of church music it will be necessary to state some historical facts to show the relation of the Church to the development of musical art.

Music as an art must be regarded as entirely modern. We have abundant evidence of the excellence attained by the ancient Greeks and Romans in the arts of poetry, painting and sculpture; but we have no knowledge of the character of their music, save what would justify us in holding that it was very crude and ill-regulated. With the Egyptians, Syrians and Jews it was further advanced, but the traditions which we have of it convince us that it was in a very primitive state. While music existed in some form or other at all times, from the earliest ages, its spirituality and simplicity raising it above the realm of material logic no doubt caused it to be neglected by the ancients for the material and more feasible arts of painting, sculpture and poetry, which were better suited to their natures and dispositions. It found refuge, however, in the Church, where it was nurtured and gradually matured into full strength and vigor.

The early Christians utilized music for an orderly and melodious utterance of the words of prayer, and they evinced in it the spirit of their religion —an inward quietude. They instituted an antiphonal, unrhythmic method of singing, and subsequently adopted some of the Greek formulas and melodies. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the year 386, was the first to give sacred music an orderly arrangement. He introduced a new set of scales, established a system of antiphonal chants, and composed and rearranged hymns for the regular services. His system continued in use until the beginning of the seventh century, when it was superseded by the improved method of Pope Gregory the Great. This great Pope compiled an antiphonary, founded a musical school at Rome, invented a system of music peculiar to the service of the Church—the Gregorian chant—and introduced a system of musical notation. The work of Pope Gregory, while primarily a benefit to the Church, was a giant stride in the development of the art of music. In the beginning of the tenth century, Hucbald, a Flemish monk, improved the system of musical notation, and brought to light the principle of harmony. The system of notation was, however, still very crude, and nothing had been invented for regulating the duration of notes. The next great advance in the art was effected towards the end of the tenth century, by Guido of Arezzo, a monk of the Bene-

dictine convent near Ravenna. He invented the staff and its use for notes, as we have it at present, and the system of syllables called *solfeggi*, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, which were the first syllables of each line of a hymn to St. John the Baptist. In the eleventh century Trance of Cologne, a monk, devised a method for designating the duration of notes, and thereby supplied the final requisite for the formation of the art. Thus it was in the Church that the problems which had ever stood in the way of the development of the art of music were finally and satisfactorily solved, the foundations of the art established, the forms and material to work with prepared, and music was equipped for her great progress in the world. Nurtured in the Catacombs, fostered by the Church, and reared in the cloisters, music was, after a lapse of eleven centuries, presented to the world in a comprehensible form, through which shone a beauty and attractiveness which arrested the world's attention, and won for her its best services.

Having thus briefly viewed the parental relationship of the Church to music, we may next consider the status of music as regards its rendition of filial service to the Church. This service has undoubtedly been faithfully rendered with respect to the Vespers and all the minor devotions. For the purposes of these devotions the Church is abundantly supplied with a choice and varied store of beautiful and appropriate music. But has music rendered adequate service for the celebration of the Mass, the supreme act of worship which transcends the highest realm of devotion? Is the music of the Mass what it should be? This is a question which seems to deserve careful and serious consideration and a just determination.

No one realizes more thoroughly than does the writer of this article how much easier it is to pull down than to build up; to criticise than to create; to be an iconoclast than to be a sculptor, and it is therefore hoped that nothing which may be herein written will be construed as emanating from the crabbed conceit of a self-constituted and incapable critic, a wanton spirit of destructiveness or the morbid spirit of fault-finding which pervades the age. The object of the writer is not to sit in judgment but to bring to the attention of those competent to judge matters which may have hitherto escaped their observation, but which seem to merit their adjudication. Hence, with this object borne in mind, having considered generally the nature of music and its relation, utility and suitability to the service of the Church, we will proceed to consider it specially in relation to the Mass; what the music for the Mass should be, has been, and what it now is.

As music deals directly with our emotions, and as the principal purpose of music in the service of the Church is to awaken and give expression to those devotional emotions which find no form of expression in speech, it naturally follows that the music for the Mass should be of a character to call forth from our hearts and convey to the altar only such emotions as are consistent with the sense of supreme adoration which should actuate us during the sacrifice of the Mass. For a specific comprehension of what the character of these emotions, and, consequently, the character of the music corresponding to them, should be, it is necessary for us to have an adequate understanding of what the Mass is.

The Mass is a sacrifice, the true and acceptable sacrifice of the new law, of which the sacrifices of the old law were symbols; the offering to God of the only victim worthy of His acceptance; the repetition of the sacrifice of

the Cross. In the Mass the Son of God is actually, though mystically, slain—His body and blood separated—and by the hands of the priest He offers Himself as a sacrifice to the honor and glory of His Father and for our salvation. Through His ministration as High Priest and the merits of His passion, which is commemorated in the Mass, we are enabled to acceptably adore, thank and pray to God. This sacrifice is offered and we attend it for the purposes of commemorating the passion of Our Saviour, of offering most solemn worship to God, of rendering Him an acceptable thanksgiving, of petitioning Him for forgiveness of our sins, and of invoking the graces and blessings we stand in need of. The prayers and ceremonies are only incidents to heighten the solemnity, and properly dispose the minds of the congregation for the contemplation of the divine mysteries. The essence of the Mass is in the mystical slaying of the Victim by the separation of His body and blood at the Consecration, and the consumption of the offering, the eating of His body and the drinking of His blood, at the Communion.

With this understanding of the nature and import of the Mass and the objects for which is it offered, we can form a somewhat clear notion of the character of the emotions appropriate to its celebration, and of the character of the music suited to their formation and expression.

The chant introduced into the service of the Mass by Pope Gregory the Great in the seventh century has a quality intrinsically sacred, is full of the spirit of reverence, and possesses an undefinable and mystical character. Its tones have been the foundations of the best hymns and anthems, and they have given rise to a style of music which for its simplicity and grandeur many look up to as the perfection of religious expression. It has a richness of melody that is different from anything founded upon the modern scale. Although the cloisters had developed the art of music to such an extent as to make it comprehensible and feasible and laid the foundation for its present magnificent structure, nothing seems to have been done by those in religious orders, or those in the world who took up the art from them, in the way of composing suitable music for the Mass during the nine centuries succeeding the time of Pope Gregory. Possibly considering that for the purpose of the Mass the institutions of Gregory could not be improved upon, workers in the art of music devoted their labors to mundane delectation. In lieu, though, of composing devotional music composers degraded the music of the Church by setting the words of the liturgies to secular and popular tunes, and secular influences came to so dominate religious sentiment that in the beginning of the sixteenth century the sacred liturgy of the Mass was sung to the lowest order of popular tunes. While the choir would be singing the sacred words the congregation would be humming the secular words belonging to the tunes. The Council of Trent in the sixteenth century undertook the reformation of this abominable profanation of worship, and for its accomplishment the genius of Palestrina was invoked.

Palestrina was to the Church in music what his contemporaries, Raphael and Michael Angelo, were in painting, sculpture and architecture. These great geniuses reared monuments of their respective arts in the service of the Church, monuments which have won the admiration of the world and stand as models of art for the present day. While Palestrina was engaged in the work directed by the Council, the Chair of St. Peter became occupied by the austere Pope Marcellus II. This pontiff, zealous in

the matter of all church discipline, was about to banish music from the churches, but Palestrina prevailed upon him to postpone the execution of this project until he should hear a mass composed in true ecclesiastical style. This mass was sung on Easter Sunday in the year 1555, and we read in d'Artaud's "Lives of the Popes" that Marcellus was affected to tears by it, and abandoned his purpose of suppressing music in the churches. This mass became celebrated as the "Mass of Pope Marcellus." Thus music was saved to the Church by the genius of Palestrina, and not only was it saved, but, what is more remarkable, church music seems to have *at once* attained through him its perfection, or, at least, an unprecedented degree of excellence which the compositions of three subsequent centuries have not been able to reach. His compositions, which include several masses, motetts and psalms, combined the highest ability of musical art with the deepest religious fervor, and are sublime models of what church music can be and should be. Unfortunately, however, we may say from a practical standpoint, the inspiration of Palestrina carried his works beyond the abilities of generally available performers. Being for the worship of the Most High, his compositions contemplate the highest order of musical culture for their proper rendition. They require large male choruses possessed of thorough musical knowledge and well trained voices. Owing, however, to lack of religious zeal among the people, and the impoverished condition of the churches, the maintenance of such choruses became impracticable. Palestrina's masses were consequently neglected, and have remained so for such a long period that they now are, in general, only a matter of tradition. It is said that at Rome and Milan these masses may still occasionally be heard. Portions of them are frequently and magnificently rendered by the famous motett choir of the Lutheran Church of St. Thomas, in Leipzig. They are, of course, unknown in America. It might indeed be truly said of Palestrina that in music for the mass he had no predecessors, and has had no successors. There have been innumerable composers of masses since Palestrina's time, whose masses we must properly estimate, but they are not successors of Palestrina.

The music of the Church is naturally vocal, and such music alone is contemplated in the liturgies. The organ, however, having been admitted into the choir as an accompaniment to the voices, soon, by virtue of its great and varied powers and capabilities became a predominant factor, and may have been primarily responsible for the relegation of the sacred words of the liturgies to their present servile capacity of mere vocables. At all events, the meaningless repetitions whereby the same words are frequently rendered with every kind of musical variety—their expression at one time being slow and solemn, at another quick and joyous, now stern and dignified, now flippant and florid; at one time being the finale of one musical phrase, and immediately thereafter becoming the theme of another and entirely different phrase—show that the composers of Mass music since Palestrina's time paid no heed to the import and significance of the words, but used them merely as vocables for the purpose of enunciation. Even the great Palestrina, it must be admitted, so used words at times, as is evidenced by his giving to the titles of the Psalms and Hebrew letters prefixed to the verses, a depth of musical expression equal to that given to the words of the verses themselves. It should, however, be remarked that Palestrina in making use of these vocables does not offend or in any way detract from the emotions

appropriate to the service in which these psalms are sung. He does not jumble the words of the verses, and for the rest, his musical setting of the titles and prefixes breathes throughout the spirit suited to the occasion. Fugues and reiterations of the words do not, however, necessarily detract from the merits of a hymn. On the contrary they may, and undoubtedly do at times, serve to heighten and develop the idea contained in the words. But to have this effect they must be used intelligently and warrantably, and appropriately designed to bring to our minds the full force and meaning of the words; sustaining and intensifying the whole emotional story of the words which a single utterance might not be sufficient to convey. The inappropriate use of fugues, on the contrary, tends to make the service ridiculous. This was some years ago pretty well illustrated in *Fraser's Magazine*, wherein is described the fugal rendition of two lines of a psalm in these words:

"And snatched me from the furious rage
Of threatening waves that proudly swelled."

The magazine says: "The words 'And snatched me from' were repeated severally by the altos, the tenors and the bass voices; then all together sang the words two or three times over. In like manner did they toss and tumble over 'The furious rage,' apparently enjoying the whirligig scurrying of their fugues, like so many kittens chasing their own tails, till at length after they had torn and worried that single line even to the exhaustion of the most powerful lungs—after a very red-faced bass had become perceptibly apoplectic about the eyes, and a tall, thin man with a long nose, which was his principal vocal organ, and sang tenor, was getting out of wind—they all together rushed pell mell into the 'threatening waves that proudly swelled.'"

In the lines thus criticized there was no reason for fugal expression, no emotions in the sentiment calling for the exercise of this higher form of the mathematics of music to portray, and consequently the effect was ridiculous. Music, it is true, as has elsewhere been said, has a language of its own, and capabilities of expression far beyond the power of words, but when it is joined to words for the purpose of heightening their effect or giving them adequate expression it should follow, as it were, the plan of oratorical art; it should become the elocutionist of the words. No elocutionist would be tolerated who, for the purpose of showing the flexibility and powers of his voice, should give improper emphasis, erroneous inflections and mispronunciations to the words of his recitation; nor would he be tolerated, no matter what skill in elocutionary art he might display, if, while purporting to recite a soliloquy or dissertation of Shakespeare's, he should substitute his own words and ideas in lieu of those of that great philosopher and greatest of poets. So music, when joined to the poems of the Church and its theology, should not be permitted to ignore the effect and significance of the words to the extent of producing, for the sake of a display of musical ability, emotions foreign to those which should accompany the words. Music, of course, cannot be confined to the delineation of a single word or a single line of a poem; it must deal with the general idea underlying the whole poem; but this latitude of generalization should not be availed of to the extent of ignoring entirely the significance of the theme—a hymn of joy should not be made a prayer of penitence—a hymn of supplication should not be noisily assertive. The application of these reflections will become apparent after we shall have proceeded a little further with our enquiry.

THE LADY OF THE KELEN.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

Translated from the French by H. M. E.

In 1821 there was in the heart of Finisterè, in the northern part of Brittany, a village very difficult of access. A high cliff surrounded it on one side, while a cincture of rugged rocks defended it on the other.

Three hundred and thirty-three inhabitants, farmers and fishers, formed its population. Living forgotten on that corner of the earth which they loved so passionately on account of the grain that it yielded and because of its proximity to the generous sea, there never were happier people in the land of old Armor. Here and there a few Druidic rocks, in a fair state of preservation, remained to attest the ancient faith of the people, while clear at the southern extremity of the village stood the Rock of the Fairies, a "menhir" of three metres in height, called the Kelen, around which the old and the young of the village assembled each month at the full moon, to render a kind of worship to the fairy which, according to the oldest traditions, could prolong life and work other wonders quite as improbable.

Their good rector, L'Abbé Mahon, had done almost the impossible to uproot this remnant of idolatry. He had proved its absurdity, the sacred texts in hand; he had warned and threatened time and time again; but all to no avail. He had struck against Breton stubbornness. The more he forbade his flock to go to the Rock of the Fairies, the more they ran there.

It was the bane of the life of the poor curé. How many fervent prayers addressed to Heaven! How many fasts he had imposed upon himself to redeem the faults of the souls confided to his care.

The good Lord didn't seem to hear him. He seemed even to be entirely disinterested in what happened on that part of the earth, and the years went by one after another without bringing the least change for the better. But, confident in the words of Scripture, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you, ask and you shall receive," he kept knocking with all his might—the poor curé—and kept asking with tears in his eyes. Himself a Breton, he could not so easily lay down his arms.

The good Lord seemingly heeded not his prayers, till the Blessed Virgin, moved by so much constancy, asked of her divine Jesus permission to come to the aid of the poor curé, and here is what happened.

One day, L'Abbè Mahon, alone in his lodging—his old servant, Bridget, having gone to pass a week beside her sick sister—wished to take advantage of the absence of his servant to transplant in his garden a linden tree which one of his parishioners had offered him a long time back. Bridget, in her quality of old servant, was such an enemy to all changes that he had never dared accept it. The tree was strong. It was necessary to dig a hole of a metre in depth to allow it to take root. The good curé expected to be amply repaid for his trouble by the shade that the linden tree would lend to his garden. The work would be completed before the servant's return, and then Bridget would be obliged to bow to the inevitable.

He began to dig the hole. The pick and shovel were handled with a dexterity which showed plainly that the sturdy Breton curé had lost none

of his old-time vigor. All at once, arrived at a certain depth, he encountered a stout resistance.

"Ah, good, a stone! What a bother. Everything was going so well. Provided I can only get it out alone—yes, it ends there. It has a funny form. What is it anyway? One would think it was a statue. Well, yes, that's just what it is! I must have fixed it for good with my pick."

Feeling around carefully on all sides with his hands, he drew forth a virgin holding the child Jesus, the whole statue measuring sixty centimetres in height. He plunged the image in a basin to wash it.

He could then regard it at his ease. It was a wonder! Never had granite been better cut or chiselled. Only a great artist could have given to the Queen of Heaven that purity of expression, that divine grace, that celestial beauty. He had nothing like it in his church. And for that reason he was already resolved to put it there in the place of honor! Intact in spite of the furious strokes of the pick! That was certainly a miracle! Quite elated he carried his treasure off to his room, placed it before his prie-dieu, and went back immediately to finish digging the hole, or, rather, to explore further, hoping to find something else. But he was unsuccessful. The evening come, his work completed, he took his supper, and then, feeling a little tired, he went up to his room.

The moon rose all radiant.

"Ah!" thought the rector, "those poor children are going to the Rock of the Fairies! It is sad to see Christians given over to such superstitions! It is all my fault. I'm not wanting in faith, but in eloquence. Inspire me, Saviour; I can do nothing without You."

And, approaching the prie-dieu, he knelt down before the marvelous statue that he could not tire of admiring, and exclaimed:

"O Mary, Star of the Sea, protectress of our dear Brittany, intercede for me!"

And devoutly he recited his rosary, after which, succumbing to his fatigue, he threw himself on his bed, not having even the strength to undress himself, his brain already feverish from his efforts to find out where the statue came from. It bore no date, nor the name of the artist. Was it buried there at the time of the revolution, or could it date from the destruction of a monastery, which, in the seventeenth century, stood on the present site of the church and presbytery? After many vain hypotheses, the body was soon sleeping soundly, while the curé's imagination, continuing to gallop, made him dream what follows:

He was in his church, cutting out a niche—he who had never touched a chisel before—in order to place in it the miraculous virgin. Having had all the trouble in the world to drive his chisel into the stone, he began to despair of his task, when he heard himself called by name. Turning round, he saw a man of high stature, clad in a long brown robe. A cord bound his robe, a chaplet hung at his cincture; his hood, covering his face, deafened his voice, which seemed to come from a great distance. This man, this monk, this phantom, said to him:

"Thou shalt have no more success in cutting out that stone than thou hast had in convincing thy parishioners. Lay aside the chisel. Thou art laboring in vain, for thy work is not there."

He spoke with such authority that the rector, stupefied, could only stammer:

"Who are you?"

"The author of that statue," replied the monk. "I devoted three years of my life to that work. Before undertaking it, I prayed and fasted for six months; then, having found the pur-

est possible granite, I began. The first year I made the drawing; the second I sculptured; the third I spent in modelling and polishing the statue. The work completed, I thought myself a great artist, a man superior to other men, and I undertook gigantic tasks, forgetting that the creature can produce nothing useful unless God aid him. It was in that state that my soul left this terrestrial envelope to betake herself, not, as thought my brothers, to the sojourn of the blessed, but to that of expiations; for everything is paid in this life, and everything is expiated in the other."

"Are you damned?" asked the priest, trembling.

"No, for I can come to thee. I am a soul in suffering, working for my amelioration."

"In what consists your suffering?"

"In this, that knowing the end which humanity ought to attain, I see so many men depart from it unceasingly, guided by their passions, which make them rush on, one against another, ravaging, destroying in a few days, a few hours, sometimes even by a stroke of the pen, what has taken their predecessors ages to accomplish. It was in one of those torments that our monastery was destroyed from top to bottom. This statue alone was spared, because it is a work of faith. Take it and go and place it in the niche cut out by my hand in the middle of the "menhir" which is the cause of thy desolation. What God has not permitted my pride to accomplish thy humility will effect. Henceforth thy people will find in this place refuge and consolation. The pagan fairy will vanish like a dream before the image of the Mother of the Saviour, before her who watches and protects thee, who can obtain and give everything, having received everything. Do what she desires; do it in the secret of thy heart; be at the Kelen at daybreak."

"I cannot accomplish alone what you command. I must bring a mason to seal the statue. Otherwise it will be taken off."

"Useless. The stone will enter into the stone, and no human hand can make it come out. Do what is possible, priest. Providence will do what is impossible. It is faith that saves."

And, walking without a sound, he gained the door of the church, which closed behind him with such a noise that the rector woke up with a start, very much surprised to find himself in his own room and on his own bed.

"It's a dream! But what a strange dream!"

His eyes fell upon the statue which the moon was inundating with its clear white light.

"But that, that is not a dream; it is certainly a reality!" cried l'abbé, jumping out of his bed. "There she is, there is certainly the Lady of the Kelen! Good Lord! Have you visited during my sleep the least of your servants? Ought I to do what the monk commanded?"

The same noise which had awakened him began anew. It was about the first of March; the north wind blew violently, bringing up to the village the bitter smells of the sea. The heat of his brain cooled a little by the air, the rector wished to analyze his experience. "Dream!" said his reason. "Vision!" cried his imagination.

Caught between those two definitions, the rector committed himself to the Lord.

"Saviour, Thou Who readest our souls, see the trouble of mine. I shall obey the order which I think has come from Thee. If the virgin finds a place in the *menhir* I shall leave it there, and there will be a miracle. Otherwise, I shall bring it back to the church, of which it will soon be the best ornament. I shall have dreamed, and there will be the end of it."

Reassured by this resolution, he lit his lantern, rolled the statue in his mantle, put it on his shoulder, took his hat, and went out of the presbytery to betake himself to the Rock of the Fairies. He passed quickly through the sleeping village. The barking of a solitary watchdog was all that broke the deep silence of the night.

The rector hastened his step, although the statue was heavy. The wind whistled like a wild man through the branches of the trees, making them crack and groan. The priest stopped and listened occasionally, thinking that he recognized the voice of his dream. That vision haunted him so much that at times he was positive that the monk was walking by his side. Day was dawning when he arrived at the Kélen. Surrounded by its Druidic rocks, which seemed to affect a marked symmetrical order, it was admirably situated on a spot commanding an admirable view of the sea.

Ah! yes; the boys had come, and in great numbers. The footprints on the soil, the smouldering bonfires, lit to obtain the favors of the fairy, attested their foolish idolatry.

"Well," murmured the poor curé, "they are not wicked; they dream wide awake. Pardon them, O Lord!"

And placing his statue on the ground he made the turn of the *menhir*. No excavation could be seen.

"After all," thought he, "I also have dreamed; but it was while sleeping."

Quite discouraged, he sat himself down upon a stone near at hand to catch his breath, after which he made a second time, to satisfy his conscience, the turn of the Kélen, quite sure, alas! not to find what he was looking for, when his eyes fell upon a wild plant which grew upon the bare stone.

How could it live there? Where did it get its nourishment? The plant being within arm's reach was soon pulled out, and then the curé could detect a little hollow in the huge rock, filled with sand, brought there by the wind, and forming body with the granite, which it resembled very closely. Were it not for the plant, he could never have even suspected the existence of the hollow. With what feverish excitement he began to remove the sand from the rock! His hands, by dint of scraping, were soon as hard as rakes. Occasionally he murmured:

"I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming! I shall soon be awake. But no, it is certainly the day that is rising. And this is surely the air of the sea that is beating my face. And this sand that I am removing with my fingers. Yes, yes, I am awake, and there, there is the niche cut by the monk. I can doubt no longer now!"

Then, taking the statue, he measured it to the orifice. It just fitted perfectly.

"But it will come out quite as easily," thought the rector. "That is what I said in my dream. It must be sealed. I ought to have brought what is necessary. What ought I to do? Bring it back, and return here tonight —that's the wisest plan. I'll have just time to get back home. I must hurry out of these quarters."

He took the statue with his two hands to draw it forth, but he encountered a resistance for which he was totally unprepared. It was impossible to stir the statue one way or the other. He took his lantern to get a better view of the obstacle that stood in the way of the statue, and remained there transfixed when he saw that it was a needle of granite cut in the vault of the niche which held it. The abbé had inclined the statue to allow it to enter; once in the niche, he had gently lifted it, and the needle had penetrated entirely unknown to him into the cavity of the high crown of the Virgin. The words of the monk coming back

to his memory, "The stone will enter into the stone, and no human hand can draw it forth," convinced the priest, who, falling on his knees, melted into tears, as he cried, "Mary! Jesus!" That was all he could say, but it was eloquent. It came from a fervent heart, which gave itself entirely to its Maker.

Back to the presbytery, he entered into the church, where he passed the whole day on his knees in fervent thanksgiving, forgetting even to eat or to drink, the body having need of nought, so satisfied was the soul!

The night after, the parishioners returned to the Druidic pilgrimage, and astounded to find there the statue of the Virgin, made back to the village, crying, "Miracle!"

Sunday, after Mass, L'Abbé Mahon, followed by all his parishioners, went to bless and consecrate that spot for so long a time the object of the superstition of the people of the village.

Since then, the Lady of the Kélen has saved so many mariners, has given back so many children to their mothers, has accorded so many favors to those who seek her intercession, that the perfume of her graces and mercies has been spread over all Brittany.

To-day an elegant chapel, the walls of which are covered with "ex-votos" of every description, shelters the miraculous virgin. At her feet reposes in the peace of the Saviour "'L'Abbé Mahon, who died in the odor of sanctity, August 15th, 1856."

THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE.

BY CELIA BURT WALL.

Can there be more exquisite pain
Than to be loved and give thy love,
Yet never taste the sweets thereof?
A bondman! bound with duty's chain.

To see the waves break at our feet,
Yet dare not slake our dying thirst,
And thus through life some are accurst,
While some find joys that are complete.

To know that 'mid the fret and strife
There's one true heart can make or mar,
Yet doomed to worship from afar,
These are the tragedies of life;

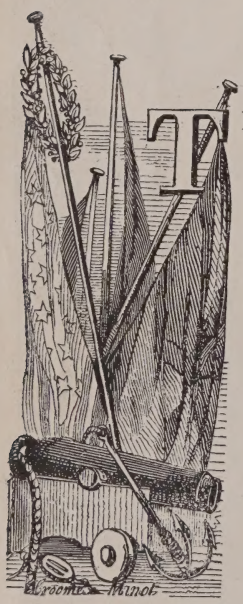
And he who boasts of martyrs old
Hath never known the agony
That some endure; they cannot see
Beneath the mask the heart of gold.

For greatest hearts are most forlorn;
The keenest joys have come through grief;
The love that passeth all belief
From pity's hallowed womb is born.

"The rare bits of Irish coast do not lose anything through the dwellings of the sea-pensioners which nestle along the bases of the cliffs." [See page 246.]

SEA FORTUNES.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



THE sea is beautiful in its repose, and grand in its wealth. Every day it is different from what it was the day before. We go down to it for dreaming and recreation, but our love is never sated by familiarity. To-day's sea is not to-morrow's, and our acquaintanceship of one time has all to be done over again at another, and from a different plane. The dreamer's sea is not the sea of mighty turmoil, and our knowledge—and love, perhaps,—becomes wonder, and fear and dread. But never do we go away indifferent, or without a desire to return.

The mountains and prairies of our homes we love through familiarity. They have been part of our lives, immutable save for the changing drapery of seasons. But the love of the sailor for his sea is as for something alive. He can feel the throbbing of the great heart below him, tenderly, tumultuously, madly, with the passion of tempest. He studies its face for indications of the purpose within, for some expression which will tell him if all be well, or if he must prepare himself for a struggle which will tax his strength and skill and endurance and courage to the uttermost. Its smiles and gurgles are as familiar to him as the lisping of his own children; and its gathering frowns he knows, and its mutterings, the lashing of itself into madness and the sobbing away of its anger into quietude. It is restless, impulsive, imperious; it is swift and implacable. It may change at any moment, or may remain the same for days and weeks together. And the

"The coast of Genoa, where it rises like vast perpendicular walls into the clouds, is strikingly grand when viewed from the sea."

very uncertainty makes him stronger and more vigilant and more reserved.

He never feels alone. No book is more to a scholar, or companionship to a landsman, than is this wonderful, encompassing sea to him, with its confidential whisperings and strange suggestions and sharp climaxes. He entrusts himself to its keeping, and in return for his living gives to it the better part of his life, matching his skill and strength and endurance against its changes and might. And from the companionship comes not only the respect and reverence due a mighty antagonist, but that most anomalous of all loves, a sailor's love for his sea. He may wander away among intervening hills and forests, beyond sound of breaking surf, and even beyond reach of the familiar beat of gulls' wings, but not to his own contentment. He is a wanderer apart from himself, and if he die in exile it will be with a broken heart. A landsman may be anything, anywhere; but a sailor who has loved the sea has fetters which nothing in life can break.

And so it is with the fishermen who study the tides and currents and shoals, with the women who watch the up-rolling clouds and listen to the shrieking winds and pounding breakers, with even the children who play along the beach among the curious shells and flotsam algae. They are all of the sea, and though the women may whiten with fear when their loved ones are in danger, may even stretch forth their arms in impotent anger and denunciation, yet they cannot alienate themselves from their own. The throbbing of the sea is deep down in their lives, a controlling note in their dreams, an unrecognized element in shaping their daily thoughts, a ceaseless lullaby that is ever possessing itself of the hearts of their children. They can no more disregard its influence than foliage can turn from the sun, or birds from foliage. The sailor or fisherman who derides the sea, yet clings to it; the children who have listened to its monody, turn naturally to it when they become providers; even the young girls whom it has bereft of fathers and brothers, choose their life-partners from among its votaries.

There is something strangely fascinating in the way sea-pensioners cling to the sea. It is a hard master, variable and exacting; sometimes generous, but more often tyrannical and oppressive. It yields its treasures grudgingly, and rarely allows a measure to run over into competence or luxury. And yet, the more meagre the dole the more faithful would seem the pensioners. Farmers' sons and the sons of other occupations drift away from the callings of their fathers, and find livelihoods in all corners of the wage-earning world; but a sea-working man is a sea-working man to the end. It may be that a son or daughter will sometimes become restless and seek the novelty of the outside world; but in contrast, the many sons and daughters remain and inherit the huts and callings of their fathers and grandfathers, and, perhaps, great-grandfathers.

These primitive, weather-beaten hamlets are upon all coasts, in all lands bordering upon the sea. Inland may be modern towns with modern improvements, but the rude coast hamlets of the sea-toilers are chary of change. As their ancestors built, so they build; but lacking the substantial aid of wreckage which the unlighted, unbuoyed days of the coasts afforded. Paint and sidewalks enter but little into the making of these sand-beach and sand-dune towns. The elements and the fine, drifting sand are antagonists to both, and to the growing of trees and shrubs, and the making of flower beds, and to such things as horses and cattle and poultry. The houses are small and primitive, with little to distinguish them apart, and usually with the one door on the side

[Dieppe.]

"High up into the gloomy sky rise the precipitous cliffs which challenge the sea."

opposite the sea. On this side are also the sheds or drying frames. In front are the landing places for the boats, with perhaps two or three unused ones turned bottom upwards on the sand for repairs.

These fishing hamlets add a peculiar interest to the various coasts of the world. As already stated, they are chary of change, and cosmopolitanism and modern ways are as things unknown. They are national bits of bright color and quaintness, without foreign admixture to mar their charm. Hard though their lives may be, and narrow, perhaps, the sturdy dwellers of these little hamlets have become almost as characteristic of their coasts as the bold headlands or low, receding shores. Even in their primitiveness they do not detract. The rare bits of Irish coast do not lose anything through the dwellings of the sea-pensioners which nestle along the bases of the cliffs. Castles may rise grandly from the headlands, and ancient towns display their spires and inclosing walls, but not a whit more characteristic are they of the coast than these homes of the humble fisher-folk, whose great-grandfathers picked their way down the same rocky paths to the water's edge, where they caught the same species of fish in exactly the same way.

Some of these Irish coast scenes are very rugged and beautiful, and, when a storm is driving the waves inshore and breaking their surf far up against the walls of the cliff, are fearfully grand. Well may the wives turn their white, stricken faces toward heaven then and pray for the husbands and sons and brothers who are no longer fishermen, but saviours of men, battling with the elements for the lives of imperiled mariners

Considering the iron grasp of the sea which is upon them, these fisher-folk are a light-hearted people. Hard luck is accepted as inevitable, but every good fortune sets them rejoicing like children. And when a boat comes in with an extra haul, or the fleet returns, there is always a great merry-making, shadowed here and there by a house that is mourning for what the sea has taken. But among the sea-toilers outward grief is of brief duration. It sets more lines in the face, perhaps, and bends the shoulders prematurely; but there is work to do, and hunger is something that mere sorrow will not appease. When the shadows are upon them they grow silent and reserved, the men out in their boats perhaps, or if the sky be overcast, in their homes making trawls, or it may be helping the women with their seine mending and net weaving. But with the sunlight they are again children.

It is said the sea leaves no pages of history; but in the sand dunes along the shores, in the tracery and chiseling which the waves have made in the cliffs of the rocky coasts, in the building up and wearing away, the marking and the erasure, the wreckage in various stages of burial in the sand, even in the undercurrent of sadness in the everlasting song of the waves, one may read something of the history which the sea is rather trying to obliterate than to make legible. Shifting though the sands may be, and unchanging the rock-girt shores, they are both pages on which every storm is written, every change of current, and every wind which sweeps in from the vast unknown. But the records are evanescent, for the mission of the next storm, the next current, the next wind, is apparently to erase what their predecessors have wrought. And thus it goes on through the ages, writing and erasing, making and undoing, building up and sweeping away. But no one who lives within sound of the waves, under the influence of the unceasing throbbing, ever thinks of the history as unrecorded. His eye may not read it, but it is there, deep down in his heart. And the monodic dirge

Here is where the lands and the waters meet to do battle, the flexile, besieging might of the one against the hard, unyielding strength of the other."

which precedes a storm, and the joyous madrigal of the waves which dance upon the sands in the sunlight, are the antithetic key notes of the waters' recognition of the land.

There are few things more impressive than the wild, rocky fortresses of the world's coasts. Here is where the lands and the waters meet to do battle, the flexile, besieging might of the one against the hard, unyielding strength of the other; the one giving way and renewing, the other stern and implacable. And here shows the prevailing of flexile persistence against mere solid matter. The sea yields but never retreats, gives way, only to renew the attack. It receives no scars, no wounds, for it turns aside from blows. But each onslaught has the freshness and impetuosity of previous attack, and though it may seem futile, the effect of its blows may be read upon the solid walls of rock in front. Little by little they have been seamed and broken, tunneled below and pounded and washed away above, their faces wrinkled into harsh, ravine-like fissures, and sometimes with huge portions torn away and hurled into the sea. And ever in front the flexile enemy advances and retreats, unceasing, unwearied, unchangeable.

These rugged battle grounds of the world-old belligerents are of every land where the coasts are bold and rocky. Those of the wild, storm-beaten shores of Northern Europe are as grand as they are fearful during the frequent raging of the tempest. The hardy coast men of Northumberland and of Dieppe, and of all the rock-girt shores which border upon the North Sea and the Baltic, must often peril their lives for the rescue of those who are being tossed remorselessly upon the wild turmoil of waters. High up into the gloomy sky rise the precipitous cliffs which challenge the sea, with perhaps the towers of a castle rising yet higher from some lofty point, and with small towns or dwellings in recesses which fall away toward the interior and fishing hamlets far down along the very bases of the cliffs, and almost within reach of the waves. Outposts of the cliffs extend into the sea at some points, jagged, massive and stern; opposed to the sea since the world began, and beaten and worn away inch by inch only with the ages, and yet standing as grim and unyielding as when placed as outposts by their Maker. Even in the raging of the elements the castle and villages would seem secure upon their massive foundations of stone; but woe to the vessel that is caught in the mad clamor of waters below! Strong must be the nerves of the hardy coast-guard and fisher-folk who go from security into the very jaws of death to succor them!

But no less fearful are the warnings of other coast lands, and whether the rescuers are of our own hardy New Englanders or of the bold sea-faring men of Northern Europe or some far land to the south; whether they are clad in the sober garments of the Saxon or the warmer-hued ones of the Celt, they are all of the sea, loving its storms and calms, and ready to peril their lives whenever and wherever need may be.

The coast of Genoa, where it rises like vast perpendicular walls into the clouds, is strikingly grand when viewed from the sea. Palaces are there among the forests and upon the rocky ramparts, and terraced gardens, and, in sheltered nooks, groves of oranges and pomgranates. But tempests rage along the coast, blackening the sky and hurling battering rams of angry foam far up against the walls of rock. And in front of the very windows of the palaces sailors drown, and strong men go down from the security of the sea wall and give up their lives in vain attempts to succor them.

But there are phases of coast life, when the sun is clear and the sea tran-

"The hardy coast men of Northumberland must often peril their lives for the rescue of those who are being tossed remorselessly upon the wild turmoil of waters."

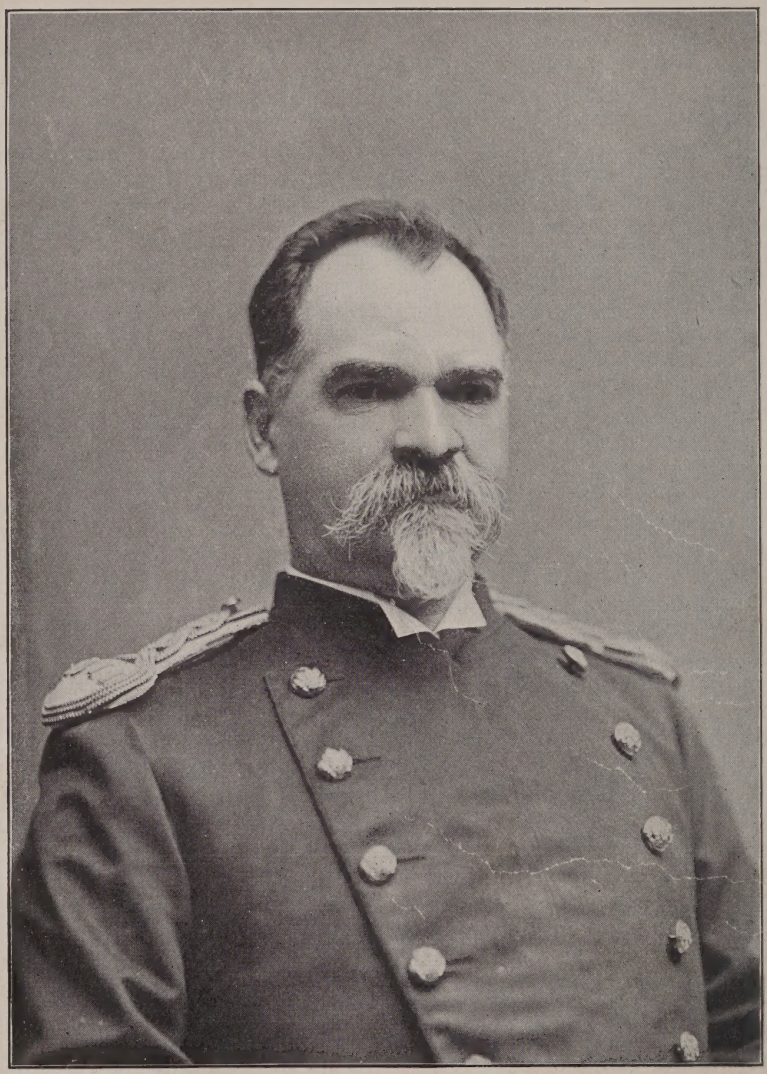
[Mecklenburger Coast.] "In the background is a glimpse of a fishing hamlet, with a suggestion of more houses behind the sand dunes."

quil. Fair ladies and gallant men in bright apparel are seen about the castle walls, and the bustle of business and pleasure upon the streets of the towns, and joyous and light-hearted women and children at the hamlets along the base of the cliffs. Outside are pleasure boats, and fishermen who are dropping their seines and lines into the water with tranquil expectancy. There is truce now between the sea and shore, the breakers and reefs, and the coast people have forgotten yesterday, and do not borrow from to-morrow.

The Mecklenburger coast scene is characteristic. Here are boats drawn up beyond reach of the tide, perhaps for repairs, perhaps because their owners are out in other craft. One man is just unloading his day's catch, and a woman and boy are helping. Another woman and a girl are looking on, and a dog, apparently looking for a tid-bit of fish. A girl is busily searching among the tide-brought ridges of flotsam for an edible seaweed, or perhaps for mussels. In the background is a glimpse of a fishing hamlet, with a suggestion of more houses behind the sand dunes. But none of the women and children are in them now. The sun is shining, and they are all out upon the beach or the water, gathering the various harvests which the sea proffers, and enjoying the sunlight even as the gulls which are wheeling and circling overhead.

Upon shores which are low and sandy the sea plays many a prank. Here the shifting sands offer little resistance, and apparently its rage is turned to mischievousness, for it tumbles the sand into all sorts of whimsical, fantastic shapes, changing them from time to time with the capriciousness of a child at play with toys. Sometimes it loosens a vessel from the jaws of a reef and tosses it far up on a beach, and then shifts and whirls sand around and buries it inch by inch, and inch by inch. For some years birds fly through the portholes and build nests among the ribs and cross beams; then they forsake it, and crabs and other sea creatures crawl through the same openings and through cracks which are now widening between the planks. After that only a few gray rib-points show above the sand, and then they, too, disappear. Often a beach will have several wrecks at various stages of burial, from the gray points to the perfect vessel which was swept in the night before. And sometimes, in mere waywardness of good nature, it will lift a great vessel and place it so carefully on a beach that not a glass in the cook's galley will be broken, and so far up that the crew may step forth upon the land dry shod. And then will be repeated the process of sand sifting and sand whirling, of nest building and domiciling of crabs and other sea creatures, and of obliteration.

It is a strange, sad, joyous thing, the sea; as glad as sunshine, as hard and unyielding as fate; full of comedy and full of tragedy; juggling its lights with its shadows, and its shadows with its lights; and rooting itself deep down in the souls of those who dwell by its shores and open their hearts to its throbbing. Tremble at it they may, but cling to it they must. For of all loves, there is none like that of the sailor for his sea.



CAPTAIN JOHN DRUM.

Captain John Drum, Company E, 10th U. S. Infantry, was killed at Santiago on the afternoon of July 1, while leading his men in the assault on the San Juan Hills.

His paper entitled the "Anglo-Saxon Myth" was written some time last winter, and was forwarded to his family with other personal effects when he left his station in Oklahoma for the front.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH.

BY CAPT. JOHN DRUM, U. S. A.

Too long have the men of the different races that have built up and strengthened this great republic allowed to pass unchallenged the shibboleth of Anglo-Saxonism, and the claim that this is an Anglo-Saxon people.

I purpose in this paper, in so far as my humble efforts are able so to do, to expose the Anglo-Saxon myth. In doing so, I shall claim no more than can be found out by any student who will read history as written by the leading historians of all races, not history as it has been falsified by Anglo-Saxon sympathizers, men that see nothing except through their prejudice in favor of what they are pleased to call the Anglo-Saxon race. I shall rarely quote authorities, and shall refer only in a general way to dates; for, if I did otherwise, this paper would be rendered too lengthy and uninteresting. With the exception of a few theories of my own, every statement contained herein can be proven by a study of general history.

There are but four great normal races in Europe from which this country has been peopled, namely, the Pelasgian, or Greco-Latin, the Gothic and Teutonic (classed as the same) and the Sclavonic. I have named these races in the order in which they appeared upon the scene in our motherland, Europe. I claim further that there is no such race as that called the Anglo-Saxon. There may have been a tribe called the Saxons, and also a tribe called the Angles; but when the term race is to be applied to these tribes, they must be classed as members of the great Teutonic race.

Within the memory of living men it has been the accepted teaching of the schools that the great races dominating Europe, the continents of America, Oceanica, and Australia, and the numerous Islands in the Pacific, and the many colonies on the coast of Africa, should be called, in general, by one generic term, the Caucasian race; and that none of the other races peopling the earth had affiliation with this race. The researches of the ablest philologists and other scientists of the past fifty years have changed this name, so that the Caucasian race is now known as the Indo-European, or more properly the Aryan race. The Aryan race includes, besides the peoples already named, a large number of the peoples of India or Hindostan, Persia, Afghanistan, and some smaller tribes bordering on the same. On the authority of philologists it has also been accepted that, before its branching forth, this great Aryan race had settled somewhere near what is known as the table land of Afghanistan; that it was a highly cultivated and moral race, that family ties were strong therein, the government patriarchal, lands cultivated, and that its members had great wealth in cattle, and herds of all kinds. These Aryans seem to have been free from internecine strife, to have had no trouble with their neighbors, due no doubt to their inherent strength and moral rectitude. All this is proven from the root words of the language which the researches of philologists lead us to believe was used by the Aryans.

It is lost in mystery how or when the different branches that settled Europe left their cradle home. From researches in Sanscrit, something is learned about the branch that conquered and settled Hindostan. This branch is supposed to have been the last to leave the hive; and, through its

language, the Sanscrit, and its records, have we been best able to trace the great Aryan race.

The branches of the Aryan stock that settled Europe are now divided, as I mentioned before, into the Celtic or Keltic, the Pelasgian or Greco-Latin, the Gothic-Teutonic (now spoken of as one and the same) and the Sclavonic. These are the great divisions of the race. There may be other minor peoples in Europe, but they are all overshadowed by, or absorbed into these four great branches. I call them four because there is no more difference between the Goth and the Teuton than between the Celt of France called the Gaul and the Celt of Spain called the Celtberian.

The first authentic history we have of any of these great subdivisions is that of the Pelasgians or Greco-Latin race. Herein the Celts are first spoken of, and then the Teutons and Sclavonians. These last were called the Scythians. Thus it would seem that the Pelasgians on their arrival came in contact first with the Celts, and later with the two latter races. The Greco-Latins classed all other peoples as barbarians. From their point of view they were probably correct. It is not at all unlikely that the Greco-Latin race preserved and increased the refinements and culture of the old Aryan stock, while the same was to some degree, lost by the Celts, Teutons and Sclavs. For the Greco-Latins in leaving their home traveled southwest through fertile, peopled countries, and had no hardships to contend with; moreover they were always in contact with other more or less civilized peoples, such as the Phoenicians, Egyptians, etc. The climate of the countries through which they passed in order to reach the Mediterranean was not severe, in fact they passed through lands of milk and honey, and thus retained all the normal culture of the mother race, whereas the Celts, Teutons, and Sclavs had to pass through the great ranges of the Caucasus, or the rugged mountains of Western Asia and Eastern Europe, through their arid, non-productive, plains, and almost impenetrable forests, across many rapid, unfordable rivers, and were often lost in deep swamps and morasses. These branches must have traveled from the cradle land north from Afghanistan, east and north of the Caspian sea, where they followed its eastern and northern shores. Otherwise after leaving Afghanistan, they must have traveled on the south shore of the Caspian sea, through the mountain ranges of the Caucasus, thence along the eastern and northern shores of the Black sea. Their movements must have been a fight against nature and the beast of prey from the start. It is a clear evidence of the tenacity and endurance of the human race that man could have passed through such dangers and privations. We need but look at an atlas of Western Asia and Eastern Europe to have this conviction take hold of us. No wonder then that these branches of the Aryan race lost some of the smoothness of their former life. Even to-day men isolated from the marts of trade and cultivation, lose some of the polish, or rather the veneering, of what is called civilized man.

The first we learn of the Celts is from the old Greek writers who call them Keltoi. When we come to the Roman historians we learn more, for it is, through them, well authenticated that the Celts, under the name of Gauls, were for centuries the most powerful foe that the Romans met. From the Alps and northern Italy many a Celtic army harassed Rome. Any reader of history knows how Brennus, the Celtic leader, and his army captured Rome and made her pay a heavy tribute. It was not until a century before the birth of our Saviour that the Roman power under Julius Caesar, their greatest leader,

and, take him all in all, the greatest leader the world ever saw, conquered the continental Celts.

In the year 54 B. C., Julius Caesar landed in Britain and commenced the conquest of the Celts, or Britains, of England proper. There were two branches of the Celtic race that the Romans never conquered, namely, the Irish and the Scotch Celts. The latter the Roman power attempted to subjugate, but never succeeded in so doing, the former the Romans never tried. At the period of the Roman conquest of England proper, all the countries of Europe west of the Rhine, that is the territories now called Spain and Portugal, France, Northern Italy, Belgium, part of Switzerland, Great Britain (including Scotland and Wales), Ireland and the Isle of Man; all these countries were peopled by the Celtic race, whose members were called Gauls, Belgae, Britains, Gaels, Erse, Scoti, Celtiberians, Gaedhelians, Picts and Celts, but were all the same race under different names.

Now with regard to England, I shall endeavor to show that, even if it be admitted that there was such a race as the Anglo-Saxon, still that race has no more claim upon the people of England than has the Celt. The history of England from the period of the Roman occupation affords plain sailing. The Romans occupied the country about five hundred years. Think of that period of time! Look back five hundred years! Columbus was not born, and Richard II. was on the throne of England. The so-called reformation was not dreamt of, and Christianity included only the followers of the See of Peter and those of Eastern schism.

During this occupation of England by the Romans her people became so Romanized that they could not be told apart from other Romanized provinces upon the continent. Roman leaders, statesmen, and even an emperor, the first to publicly embrace Christianity, were born there. The Latin language had superseded the Celtic. With the Roman civilization came the habit of the Roman province, especially under the empire, of leaving to the imperial power the protection of the province from a foreign or domestic foe. The Celts to the north, occupying Scotland, kept the Roman forces busy during their entire stay in Britain. No peace could be had until the walls of Antonine and Severus were built between Caledonia and Britain to stop the Celtic inroads. Even then, as history records, but partial peace was had.

The Roman power near the middle of the fifth century A. D. had gradually moved eastward, its western provinces were harrassed by incursion after incursion of Teutonic tribes, and Rome could no longer hold its own at many distant places. The legions were therefore called in from Britain, and, as a consequence, the cry for help rang out from the Romanized Celts of Britain. But Rome could do nothing. Her provinces of the West were tumbling, and her imperial structure was tottering and soon to fall. The Celts of Scotland, embittered against those of Britain for their failure in the past to assist in driving the Romans from their soil, and looking upon the Britains with contempt, broke through the walls erected by the Romans and harrassed all of northern Britain. The British Celts, through their long leaning upon Rome for protection, regarded the Scottish Celts with fear; and, since Rome had failed to answer their call, their foolish leader, Voltigern, in 449 A. D., called to his assistance the Gothic-Teutonic tribes.

Those nearest were the Jutes, Angles and Saxons, all Gothic-Teutonic peoples, localized branches of that great race which should no more be classed with the four great races of Europe than the Longobards, who were also but a tribe of Teutons.

These tribes, the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, and many more like tribes of other races, were simple pirates and marauders, and sold their services to the highest bidder. They gladly accepted the call of Voltigern, and when through their assistance, the inroads of the Scots were stopped, finding the Britains docile and without an army, the Teutons took possession of that part of the country which they had rid of Celtic invaders. Other Teutons followed, until nearly all of England proper was controlled by them, Scotland and Wales being still under Celtic rulers. Yet it took many years to destroy the Romanized Celtic power in England. Nearly one hundred and fifty years after Hengist and Horsa had landed, the great leader, King Arthur, won in twelve battles against the Saxons and their allies. Of course, much of the Arthurian history is lengendary, yet enough of evidence is had to show that he and his followers were good Celto-Roman, Christian warriors, who worsted the Saxons and kept the island under Celtic rule as long as Arthur lived. The legends of King Arthur are not without some foundation, having been handed down in the traditions of every Christian country of Europe. It was because Arthur was the champion of the Christians in that far off isle of the west against the Saxon pagans that his story took such a hold on the Christian peoples. After the Saxons were converted by St. Augustine in the early part of the seventh century, the Saint called upon the bishops of the Celtic race to meet him in convention, which shows that they must have been a numerous people to have had such a large number of bishops. From time to time others of the Celto-Romans kept up the good fight against their Saxon enemies, until at last quiet reigned, both parties being exhausted. The Jute, Angle and Saxon admitted the right of the Celto-Roman to his share in the soil on the payment of tribute. Some Celts, of course, were enslaved, and historians speak of Celtic slaves as late as the Norman conquest. This was not unusual, however, for men of Saxon and other Teutonic blood were held as slaves by their own people, even down to the conquest.

Nowhere is it shown that the native Britains were destroyed in England. They were still the root of the people. The number of Teutons was no greater in proportion to the Britains than was the number of Franks who entered France to the Gauls. Yet the Franks did not destroy the latter, and the country became a Gallo-Frankish country, just as England became a Celto-Teutonic country. The great number of Teutons who entered England were parties of organized forces. They held the important places in the country, but, not having many families with them, they did not give to it all its population. Of course, in the more important localities the Teutons predominated, but the great mass of the English people at that time was Celtic, mixed with Greco-Roman, just as much as the inhabitants of Gaul were such after the Frankish conquest. This, of course, will be denied. "How about the language?" say the critics. For nearly five hundred years the Latin language was spoken in England. It had driven out the fine old Celtic, which became unpopular while Rome ruled. When Rome abandoned the country there was no tie to bind the inhabitants to the Latin language, which was not their natural tongue. It was, therefore, an easy matter for the Teutonic tribes to force their language into use. This they did because of their hatred of everything Roman. Nevertheless, without the words of Latin origin the English language would be a skeleton. Let me here quote the words put into the mouth of a character supposed to represent the great statesman Bismarck, to be found in a work written by a less

able man: "Language does not make a race." The truth of this proposition is attested to by the fact that the Irish, Scotch and Welsh Celt now speak a Teuton tongue. Then, too, the Alsatian and Lorrainer, though Teutons, previous to the war of 1870 spoke a Gallo-Latin tongue.

The Danish invasions and occupation in parts of England for the two hundred and fifty years before A. D. 1042, at times desultory, truly brought a Teutonic influx that left its mark in many places in England. This was a move directed against the Saxon power by another Teutonic tribe, now known under the general term Scandinavian. It had little effect on the Celtic stock.

We come now to the Norman invasion. Some time about the middle of the ninth century another class of marauders appeared on the shores of the North sea, the English channel, Atlantic ocean and even the Mediterranean sea. Nowadays we would call these marauders pirates. They organized in forces sufficiently strong to destroy any force that the poor fishermen of the several coasts could bring against them. One piratical leader, Hastenc, so harassed the poor French fishermen and peasants of the coasts that he was bought off by the present of the seignorship of Chartres. A greater than he soon followed, Rollo by name, who so devastated the coast of France and the adjoining territory that a poor weakling, Charles the Simple, a descendant of the mighty Charlemagne, bought him off with the hand of his daughter, Gisselle, and the territory subsequently called Normandy. Rollo settled down with his retainers, who brought few families with them. They retained control by preserving their organization, while the inhabitants of the land remained the same Gallo-Latin-Franks they ever were. The Norman leaders intermarried with the nobility, and some of the foremost old families became retainers or vassals of Duke Rollo and his successors. So that the troops which William the Bastard, born of a Gallo-Latin-Frankish mother, commanded at the battle of Hastings were for the most part Frenchmen; in fact, they were as much Frenchmen as were the men Americans who won the battle of New Orleans. The men who won at Hastings or Senlac, and their ancestors, had dwelt in France nearly as long as had the men whom Old Hickory led been settled in these United States. Moreover, the bulk of William's army consisted of Bretons, Poitevins and Burgundians, men without any Norman lineage, and as strongly impregnated with Celtic blood as were any of the people of France at that time.

We can therefore admit that after the Norman invasion the influx of people into England was essentially French. The language spoken by the English was French, with a small mixture of Teutonic. The names of the chiefs and their retainers were French, the pictures of some of the men who followed William the Norman have been handed down to us, and place before us a true type of the Gaul as drawn by ancient Roman artists. So that the wave of population brought as much Celtic blood to England as it did that of any other race. In fact, it was a Celto-Roman-Teutonic wave from which has sprung the conglomerate English people of modern days. There is no other country in Europe with such a mixed race. This mixture of races has modified the English language and made it what it is to-day, the most versatile language now written. It consists of roots from all written languages brought into their proper spheres.

I therefore maintain that after the union with Scotland the inhabitants of great Britain were as much Celts as they were descendants of any other race.

Having in the first place proven

that there is no such race as the Anglo-Saxon, and that while there might be some reason for calling the English people Teutons, there was, on the contrary, no excuse for the use of the term Anglo-Saxon, I now claim that one who reads history with a clear and unprejudiced mind and studies the various types of Englishmen to be met with in daily life, must admit that the Englishman of to-day has as much of the Celt as of any other race in his composition.

We come next to Ireland. The great majority of her people are certainly conceded to be of Celtic blood. Even though the people have in part had an admixture of Teutonic, Gothic and so-called Norman blood through the Danish and Norman invasions, the Celtic stock still predominates over all others, and shows itself prominently in the features, physique and quick mentality of the people. As no claim is made by the Anglo-Saxon worshipers to pawn their fad upon the Irish, there is nothing further to be said on that point.

Scotland from the earliest ages has been known as a Celtic country, and has been ruled by her Gaelic or Celtic tribes. The Gothic, Teutonic and Norman invaders of the Island never gained a foothold north of the walls of Antonine and Severus; the Danes landed at points along the coast, but did not remain long. It was not until a few so-called Norman nobles,—in modern parlance they would be known as highway robbers,—had gained a foothold in the lowlands that any impression was made upon the race south of these walls even amongst the nobility. The true reason for Scotland's intermixture of Teutonic, or, rather, Gotho-Teutonic, Pelasgian and Celtic blood, was the dissension which sprang up among her nobility on the right of succession to the throne. After the death of Alexander III., A. D. 1285, and his little grandchild, Margaret, A. D. 1290, the then King of England, and his nobles, took advantage of the troubles which arose owing to the difference of opinion with regard to the right of succession (an advantage which English rulers have always taken wherever the people were unable to prevent them). The traitors of Scotland, who intermarried with English families, and thus brought a contentious element into their country, generally sided with England's king, and helped him to harass their own people. After Bruce drove the English back to their own land, the English people ceased to affiliate with the Scotch, and made no impression on them. As a result the people of Scotland, though speaking a Doric English tongue, are as truly Celtic as are the people of Ireland.

It seems unnecessary to speak of the Welsh. They are the most truly Celtic people of any numbers in Europe to-day. They have preserved their customs and language. It was not until as late as 1284 that they made their peace with their English neighbors, only when England's king, Edward I., to cater to their pride, gave them his eldest son as Prince of Wales. The Welshman of to-day is almost an unalloyed Celt.

A study of the development of the British Isles, therefore, convinces one that even there the men of Celtic blood are more numerous than the men of any other race. If this be true of the British Isles, or as the Anglo-Saxon faddist calls them, "Our Mother-Land," what ground has this same faddist for calling the people of this country Anglo-Saxon?

The claim that the people of the United States are Anglo-Saxons is simply preposterous, even should we admit that there is such a race as the Anglo-Saxon. Let me here quote some figures to refute this claim. The documents and statistics issued by the census bureau since 1820 show exactly how the race question stands in the United States.

Let us go back to the thirteen original States. Five of them were settled in whole or in great part by peoples from countries other than England, viz.: New York and a large part of New Jersey by the people of the Netherlands, Teutonic and Celtic Batavians; Maryland by the Irish in large numbers, mixed with English; Delaware by Swedes; Pennsylvania by numerous colonies of Teutons; New Hampshire and North Carolina had a large number of Irish settlers, who did not call themselves Scotch-Irish. It was not until the census of 1820 that an account of the foreign immigration was given. The total population was then 9,600,783, which included native whites, colored (free and slave), and foreign born whites. In this census it is also stated that 250,000 foreigners had arrived in the country from 1790 up to that time. This, together with the absorption of peoples of French and Spanish descent through the Louisiana purchase, and a very small natural increase, would make the number over 300,000. Now, if we add up the number of immigrants that have come to our shores since the year 1820 and up to 1890 you will find that they amount to about 16,000,000. This does not include the people of Spanish descent absorbed through the admission of Texas and the treaties growing out of the war with Mexico. In fact, the whole territory west of the Alleghanies and its inhabitants, as then constituted, were joined to this republic since the English people ceased colonizing in the United States. The immigration from or through Canada is not considered in the foregoing. These people were largely of French descent, with a sprinkling of Scotch and Irish. At the time of the last census there were in Massachusetts alone 80,000 French Canadians.

One of the superintendents of the census figured that it would be a low rate to allow an increase of twenty per cent. in the foreign immigrants and their descendants in each ten years since 1820. Even with this low rate of increase, we would have at the time of the last census about 26,000,000 of white people in the United States, whose ancestors came to this country since 1820 or who had landed here since then. That this estimate is low is evidenced by the fact that in the census of 1890 it was found that about 21,000,000 people in the United States were of foreign birth or were the children of parents, one of whom at least was foreign born. If such be the result of twenty-five years, what must be the outcome of seventy years or three generations of immigration?

Even if we accept the foregoing figures we have the following results:

White people who settled in U. S. previous to 1820 and their descendants	29,000,000
White people who settled since 1820 and their descendants	26,000,000
Afro-Americans (colored people)	7,500,000
Total	62,500,000

If we take into consideration the people of other than English descent among the twenty-nine millions above mentioned, it is certain that more than one-half of the white people of the United States are descended from non-English ancestors. In fact, it would not be an over-estimate to say that fifty-five per cent. of the white people of these United States at the present time are not of English descent.

It may be said that of late years we have had a large English immigration. This has been more than offset, however, by the immigration of the French-Canadians, settling in New England and along the Lake States, and of the Irish and Scotch coming by the Canadian route.

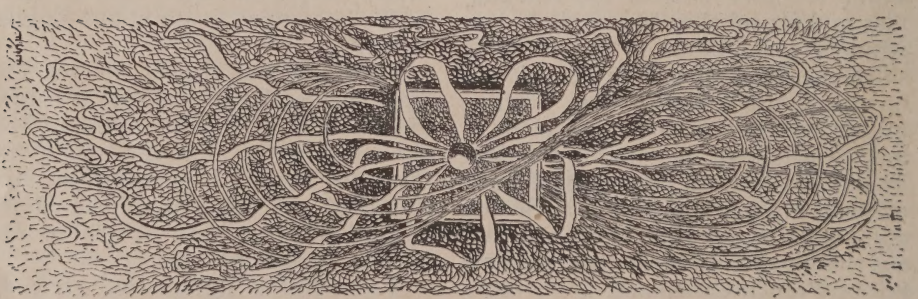
From these figures we conclude that the writer or statistician who states that the people of this country are Anglo-Saxons knows nothing

about the facts, or if he does, he writes for some ulterior purpose, to say the least. No! this is a conglomerate people. Its language is English. But what of that? Did the use of the Latin language for five hundred years make the Celts of Britain Latins?

Here in this God-given country, discovered for the benefit of the human race by the great Columbus, through the instrumentality of the Almighty, are gathering together and amalgamating the scattered branches of that great and noble Aryan race, and from this fusion, let us hope, will again appear a new race, the reconstructed Aryan, the best race that ever peopled the world since their forefathers, the Celts, Greco-Latins, Gotho-Teutons and Sclavs, left the old mother home in that far off tableland of Asia.

That the race in the United States is becoming more and more Aryan every year is shown by its acts. Look at the ending of the great civil war. See how the conquered were taken back into the bosom of the republic with all the rights guaranteed to other citizens. No leader, in fact, no man, suffered for his treason after the men in rebellion had laid down their arms. What other people of ancient or modern times can say the same? There is no lust for expansion of territory shown by the great mass of the people. Our government does not make war for aggrandizement or the love of war. Neither does she engage in war with small and feeble states just because they are small and feeble. (This fact alone would show that English blood is not in the ascendancy here.) We treat powerful nations with the same quiet strength shown by us to the weak. We do not think it manly to act the bully by sending our war vessels to the ports of weak powers demanding redress when we dare not do the same to our equals in strength.

In my endeavor to successfully refute the statement that this is an Anglo-Saxon people, I have no wish to detract from the greatness of the English people, for they have as much Celtic blood as Teutonic or any other kind. Moreover, each branch of the Aryan race has its good qualities. In conclusion, let us hope that the intermixture of the many races in this country may end in a fusion of the same from which will appear the American Aryan, with all the good qualities of the old race and none of the foibles of its branches.



WINONA.

BY ANNA M. JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER IV.

The stirring events from 1861-65, which had wrought such momentous changes in our country's history, had had no effect on the sluggish current of life at Keha Paha. The thunders of the Civil War had died away in whispers on the Great Plains and awakened no answering echoes. The stealthy attack and the bloody reprisal of warfare, the annual buffalo hunt, the sun-dance and the dog feast succeeded one another in regular order, as they had done from time immemorial.

The labors of Père de Smet had not been rewarded by the abundant fruits he had hoped for. The good seed had been sown on stony soil, and little of it had thriven. He had been absent in Europe for a year on important business, and during his absence his teachings were well-nigh effaced from the fickle minds of the savages. The redoubtable chieftain, Sitting Bull, had turned a deaf ear to the mild counsels of the Black Robe, and his evil example was followed by a majority of the braves. They thought him a mighty medicine man. They respected him highly, and trusted him implicitly; but when he counseled mercy for a vanquished foe and forgiveness of injuries, he found the life-training and the inherited instincts and customs of centuries too strong to be uprooted suddenly, and thus it was that after all his labors but a handful professed themselves Christians. During this time Antoine Lavelle had continued to prosper. He had sent a son to an eastern city to be educated, but the boy chafed under the restraints and trammels of school life, and, after enduring a year of it, suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him in vain. The school authorities saw him no more; but one day the stripling appeared in his native village before the eyes of his astonished father. To the latter's inquiries he said he was tired of being shut up in school, and his heart was sick, for he would have no more of civilization. Much to his father's grief the youth attached himself to a war party of young braves, and became later a noted chief and a scourge to the whites.

Twice a year, regularly, since her departure the trader had heard from his daughter, and was made happy by the reports of the good Father concerning her. Each year, also, he had received a new picture of her, at which he never tired of gazing. The last, a miniature on ivory, painted by one of the nuns, showed such a lovely, smiling face that the poor man's breath was almost taken away by the transporting thought that this exquisite creature was *his* daughter, his own flesh and blood, and he yearned with an intense longing to see her once more, to hear again the sweet voice that had made music in his heart. He pondered over the matter for some days, a sickening dread sometimes suggesting that his daughter might not care to see him now that she had become what he so ardently desired—a lady. Had not Père de Smet warned him that she must be as one dead to her family if she were educated, and had he not consented to, nay, had he not eagerly sought, the separation? But now the voice of nature was aroused and calling loudly in his heart. He determined to obey her promptings, and with true Gallic impulsiveness, a few days later he was ready to step on board the steamer when she came along on her downward trip. Progress was retarded by the low stage of water in the river, and the frequent grounding of the boat on the numerous sand-bars threw Antoine into a frenzy of excitement. On

those occasions he would seize a pole and work with nervous energy to push her afloat again, his French expletives the while mingling freely with volleys of Anglo-Saxon profanity from the captain and crew.

After a tedious trip the boat drew alongside of the wharf at St. Louis, and the trader sprang ashore. His impatience would brook no delay, and, habited as he was in buckskin hunting shirt and leggings, with a fox-skin cap, from the back of which depended the gorgeous tail of the animal, his feet encased in moccasins, he sprang into a carriage and ordered the driver to take him to the convent of the *Sacre Cœur*. But the driver, instead of obeying the command, sat stock still, regarding his patron with a hostile look. "No sir-ee," he replied, emphatically. "I don't drive no such figger as you be round the streets of Sant Looie, 'n I want you to git out of this 'ere hack quicker'n wink. I drive ladies and gentlemen, I do; but I draw the line on Injins 'n niggers. So vanish, git!"

Most of this long speech was lost on the trader, but he was quick to understand that he was not wanted in that vehicle, and shrewd enough to understand the weak side of his fellow-man. Without wasting precious time in useless wrangling, he inserted his hand in an inner pocket of his hunting shirt, and drew forth a long, narrow sack of buckskin, well filled with gold coin. Opening it deliberately, he took out a five dollar piece, and, with a merry twinkle in his keen blue eye, held the piece before the astonished hackman. "You take me now?" was all he said.

Oh, the magic power of gold! All cabby's race prejudices vanished instantly. "Wall, I admit I was mistaken this time," he said. "I see you are a gentleman, and I'll take you wherever you want to go, of course. But I say, hadn't you better put that gun out of sight? You'd scare them nuns and the young ladies into fits if you walked in among 'em with that shootin' iron in view. They'd think they was took for sure."

In his excitement the trader had forgotten that he carried a formidable revolver in his belt. He handed it to the driver for safe keeping, and was rapidly whirled away towards his journey's goal, little heeding the curious glances bent upon him on the way thither.

At the convent his arrival created a panic. The porteress, with a scared face, sought the Mother Superior, and informed her that there was an outlandish-looking person in the parlor, a real wild man of the woods, and that he asked to see Mademoiselle Lavelle. With a premonition of her visitor's identity, the Mother descended to meet him. He greeted her with the natural grace and politeness characteristic of a Frenchman, whether cultured or unlettered, and begged to be permitted to see his daughter. Assuring him that she would send her immediately, the Reverend Mother withdrew. She found Marie, and embracing her affectionately bade her go to the parlor and find the pleasant surprise awaiting her there.

Meanwhile, as it was recreation hour, many of the pupils had witnessed the arrival of what to their lively imagination was a veritable Indian, in war paint and feathers. They had also learned that this awe-inspiring personage had asked for Marie Lavelle, and they were soon discussing the strange event, and waiting, alert and eager-eyed, for developments. There had always been a mystery about this girl. No one knew who she was, or where she came from; at least, no one except the Reverend Mother and Père de Smet, and they just smiled and evaded the subject whenever it was hinted to them; and now, oh, rapture! The mystery was to be cleared up right before their eyes! In fact, it was already an open secret. Marie, the pet and idol of the

community, the admiration and envy of her classmates was—a half-breed.

"Just think of it, girls," said one, "she, so lovely and elegant, must call that dreadful creature *father*. For I am quite sure he *is* her father. I remember there used to be a rumor that she had mixed blood in her veins, but we could not believe it, and settled down to the belief that she was a French creole. You know whenever we talked about our own folks and our homes she was always silent, with a sad, far-away look on her face."

But Marie, while her companions were speculating with feverish curiosity on her relationship to that "dreadful creature," was lying happily on his loving heart, weeping for joy as she listened once more to his endearing tones and pressed her blooming lips again to his weather-beaten, tear-wet face. Hours passed like minutes, so absorbed were they in each other's companionship. Then the father, proud and happy, took leave, promising to spend the entire day with his daughter, on the morrow.

The girls, who were watching to detect the chagrin and abasement they were sure Marie must feel in having the veil so suddenly lifted on her early life, were surprised to find her overjoyed, and speaking without reserve of her delight in seeing her dear papa, and of the pleasure in store for her next day. A wave of sympathy and admiration for her courageous loyalty ran through the group, and after she withdrew it burst forth in true school-girl fashion.

"Well, its a genuine romance, isn't it girls? I wouldn't have missed it for anything, and my opinion of Marie Lavelle is raised by the charming way she carried off an affair which we thought would crush her completely. Doesn't our talk of dropping her seem very silly now?"

"For my part," said a tall young lady, "I think her a remarkable person. She doesn't appear to need either pedigree or ancestry to sustain her. She is sufficient unto herself." A sage remark in which the girls all concurred.

During the night Lavelle underwent a transformation. He placed himself successively in the hands of the barber, the clothier and the shoemaker, and it was a very presentable man indeed who rang for admittance at the convent next morning. So great was the transformation that at the first glance his daughter did not recognize him. Then she embraced him affectionately, and turned him round and round for inspection, laughing gaily, and exclaiming, "Oh, papa! I never knew before what a handsome father I had."

Arm in arm they went out together. Never had either been so happy. The day seemed perfect to both.

Once or twice a thought, or rather a nebulous embryo of a thought, flashed across Antoine's brain, of abandoning his home and dusky family in the wilderness and coming to the city to bask evermore in the sunshine of his daughter's presence; but he strangled the seductive idea ere it had taken form.

As they returned to the convent in the early twilight, Marie became silent and thoughtful; then she suddenly electrified her father by saying, "Papa, take me home with you."

"Impossible, my child," he exclaimed.

"Why impossible?" she asked.

"Because you are not an Indian, and you could not live the life of an Indian woman."

"It would not be necessary for me to live such a life as theirs. I should always live with you, dear papa," she said.

He smiled, but shook his head resolutely. "No, my dear, that could not be. You would be compelled to follow the customs of the tribe, and these do not permit a daughter to remain

single in her father's house. You would marry, and then I could no longer protect you. You would be the slave of your Indian husband. How could these soft, white hands dress skins, till the ground and gather fuel? No, no, my daughter. Never speak of it more," he replied, vehemently.

But she would not be dissuaded. She flung her arms about his neck, and looked with eloquent appeal into his eyes, saying, "Dear, dear papa, do not leave me. Take me with you. If you do not, I feel that my longing must give me wings to fly there."

He was deeply agitated, but repeated steadily, "Impossible, impossible."

They reached the door of the convent, and he took an affectionate leave, bidding her to think no more of such a foolish notion. But the injunction was vain. For good or evil the inspiration had come, and would not be exorcised. All night she tossed on a sleepless pillow, and at dawn fell into a slumber, in which she dreamed that she was a child once more in her far-off home on the plains. All the years of her studious girlhood suddenly slipped away from her. She was no longer Marie, she was Winona. She heard her mother's voice call her by that almost forgotten name. She felt the loving arms enfold her, and did not shrink from the coarse, dark face, pressed fondly to her own. In that brief moment she lived her childhood over again. Her brothers and sisters were around her. Her pet squirrel perched on her shoulder, and brushed her face with his luxuriant tail. Her pony was grazing at a distance, and she lifted up her voice and called aloud to him. The effort awoke her, and she opened her eyes, to find her companions in the dormitory already up and regarding her curiously.

"Why, Marie, what's the matter?" they asked in a chorus. "You have been talking in the queerest language that ever was heard. It wasn't either English or French, that's certain, for we couldn't understand a word of it. Do tell us what it was, won't you? That's a dear."

She was now fully awake, and assured the wondering girls that if she really *had* been so indiscreet as to talk in her sleep, she was very glad it had been in an unknown tongue. "You know it adds so much to the interest of a thing to have a little mystery about it," she said, laughing. And the girls were fain to dissemble their burning curiosity, while they dressed in haste and dispersed, eager to relate this latest act in the drama.

After breakfast Marie sought an interview with the Reverend Mother, in which, with much trepidation, she disclosed her intention of returning with her father to her childhood's home.

The Mother was surprised and disconcerted, alike by the suddenness of the resolve and the apparent failure of all Père de Smet's hopes and plans for his protegée, as well as of the long and patient labor of herself and sister nuns in her behalf. Something of this was plainly visible in her tone and countenance as she earnestly dissuaded her from the rash step, portraying in lively colors the isolation and dreariness of her life among her own people, and the disappointment of her guardian in finding himself utterly mistaken in her character. "I am surprised, my child," she concluded, "that you who are in every way fitted to adorn a palace should have no higher aspirations than to spend your life in a wigwam."

Marie wept, but remained firm in her resolution. "Dear Mother, do not think me ungrateful for all the benefits you have showered upon the little waif whom you took long ago to your heart and home. I can never repay your loving kindness. It grieves me to displease you and my dear guardian, but something within

impels me, and I must go. I am a daughter of the wilderness, and she calls me with a myriad voices to return to her."

The Mother was deeply touched. She remained for a few moments buried in deep thought, then she said, "My dear child, I shall oppose you no further. Follow the dictates of your heart. They are often the inspiration of the divine spirit. You may be called to a great work among your own people, but if you find that all this is but the hallucination of a homesick brain, you will always find a home and a sister's welcome at the *Sacre Cœur*."

When Lavelle arrived soon after, he was met by his daughter with a fond caress, followed by the startling announcement that she was going home with him. He objected, argued and persuaded, but all in vain. She met each with the yearning refrain of Mignon, "Oh, father, let us go!" He appealed to the Reverend Mother, but found to his dismay that she had gone over to the enemy. He yielded reluctantly, with a troubled face and many an apprehensive shake of the head, and it was decided that they would take passage on the next up-river boat, which would leave in a few days.

There was genuine sorrow throughout the school when they knew that Marie was so soon to leave them, and all criticism was disarmed when she told them quite simply that she was going home to Dakota. There was a chorus of "Oh's," some held their breath, while one impulsive girl cried out, "Oh, don't go, Marie; you may be murdered by those dreadful Indians."

"I do not fear that at all. My mother is one of those same 'dreadful Indians,'" she said, gravely, looking around the group with clear, unembarrassed eyes. "Does it shock you greatly to know the truth about me?" "No, indeed," they replied with unconscious ambiguity, "we love you for yourself, and not for your relations."

The parting with the Reverend Mother and the Sisters was most affecting, for they were deeply attached to their beautiful pupil, and had nothing but the most direful forebodings for her future unless she quickly repented her rash step and returned to their sheltering arms.

But the last moment was come, the last farewells were said, and Marie, accompanied by her father, entered a close carriage, and was driven rapidly away.

The Prairie Belle lay at the wharf receiving her passengers and cargo, a squad of brawny negro roustabouts leisurely stowing away the latter, timing their movements meanwhile to a weird, melodious refrain, that seemed to have anything but a soothing effect on the temper of the mate, a choleric Irishman. Abusive language from the steamboat men was as much a matter of course to the roustabouts as was their meagre stipend. They only rolled up their eyes, showed their white teeth in a broad grin, and took up another barbaric refrain, without accelerating their pace an iota. At last everything was ready. The captain shouted "All aboard," the boat moved away from the wharf, swung out into the stream, and turned her prow toward the north.

CHAPTER V.

After Marie's departure from the convent the pupils resumed their usual tasks, their tongues running busily the while on the strange events of the week. They dearly loved anything that savored of the romantic, and the last few days had furnished them a feast. "Ugh!" said one, "an Indian is an Indian, and you can't make anything else out of them. I don't believe in educating them. It's all thrown away. Now, just look at Marie Lavelle, with all her learning

and accomplishments, going back to live among the savages. Fancy her in blanket and moccasins, presiding in the lodge of an Indian chief."

"I imagine that this is but a temporary absence," said a thoughtful looking girl. "She had a severe fit of home-sickness, but Marie is too truly refined to endure life with them for any great length of time, and I predict that she will be back with us in six months."

"We hope you are a true prophet," chorused the other girls, as they separated.

The Prairie Belle made a speedy trip, and just at sunset, eight days after her departure from St. Louis, she drew up at Keha Paha, with a wild shriek that woke the echoes for miles around.

Marie was first to spring ashore, followed quickly by her father. Together they ascended the steep bank and walked slowly towards their home. A legion of dogs rushed out at them, barking furiously, but a few well-aimed kicks from the trader's vigorous foot scattered the brutes, and they retreated, yelping dismally. Dusky children, entirely naked, played about the lodges, women were carrying heavy loads of fuel, others fetching water from the river, while some were employed in curing the meat and tanning the buffalo skins brought in by the hunters. The young bucks and the old warriors were strolling about in careless indolence, or lounging at the doors of the lodges, smoking and gambling. All was just as she remembered it. Time must have stood still in the sleepy village, but instead of thrilling with pleasure at the familiar scenes, she was conscious of a chill repugnance as she took in the picture with a swift, comprehensive glance. She strangled the sentiment instantly, but the necessity of doing so ere she had breathed her native air for five minutes jarred upon her discordantly.

On this evening the wife of Antoine Lavelle had been unusually restless. She had a presentiment that her husband would arrive that day, and bring her a message from her absent child. She wandered aimlessly about, unable to control her agitation. If a Sioux Indian might be supposed to have nerves, then this poor woman was very nervous. She heard the boats whistle, and stood still. Soon her husband appeared. But who was the strangely beautiful woman on his arm? As they came swiftly on her heart beat painfully, and her gaze was strained. Another moment and she was clasped close in her daughter's arms, and the sweet name, "mother," was whispered in her ear. The poor, fond mother was overcome with joy and surprise, and together they proceeded to their home, the most comfortable and commodious in the village, being a grotesque combination of a log cabin and a wigwam.

Here the young girl met the brothers and sisters to whom she had long been but a vague memory. They were altogether unable to reciprocate the caresses she lavished upon them, and regarded her with shy astonishment. They could not believe that she had really come home to stay with them. She seemed like some brilliant bird that had suddenly alighted for a moment, and might as suddenly spread her wings and disappear from sight.

The whole village was soon apprised of Marie's arrival, for gossip flourishes in savage as well as civilized communities, and in an incredibly short time the lodge was crowded with Indians, male and female. A general hand-shaking followed, from which she would gladly be excused; but she knew the customs of her people, and with inward repugnance took the filthy digits extended to her in her own delicate white ones. One strapping young brave was effusive in his admiration, and lingered after the

departure of the rest till the trader curtly ordered him to leave.

Marie rose early next morning to meet the new life that she had chosen. Her father had brought from the city a varied assortment of furniture, all expensive, and for the most part handsome, to furnish an apartment for her special use. The lodge could boast of but three rooms, one of these being occupied by the store, and usually filled with dusky loungers and customers. He set to work, and in a few days a room built of unhewn timbers and roofed with skins was completed. When the rough walls were hidden behind the silken draperies, the earthen floor covered by the costly carpet and rugs, a luxurious couch and easy chairs tastefully disposed under Marie's supervision, and when she had added her books, pictures and guitar, she was as comfortably and even daintily lodged as was possible in the wilderness.

She spent a few days in exploring the haunts of her childhood, but they seemed altered strangely. The spell was broken. The glamor of memory had invested them with a charm that was rudely dispelled by contact, and she wondered now at the strong hold the featureless landscape and the squalid village had held upon her young imagination. She hoped to do much to better the condition of the people, and plans looking to the accomplishment of that purpose took form in her active mind. She would gather the young girls and the children about her, and instruct them in the principles of Christian, civilized life; in short, point them to a better way, and help them to attain it. The elders would be reached through their children, and her sanguine mind assured her that the whole tribe would be won over in a short time. She was filled with an exalted enthusiasm, and slept to dream that it was already an accomplished fact, that the chase and the war path were abandoned, and a happy people were cultivating the arts of peace. Morning brought its disillusionment. She woke to the discordant sounds, repellent sights and unsavory odors of an Indian camp, and her heart quailed at the temerity of her undertaking. How should she begin? How assault the solid ramparts of barbarism?

Her scheme met but slight encouragement in her own family. "Let them alone. Injuns they are, and Injuns they will be," said her father, "You will wear your life out and affect them no more than a single drop of water affects the river yonder." Her mother gently but firmly declined to exchange the habits of a lifetime for new and untried ones, though she received the religious instruction gladly. This was the one grain of comfort Marie found in her work.

Seotah, the elder of the two sisters, rudely repelled all her sisterly advances; the younger, Minatonka, was stolidly indifferent, while the sturdy little brothers, wild as the deer that bounded over their native plains, could not be induced to take her efforts seriously.

One morning, after a particularly discouraging experience, she went out into the bright sunshine. She took the path towards the river, and as she walked, she strove to collect her shattered thoughts and arrange anew her shattered plans. She realized that it was no holiday task she had undertaken, and she began to be dimly aware of the trials of a missionary among a savage people. "But they *cannot* hold out long," she said to herself. "I will be patient," and she thought of the patience of the dear Sisters of the *Sacre Cœur*. "I will be very patient, and I shall yet succeed."

The strange behavior of her sisters puzzled her. Why had she failed so utterly to win their confidence or affection? Seotah's face was as flint against her, and Minatonka was

swayed entirely by the stronger will of the elder sister. Not a suspicion of the cause dawned upon her. Suddenly, in the narrow pathway, she came face to face with the same young brave who had been so loth to take his departure on the evening of her arrival. He was decked out in all the splendor of barbaric ornament. His dusky skin was freshly smeared with red paint, a bright green blanket hung carelessly from his shoulders, and his crest of eagle's feathers swayed in the breeze as he strode along. Marie turned aside to let him pass, but as she did so he placed himself squarely in her way, leering and grinning diabolically. A thrill of unspeakable loathing ran over her, changing in another instant to one of terror, as she met the eyes of Seotah fixed upon her with a look of jealous fury that made her heart stand still. Then the girl turned and disappeared in the direction of their home. A sudden light broke upon Marie. Summoning all her courage, she commanded the savage to stand aside and let her pass. Awed by the dignity of a womanhood new to him he obeyed, and with an ugly scowl on his dark face plunged onward down the river bank, while Marie sought her father for advice in the peculiar difficulties that had suddenly beset her.

He was grieved and alarmed at the recital. "I feared something of this kind," he said. "Rain-in-the-Face means mischief. If he could succeed in carrying you off to his lodge you would be his wife, according to the laws and customs of the tribe. Nothing could release you from his power. Do not go out again unless I am with you. He is an ugly brute, but has great influence with the people, and for many reasons I would not wish to have trouble with him."

More unhappy than she had ever before been in her short life, Marie retired to her own room, and threw herself upon a couch, her mind bewildered by the strange occurrences of the morning and the appalling danger of her situation. Then it reverted, with a pang to her convent home, with its pleasant surroundings and refined associations. As she lay thus in sad reverie, she was suddenly aware of a conversation that came distinctly to her ears through the thin walls.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD RUSTIC BRIDGE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

'Tis just a common rustic bridge,
And spans a common stream;
Where mild-eyed cattle slake their thirst,
And shadows glint and gleam.

The goldenrod and asters flame
Along the sedgy bank;
The grass is thick, and lush, and green,
The weeds are tall and rank.

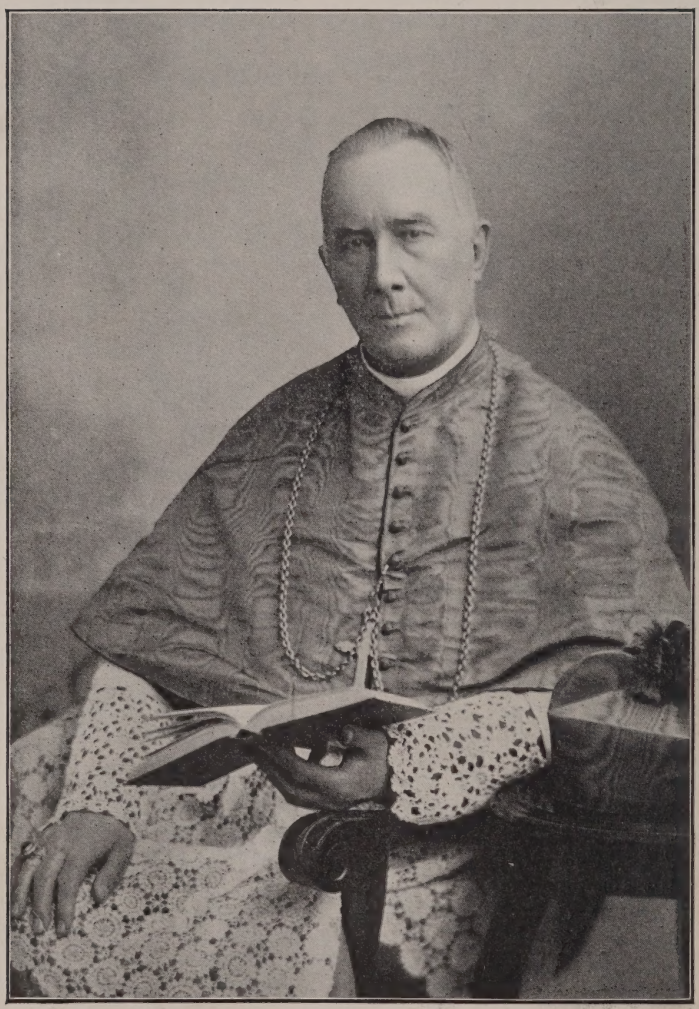
But it is fair, this quiet stream,
Where minnows dart and play;
Where willows droop, and blackbirds call
Through all the livelong day.

The planks are old, and gray, and warp'd,
The rail is broken down.
But it is dearer far to me
Than any bridge in town.

Spanish Officers and Soldiers attending Mass in the field, at Santiago

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.



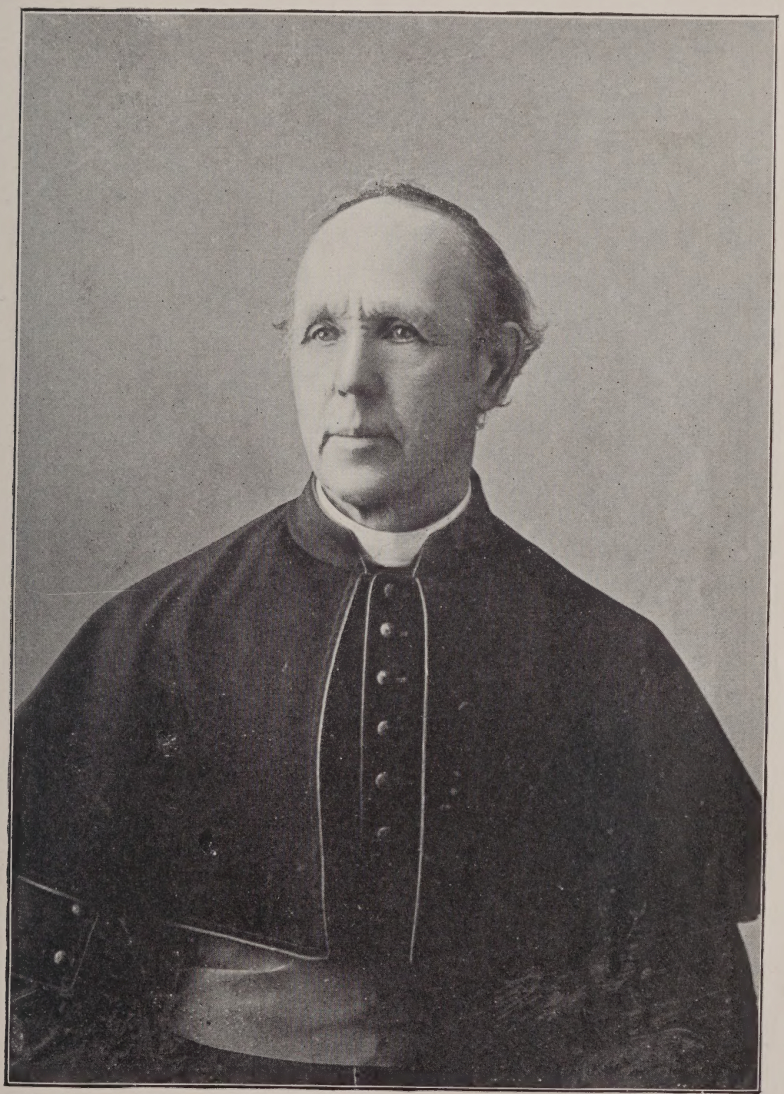
His Eminence, Cardinal Moran.

The man who directs the Catholic Church and shapes its policy in Australia is Cardinal Moran. His Eminence is recognized as one of the great minds of the Church, and he enjoys in an especial degree the favor and confidence of the Pope. Monsignor Moran is in his sixty-eighth year, and the thirteenth of his Cardinalate.

Of more than medium height and build, with a strong, grave and ascetic countenance, he wears with dignity his scarlet robes, and stands out as one of the most interesting and important figures in the religious, social and—as some will have it—political life of Australia. In his habits he is studious and in his tastes severely simple, though the people have erected for him a grand palace by the sea at Manly, a short distance from Sydnev.

St. Mary's, his chief residence, behind

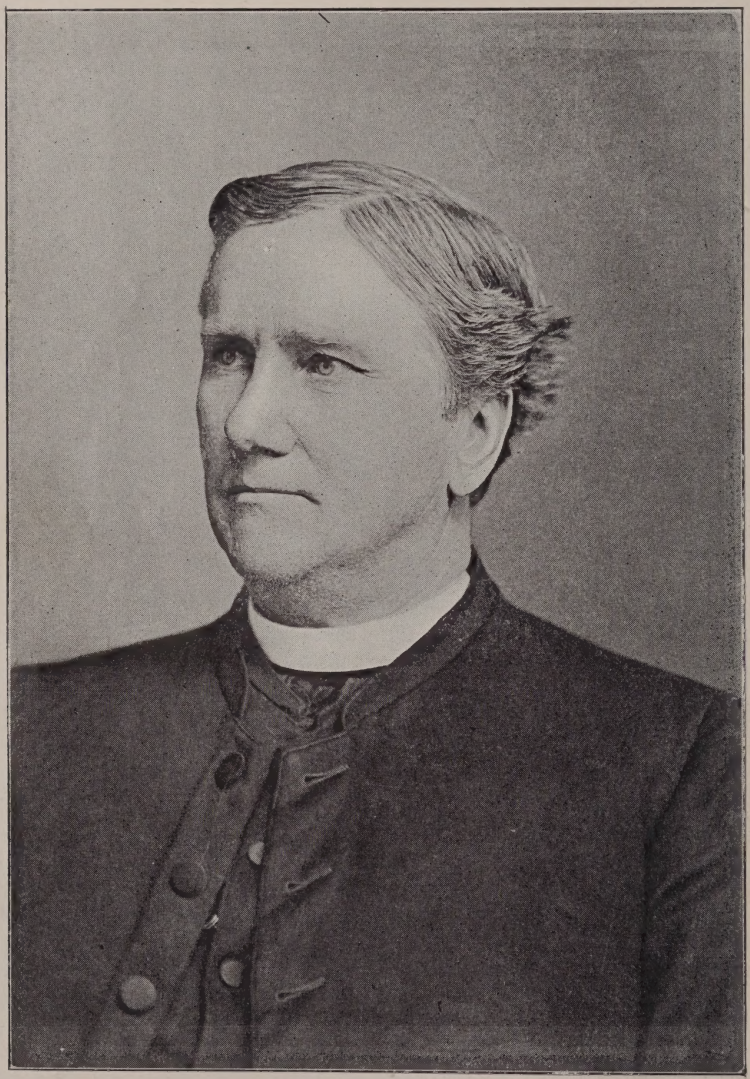
the Cathedral, is like a deserted house; but he is generally to be found there, safely guarded in the outer chambers by an elderly, clean-shaven, blarney-proof Irishman, and attended by his faithful secretary, Dr. O'Haran.



THE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR THOMAS CONNOLLY.
Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. John.

As a student and a scholar and an author Cardinal Moran appears in a most favorable light. A persistent searcher after facts, he has adorned the literature of Ireland and of Catholicity. This trait in his character was developed early in life, and was prosecuted with vigor while he remained in Ireland. When he was called to Rome, he found exceptional opportunities for gratifying his tastes as a scholar. The archives of the Vatican were at his disposal, and he was not slow to dig into the priceless possessions and parchments of the ages. The result of his investigations has fortunately been placed in permanent form, and will prove of infinite

value to historians yet unborn. The possessor of the various traits and talents that have been thus enumerated is naturally a person of great executive ability. The good he has done in other climes is being duplicated beneath the blue skies of Australia.



Rev. David Samuel Phelan, LL.D.
Editor of "Western Watchman."

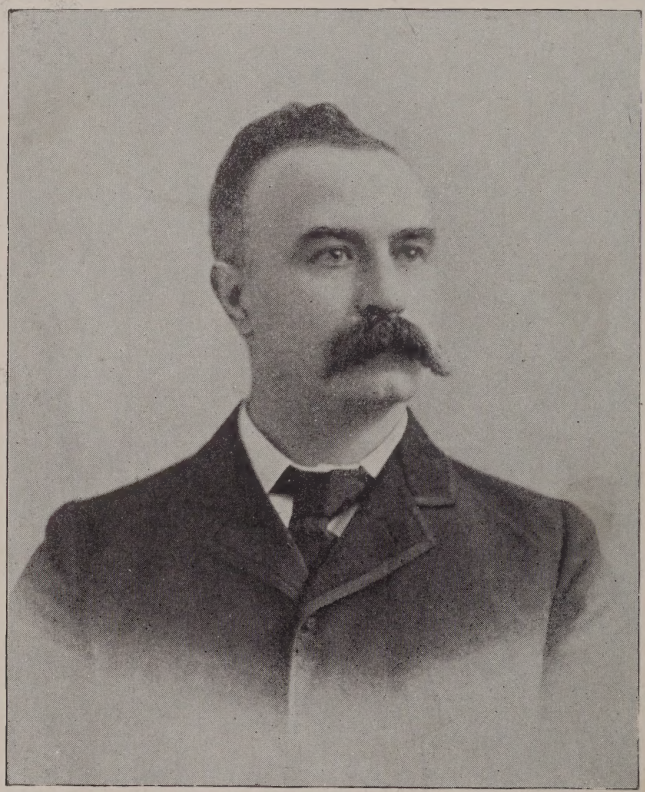
Fifty years ago the Very Rev. Monsignor Connolly, V. G., preached his first sermon in the town of Chatham, N. B., and his text was "Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." How nobly the zealous priest exemplified his preaching during a half-century devoted to the service of God in His Church was demonstrated on the recent occasion of his golden jubilee, when all classes of the community and all denominations united in giving public expression to their love and respect for the honored rector of the parish of St. John the Baptist, St. John, N. B.

JEREMIAH CURTIN.
Translator of "Quo Vadis."

Reading the story of his early missions among the French and Indians, one learns of the sacrifices and toil so cheerfully borne, the primitive conditions of existence, and the simple faith of the people, whose cleanly lives and unfailing loyalty won the admiration of their pastor. The following, quoted from the handsome

Jubilee Souvenir, quaintly illustrates some of the young priest's difficulties:

"Now and then, it is true, intense religious loyalty manifested itself in grotesque ways, as in the case of the manservant at the parochial residence, who objected to buying milk of a neighbor, because the cow-bell, to his whimsical imagination, droned ever with murmuring resonance the formidable syllables, 'Mar-



JOHN B. KEATING.
President of the A. O. H.

tin Luth-er! Mar-tin Luth-er!' Oftener, however, his own faith was quickened and strengthened by this contact with men of simple faith. On one occasion he was led to perform what might be called an act of heroic charity through the appeal of an Indian. He was at French Village, shriving the Indians in the afternoon preparatory to Mass next morning. An urgent sick call to a dying man in the Woodstock mission, fifty miles away, came to him. He was under no strict obligation to heed it. A priest was stationed at Woodstock, and Father Connolly had his own work to do where he was. The Indian mind, however, could take in but one angle of the difficulty; a man was dying, and the priest was needed to prepare him for death.

"'Go, Fadir,' an old chief advised; 'Mass will wait, man's life can't wait.' The priest went, but the trip meant a hundred miles in an open wagon, and two nights without sleep."

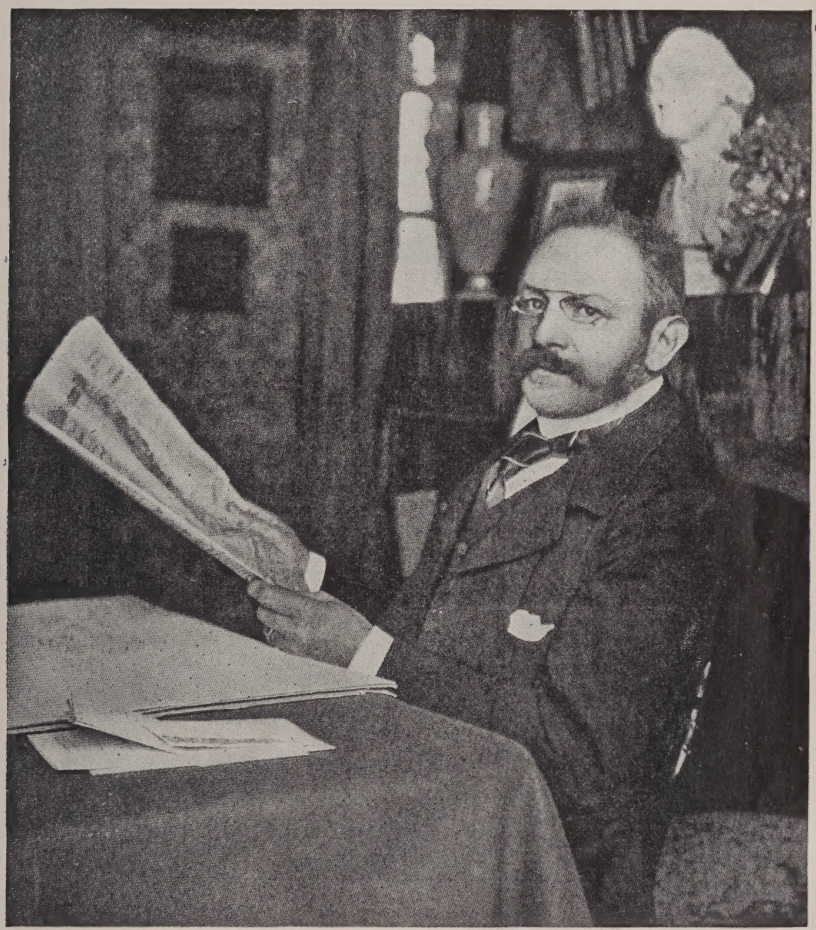
Such was the beginning of his priestly service. What wonder that fifty years of unswerving devotion have won honor and love from all to whom he ministered, or that the administrative ability so marked in his early career was recognized and rewarded, positions of high preferment and honors from the Holy See crowning the half-century of sacerdotal life.

The key-note of Monsignor Connolly's character is sounded in the concluding paragraph of his reply to the address of the Catholic Societies: "Above all things, love God and your neighbor, remembering that your neighbor means all mankind, of whatever creed, color, or nationality."

Rev. David Samuel Phelan, LL. D., was born in Sydney, Cape Breton, March 1,

1841. The family, consisting of five boys and five girls, settled in St. Louis in 1853. He studied in St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., receiving priest's orders in 1863. After a short stay in St. Louis he was sent to a wild country mission, and in 1865 was appointed rector of the church in Edina. The occasion of his launching into journalism was a violent attack by a quarterly Methodist conference on a convent just established in that town. Father Phelan was denied space in the local papers for a reply.

He has been in the editorial harness now thirty-three years without intermission or interruption of any kind. His paper is the reflection of his own mind. He is in close touch and warm sympathy with the people in general and the Catholic people in particular, and he writes under the sting of these two spurs. In 1868 Father Phelan was appointed to the Annunciation Church in St. Louis, succeeding Bishop Ryan. In 1873 he founded the parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and has been its rector ever since. He received the Doctor's degree in 1890, and was the only one so honored by his *Alma Mater* in the sixty-five years of her history.



JULES CAMBON.
French Ambassador at Washington.

Jeremiah Curtin, the famous translator of "Quo Vadis," courteously responding to our request for his portrait, enclosed with it the modest statement that "it was taken in the ruins of Palenque, Central America. The portrait is not so good, but the place is of much interest." He is a

native of Milwaukee, and a graduate from Harvard.

Mr. Curtin and Mrs. Curtin have recently returned from Europe, whither they went last year. They spent the summer in Switzerland, and traveled considerably in Austria and Russia. Previous to that they spent a year in Guatemala and Mexico. Part of the journey was made by horseback.

Mr. Curtin is, indeed, a unique character among American litterateurs. Our debt to Sienkiewicz is not less than our debt to his translator and friend, Jeremiah Curtin. The diversity of the language, the rapid flow of thought, the picturesque imagery of the descriptions are all his. The work would stand alone as a model of English prose, and might well be read with profit merely as an example of combined narrative and description. Mr. Curtin had done good work before in the translating of Sienkiewicz; but surpassed himself in the Englishing of "Quo Vadis." He recently received a check of $24,000 from the publishers of "Quo Vadis," that amount being his share of the proceeds of the sales of the book thus far.

KATIE DON LEAVY.

It is a proud thing to be president of the reunited A O. H. The distinction belongs to Mr. John B. Keating, who, at the Trenton convention, was elected head of the order.

Mr. Keating, the new president, is a prominent Chicagoan, being treasurer of the school board of that city

As secretary of the committee an arrangements for Irish Day, celebrated during the World's Columbian Exposition, his tireless energy awoke enthusiasm and made success a certainty. At the biennial convention of the A. O. H., held in East St.

Louis in June, 1894, Mr. Keating was unanimously elected state president of the order.

When the promoters of the New Movement selected Chicago as the convention city, which was to witness the birth of the Irish National Alliance, Mr. Keating was the unanimous choice for secretary of the local committee of arrangements.

The gathering at Trenton partook largely of the elements of a love feast.

Bishop McFaul, in his opening address, touched upon this spirit of harmony in the following happy language:

"Wherever an Irishman, yes, wherever there dwells a heart in which pulsates Irish blood—and what land visited by the sun in his majestic course around the world does not cherish the sons and daughters of Erin—the principles of "Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity" here proclaimed by a reunited Ancient Order of Hibernians will meet a generous welcome, and encourage the undivided Gael to unite for securing the strength and the influence which, joined to that indomitable courage that has never deserted us during long ages of oppression and tyranny, will place dear old Ireland forever in possession of her long-sought liberty."

To M. Cambon, French Ambassador at Washington, belongs the distinction of bringing the United States government and that of Spain to speaking terms. It was he who negotiated the peace protocol, and his good offices on the part of Spain have no doubt secured for that country more lenient treatment.

No man in the diplomatic service of France stands higher than M. Cambon; his tireless industry, comprehensive understanding and suave address making him one of the most conspicuous republicans in political life. During his stay in Algiers many difficult and perplexing questions, involving relations with the United States, arose, and were cleverly disposed of by him, and he brought to this country a wide personal knowledge of American institutions.

Miss Don Leavy, editor of the *Catholic Friend*, Virginia's Diocesan paper, was born in New York city, of Irish parentage. After her father's death her mother moved to Richmond, Va., where she had a brother living. Katie, being but two years old at the time she came to Richmond, has always regarded that city as her home, loving "Old Virginia" with all her heart. Here she received her education, attending St. Joseph's Academy, from which she graduated with distinction in her eighteenth year.

After leaving school she opened a private school, which she conducted with marked success for several years, winning the affection and confidence of her pupils and their parents. But literature had such charms for her that she gave up teaching, and devoted herself entirely to literary work. She wrote extensively for a number of years, contributing to various Catholic papers, as well as to the secular press in Richmond. "The Immaculate Conception," "My Confessor," "After Holy Communion, "Au Revoir to October," "The Violet" and "A Friend" are some of her sweetest poems. The key-note of them all is some beautiful truth or some consoling mystery of our Holy Religion.

Her love for the good, the true and the beautiful, which found expression in a book of poems modestly called "A Bunch of Flowers," and her longing to impart to others the treasures of good literature, emboldened her to launch a little craft of her own—the *Catholic Friend*. It was a bold venture, but after a short, sharp struggle with the adverse winds of the difficulties which generally beset every young enterprise, the *Catholic Friend* came out of the storm with flying colors, winning the Episcopal blessing and making friends everywhere. This vigorous young journal, its staff of contributors comprising some of the ablest writers of the day, is now welcomed into every Catholic home in Virginia, and some non-Catholic homes, everywhere bringing to bear an influence bright, cheering and genial to young and old alike.

The accomplished and zealous editor deserves the high place she has won among American Catholic journalists.

WHY WORKINGMEN ARE DISCONTENTED.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

In his able article, published in Donahoe's some months ago, the Rev. Herbert N. Casson only dealt with this question partially. The reasons that may be assigned for the discontent of workingmen are numerous, and the ablest of the workingmen, as well as the sincerest students of modern social conditions among educated men, are not agreed as to the reasons for discontent among working people, a discontent which is moving them to demand a higher standard of life for themselves and wider opportunities for making a living.

There is in the heart of man a discontent of the world. So far as I have been able to observe, this discontent exists among all races of men, and among all classes of the several races. The condition of man in the world is unsatisfactory, and he exhibits his dissatisfaction in both action and speech. Thoughtless and superficial people only feel the evils of their own condition, and imagine that the condition of their neighbors is happier than theirs; but those who look deeper see that the discontent is in the very nature of man, and affects all alike, though in different degrees.

This discontent, to the Christian, is testimony which mankind gives to the fact that man was not made for this world; that for him the earth is only a temporary abiding place, with which he cannot be contented, and that as man is created by God for Himself, he cannot rest until he rests in God. Christians, therefore, believe in the world to come, and endure the evils of this life with the content that is possible by the help of God, knowing that, if they persevere to the end, there is a home prepared throughout eternity. What little happiness comes to us in this life is only a reflection from the life eternal, and if all would accept the Christian idea of man and his destiny, the discontent of the world would not be so great as it is.

The non-Christian workingman sees and feels the injustice and inequality he is compelled to endure in the world, but he cannot see that a great part of his discontent is the result of man's condition, brought about by Adam's fall; that much of his discontent is the result of his perverted imagination, and that what he has a right to complain of has been caused by the injustice of man to man, to which injustice he has probably contributed his full share. The evils from which he suffers most are the result of man's ambition on one hand, and his craven submission on the other. So long as the strong control dynasties and governments in their own interests, as they have uniformly done heretofore, so long will there be discontent, and righteous cause for discontent, among working people.

But these evils cannot be remedied by those who are not ready to do justice. The evils caused by injustice cannot be remedied by further injustice, for this only complicates and adds to the evil conditions. There can be no remedy for the evils we suffer from, except it be administered by those of just intentions, whose characters have been formed in the school of justice, and who know what conditions are remediable and what are not. The remedies that will cure must not be such as will interfere with the rights of God or of individuals. Just men

only, formed in the school of Christ, can reform the evil conditions we have a right to complain of. So, when working people learn and practice justice, acknowledge God's right to rule them and their duty to obey Him, and unite to remedy the evils men have put upon the masses, better conditions may be expected to prevail, but not till then. The germ of this idea is in the Lord's prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us." It is but just and right for us to forgive others when asking for forgiveness for ourselves, and, therefore, it is but just and right for us to do justice when we ask that justice be done to us.

The necessity of labor has been imposed upon man, and no power can absolve him from it. The sentence: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," cannot be set aside or repealed by man, but the evils which have accrued from able, powerful, subtle men imposing rules and conditions upon society, by which the labor of many is made to give an excess of goods to the few, can be remedied. The conditions, which enable the few to control labor and debar men from opportunities of labor, whether they make a slave of the individual or compel the masses to support policies that enable the few to take all the proceeds of labor, except what is necessary for the bare existence of the laborer, can be changed, and should be changed.

God did not make different classes of men. He made them all equal, with the same rights before Him and the same privileges in the world He created. The classes of men and their inequalities of condition are the work of man, not of God. The privileges of the few have been exacted by force, or stolen through fraud, or created by favor, under the pretence of being a gift from all, and the right of man to change these conditions, no matter how old, or how sanctioned by custom or by time, cannot be disputed. The earth, under God, belongs to man, and man, recognizing God's rights and the rights of his fellows, may change the laws and customs that govern it. The evils we endure because of man's denial of God and of justice may be cured by man acting justly and righteously; to change them by denying the rights of God or of our fellowmen is to commit further injustice and add to the evils that make us suffer.

It has been said that we should bear patiently the evils of our condition, and be content to live in the position in which God has placed us. That is good advice within the limitations that our creation and the fall of Adam have set about us; but it is not good when it seeks to make us contented with the bad conditions that are remediable. We should not be misled by it, for were we content with this life we would not seek another; if the slave were content, he would never achieve freedom; if the workingmen were content they would never improve their condition, and if Catholics in English-speaking countries had been content they never would have acquired religious freedom. Content under remediable conditions is injustice to one's self and family, and shows a slavish mind. Even God was not content with the condition of men, or He would not have become man and suffered and died to relieve it.

For an individual to become poor for Christ's sake is an heroic act of virtue, but no people can progress in righteousness in poverty, or, at least, in that poverty akin to destitution in which a family cannot obtain sufficient food and clothing. Our Saviour was born in a stable, and had not of His own a place where He could lay His head, but we do not read of His suffering from involuntary hunger, or of His wanting suitable raiment. That many working people in this country, as

well as in all countries of the civilized world, suffer for the lack of sufficient means to feed and clothe themselves and their families, to say nothing of educating their children, everybody knows, and that the fullest sympathy, the widest charity, the most efficient aid, should be given their efforts to better their condition goes without saying. The man who says he loves his kind and refuses to aid the working people to better their condition, cannot be believed. And while working people see, as all people may see, great wealth accumulating in a few hands, while they are suffering for the want of food and clothing, and their children growing up in ignorance for want of education, they should not be content, but struggle for relief; and every friend of man, with voice, with pen, with sword, if need be, should ally with the struggling masses and labor with them until success shall crown their efforts.

It will not do to say that labor-saving machinery is the cause of the evil condition of the working people, for everything that saves labor benefits mankind. If conditions were normal, labor-saving machinery would cheapen production, and therefore lessen the cost of living, while it would enable the laborer to live more comfortably, and not reduce the wages of labor or the number of the employed. The few have taken the wealth created by the machine, and labor has borne the whole cost of its introduction. No, the good gifts of God can work no such evil as labor people suffer from. As well lay the evils to the blessed sunshine and rain that God sends to all. It is the ignorance, the cowardice, the indifference, the cupidity of men that have formed, and permitted to be formed, the evil combination of the powers of wealth to steal from them what God gave them, that must be held responsible for the working men's condition. Those who monopolize the opportunities to labor, as well as the means of production and exchange, and those who permit this to be done, are responsible to God and the people for the condition of the working people of the world.

These evils will pass away when just, God-loving and God-fearing people determine to remedy them. Nihilism, anarchism and socialism will only aggravate them. God exists, and man cannot take anything from Him that is His. To reform mankind without God's help is impossible. To attempt to cure the evils caused by Adam's disobedience and fall from God's grace is hopeless, if not blasphemous. Man must obey God or he must suffer the consequences. If man seeks to acquire happiness without taking account of God, or by ignoring His plainest teachings of duty and justice, there is nothing for him but suffering.

Let all men, especially workingmen, turn to God. "Other refuge they have none." As He led the Israelites in Egypt from bondage to liberty, so He will lead the working people to better conditions and to a higher life if they will obey and trust Him. Let us who love our country and desire its perpetuity often call to mind the lines:

> "On nations fixed in right and truth
> God would bestow eternal youth."

IRELAND.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

It is good to live in Ireland 'mid the green and pleasant meadows,
Where the brooks go laughing, singing through the sedges and the grass,
Where the skies are soft and tender and the rapid lights and shadows
O'er the amethystine moorlands and the heath-clad uplands pass.

Nowhere else are woodlands greener; long in them the cuckoo lingers,
Sweet 's the hawthorne in the hollows and the gorse upon the hills;
Birds in many a clime sing sweetly, but the sweetest of all singers
Is the lark that from the bogland mounts with joyous shakes and trills.

Every Irish glen or valley has its legend or its story,
Fairy rath or haunted glade is not in Ireland hard to find;—
Oh 'tis good to live in Ireland 'mid her ruins old and hoary,
For the Irish tongue is tuneful and the Irish heart is kind.

And 'tis good to die in Ireland, where the faith that Patrick brought us
Is as green as are the shamrocks on its hills and leas today;
Good to lie 'mid saints and sages, where the prayers our mothers taught us
Will by Irish lips be uttered oft above our lifeless clay.

VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

BY R. E. M.

The history of the Catholic Church in this country is especially noteworthy as a record of the glowing zeal with whcih she championed the cause of education. This, the crucial question of the nineteenth century, was early thrust upon her, and to vindicate her claims within the domain of truth, she boldly entered the arena at a time when few were the soldiers to fight her battles, and when humanly speaking, the elements that make for success seemed beyond her reach. Yet, firm and uncompromising in principle, she has truly achieved wonders in her heroic struggle to restore religion to its allotted place in education.

The Catholic colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land stand as the vanguard of the Church in her crusade for the maintenance of union between science and religion. These numerous institutions with their high standards of excellence, now flourishing under the fostering care of the Church, are the outgrowth of years of unwearied labor and self-sacrifice. The measure of success and renown, which these respectively enjoy today, is in marked contrast with the anxieties and disappointments which the pioneers of their work so bravely endured. Too much praise cannot be given to the loyal hands that planted and nurtured with much toil the seed which now yields an abundant harvest.

In the year 1842, the five Augustinian priests, who then comprised the extent of the order in the United States, secured the present site of Villanova College. Father Kyle, keenly alive to the advantages which the surroundings of Philadelphia afforded for the establishment of a Catholic institution for the training of young men, undertook the purchase of about two hundred acres of land, some six miles west from the present limits of the city. To this good Father, although not Superior of the band of missionaries, is chiefly due the credit of Villanova's foundation. The following autumn, on the Feast of St. Augustine (1843), a community of religious took up its abode in the old farm-house of the estate. Active preparations were immediately begun for the opening of the College which, in September of the same year, received its first pupils, whose number during the first session was limited to thirteen. Not more than a dozen similar institutions were in existence throughout the whole country, several of which were under the immediate jurisdiction of the bishops of their respective localities.

The Augustinians, whose possessions at this time were limited to two churches, fully realized the burden which the maintenance of a college must entail on their slender resources of men and money. Accordingly the efforts of the little body were centered on furthering the success of this new undertaking. The title of Mother House of the Order in the United States (which here-to-fore had belonged to the Convent of St. Augustine, Philadelphia), was transferred to their new home at Villanova. Here the Fathers were also empowered to erect a novitiate, for the reception and education of novices of the Order. The little Convent and adjoining adjoining College were solemnly dedicated by Bishop Francis Kenrick (1843), and were placed under the patronage of St. Thomas of Villanova, the apostle of charity and learning. The selection of the holy Archbishop of Valencia as guardian of this new Augustinian sanctuary was singularly appropriate, and a happy augury of God's providential care for her future. The spiritual children of St. Thomas were the first Augustinians to labor in America. While he was Provincial of the Order in Spain, a missionary

band of these religious were sent (1533) to the New World to evangelize the red men. These same pioneers of the Cross were chiefly instrumental in establishing a university in the city of Mexico, the first of its kind in North America. And now three centuries later under the same holy auspices, Villanova, as a nursery of science and religion, enters upon her God-given mission to enlighten minds and to sanctify hearts;

"While the sons of St. Austin with tears
and with toil
Their altars upreared on this prayer hallowed soil."

The history of Villanova College during those intervening years has much in common with that of her sister institutions of this country. As one of the few that reach back into the first half of the expiring century, she has borne a full share of the difficulties that confronted the pioneers of Catholic education, and has passed successfully through trying ordeals. The vicissitudes that attended Villanova's infant years bespeak undying praise for the zealous laborers who cherished her in their keeping. That courageous faith of which she was born, infused its energies into those who have succeeded her founders in developing her growth and shaping her destiny. The meagerness of the financial resources of the College has always been a source of anxiety to the Fathers in charge. And as a consequence they have been greatly hampered in their efforts to provide that commodiousness of buildings which the surroundings of the College and its growing needs demand. In common with all the Catholic institutions of learning in this country, Villanova has felt the lack of generous support from the wealthy. The charity of the faithful, so nobly evinced in the other undertakings of the Church, has never rallied to the support of our colleges. Our people, who for generations, have been accustomed to the spectacle of the Church despoiled of her ancient and treasured seats of learning, seem to acquiesce in the iniquitous usurpation. As a consequence they view with apparent indifference her heroic struggle in the domain of education, and they are loath to befriend with helping hand the poverty-oppressed colleges, now striving to reclaim a portion of the glory of their plundered inheritance. This condition of mind obtaining among our people has from the beginning constituted not the least of the difficulties which aggravated the burden of Catholic education.

The Augustinians were made conscious of this apathy during their previous efforts, in the early days of the century, to maintain an academy at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. It served to quicken the labors of the priests and the brothers who have made common cause in their filial devotion to their Mother-house and College at Villanova. In spite of all obstacles, Villanova has constantly developed on the truly conservative lines marked out by her founders. Her infant days were full both of bitterness and consolations. The year following her foundation, the riots swept Philadelphia, dealing destruction to Catholic interests in that city. The Augustinians suffered severely in the loss of their Church of St. Augustine, to which Villanova had looked as a child to its mother for sustenance. The mad populace in their fury were also intent on procuring the ruin of the College. For weeks the community and students alike were panic-stricken on account of the rumors of violence threatening the College and Convent of St. Thomas. During this troubled period Villanova assumed more the appearance of an arsenal than a college, as preparations were made by the friends and owners of the institution to forcibly defend it against the mob violence menaced. Good Father O'Dwyer and his co-laborers, realizing the hopeless-

ness of the struggle to maintain an educational seat in such a condition of affairs, caused the following notice to be published in the Catholic Herald, Feb. 20, 1845: "In consequence of the losses sustained during the May riots in the destruction of their Church and Property, the members of the Order of St. Augustine are compelled to close the College lately opened at St. Thomas of Villanova near Philadelphia. It is hoped that the justice of their fellow citizens by awarding a fair compensation for the losses sustained will soon enable the Augustinians to reopen the College."

For the period of eighteen months the portals of Villanova remained closed. During the interval, however, the Fathers in charge were persistent in maturing their plans for the reopening, which occurred in September, 1846. The College now resumed her labors under most auspicious surroundings. Forty-seven students attended the lay department during the scholastic year 1846-1847. Besides Father Kyle, through whose energy and prudence the Augustinians were first possessors of Villanova, the beautiful site for their College, the teaching corps was enriched by the acquisition of Rev. William Harnett, Ambrose A. Mullen and Patrick A. Stanton. The names and labors of these three Augustinians, who had just returned from Europe after completing their studies, were long and honorably associated with Villanova's progress. Each of them after serving the institution in various posts of trust, had attained to the office of President of the College.

A bright decade of years was now in store for the College. The increased attendance of students warranted the Fathers to begin in 1848 the erection of another college building, which was completed the following February, at a cost of nearly twelve thousand dollars. The improved facilities were taxed to their utmost capacity in providing apartments for the increased number of students. But Villanova was destined to face another and more severe crisis, which, for a time, again stayed her onward march for the cause of religion and education. The lowering clouds of civil strife that gathered over the land portended dark days for the College. Her four score and more of students were largely natives of the seceding states. The general upheaval, preceding the open rupture of war, paralyzed the efforts of the faculty to continue their labors. During these days of discord, when many former students met as foemen, the lecture-halls of Villanova were silent and her campus was no longer a scene of buoyant sport.

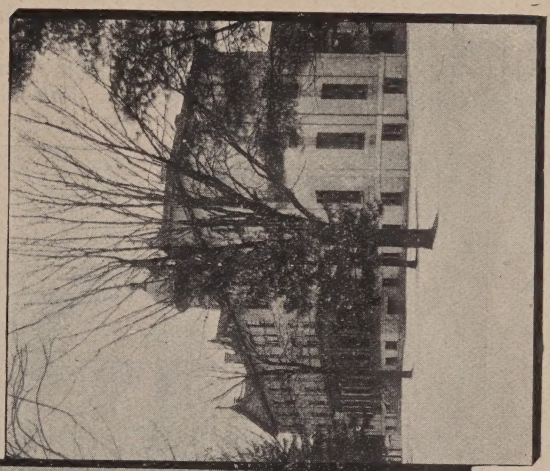
From this reverse Villanova quickly emerged to continue her mission as the guide of youth "to the fountains of Faith and the well springs of science." In the autumn of 1865 when peace once more rested upon the land, the doors of the College were reopened and a goodly number of students was in attendance. The President of the institution at this time was Rev. A. A. Mullen, the Treasurer Rev. J. D. Waldron, the teaching staff Fathers P. A. Neno, P. Izzo, F. M. Sheeran and T. C. Middleton, besides cleric members of the Order. A repetition of a like misfortune is not contained in the future records of Villanova. Rather the trying ordeal, to which she in those early days of her career was subjected, contained a happy augury of the peace and the prosperity with which she has since been blessed. The resolute struggle against the succession of trials which beset the institution during the first quarter century of her career has added vigor and permanence to her growth in succeeding years. Yet the memory of the difficulties has always inspired caution among the Augustinians, in their development of the material resources of the College. Possessing but small endowment fund for educational pur-

SAINT THOMAS OF VILLANOVA.

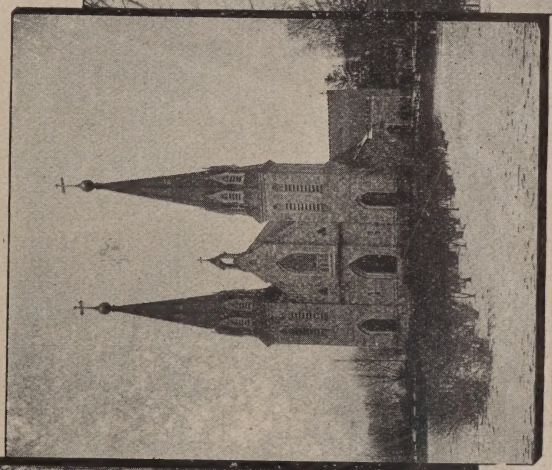
[Designed by A. Durin, of Philadelphia, from Murillo's "La Caridad."]

Rt. Rev. Thomas Galbery, D.D., O.S.A.
President, 1872-1876; afterward Bishop of Hartford, Conn.

poses, they are loath to accentuate the need by the extra burden of mortgage. As a consequence, no progress in the erection of new buildings is even contemplated, without view to the means of immediately satisfying the indebtedness. Time, too, amply vindicated the wisdom of so conservative a policy, particularly at seasons of financial depression in the business world. Thus building upon secure foundations the Order refuses to estimate the magnitude of the good work done at Villanova by imposing structures of masonry. Nevertheless, while struggling to erect the inner edifice of virtue and truth, the opportunities for improving the College surroundings and facilities have not been neglected. The revenues of the institution have been faithfully expended for its own betterment upon those lines best calculated to promote the welfare of the students. In the year 1874 Fr. Gaibery, afterwards Bishop of Hartford, completed the erection of the present main college buildings,



Main College Building.



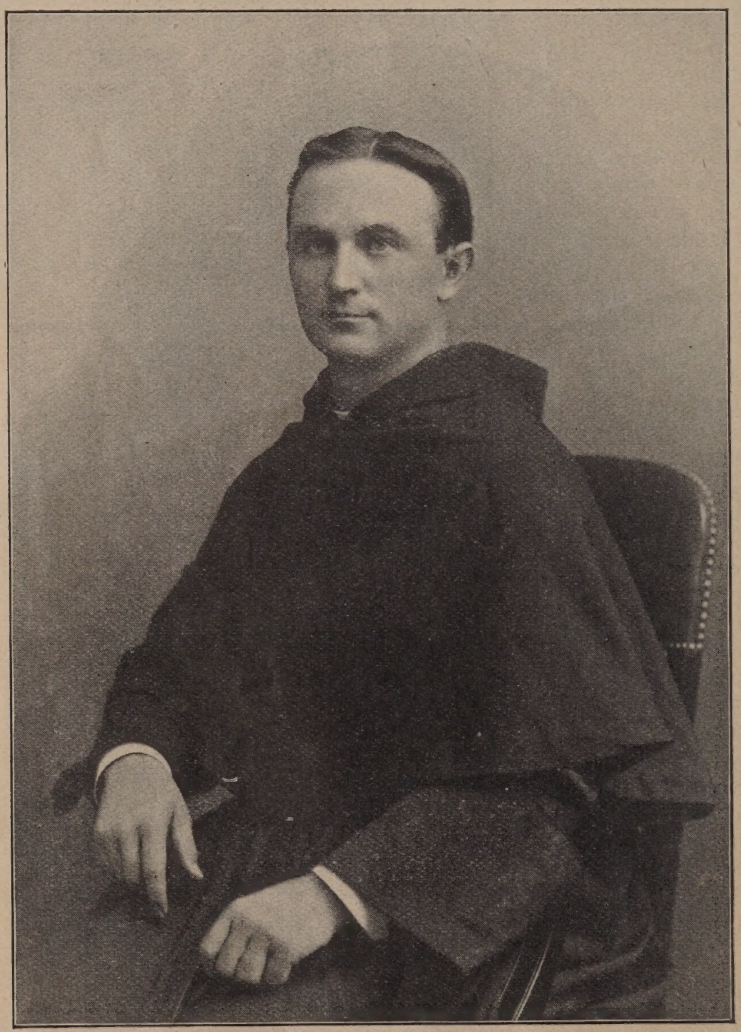
Chapel.

Faculty Building

Villanova.

having a frontage of 174 feet. Five years later, during the presidency of Father Fedigan, a new novitiate and professorium for the clerics of the contemplation towards providing new and improved buildings to correspond with Villanova's growing needs.

The Golden Jubilee of Villanova,



Rev. Laurence A. Delurey, President since January, 1895.

Order was erected. The present beautiful Gothic Chapel which was completed in 1887 stands as a monument to the zeal of Fathers Coleman and Blake. These are but preliminaries of the more extensive projects now in occurring in the year 1893, was made a memorable event in the history of the College. Its familiar halls were thronged as never before by former students and graduates, who returned from various ranks and avocations in

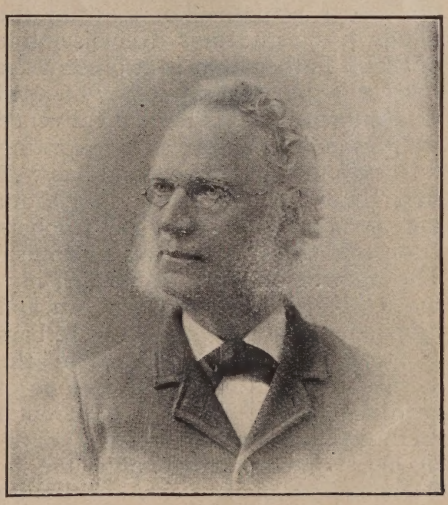
life to share the festive joys of their *Alma Mater*, for whom—

"Time trembling and old
Like a hermit hath told
On its glittering chaplet five decades of gold."

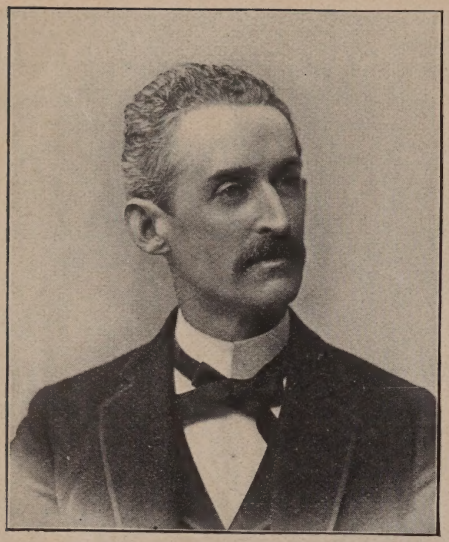
The friends and patrons who assembled on that festive day to honor the Augustinians and their labors at Villanova, could not but have been inspired at the sight of the generous warmth of heart which was evinced by old students and professors alike, as they met again amidst familiar scenes and reviewed the treasured memories of bygone days. Father McEvoy, as President was the genial host, who spared no effort to lend dignity and feeling to the auspicious occasion. It was in the fullest sense a tribute to the memory of his predecessors and a crown upon their labors. His Grace of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan, presided over the exercises of the day. Bishop Keane was there to render to Villanova the homage of his congratulations, and those of the Catholic University of America. The venerable Prelates of Trenton and Harrisburg were in attendance amidst a vast concourse of the regular and secular clergy.

Villanova's rejoicing on attaining her golden jubilee was measured not so much from the evidence of material success with which she was surrounded, as from the consciousness of the sacrifices of labor and energy so freely expended in rendering her advance secure. In her slow transition from penury to a state of comparative competency there was comfort in the abiding belief that the half century of a struggle in a noble cause had brought its own reward. Nor was the joy of the occasion marred in the least by any clouds of disappointment on account of the absence of needed wealth, to lighten the burden of the charge. True to the spirit of her founders and faithful to the traditions of the past, Villanova embodies in the history of her career claims to the words of St. Gregory as her chosen motto: "I have

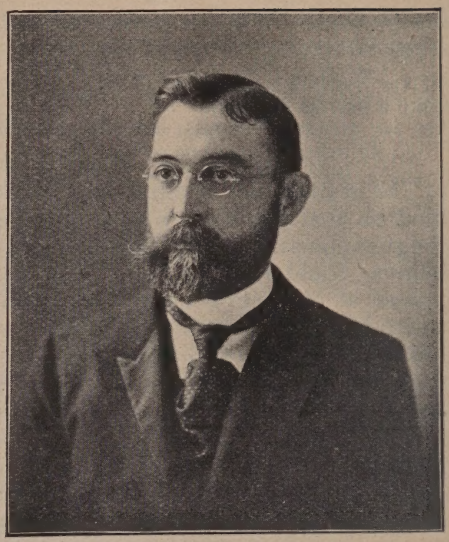
REV. CHARLES KELLY, D D., TOWANDA, PA.
One of Villanova's first students, still living.



J. HENRY MAGEE, PHILA., PA.
One of Villanova's first students, still living.



EDWARD M. MULHEARN, '70.
Mauch Chunk, Pa.



BERNARD T. DALEY, '80. M.D., PH D.,
Boston, Mass.

preferred, and even shall prefer learning to all earthly riches, and hold nothing dearer on earth, next to the joys of heaven and the hopes of eternity."

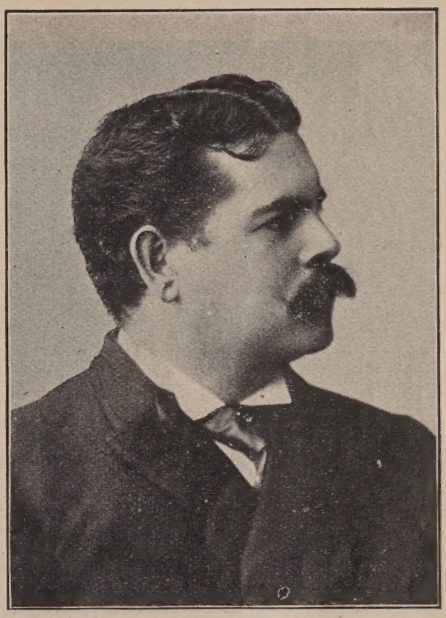
With a singleness of purpose she has always contended to win and mould the hearts no less than to train the minds of the students. Her discipline of which Father Coar is at present the Prefect is the outcome of law blended with influence and of system enlivened by personality, as the agent working to secure this end. Newman has well said "An academic system, without the personal influence of teachers upon principles, is an Arctic winter." The warmth of sympathy, which mutually obtains between Villanova and her students, is not chilled by the bars of separation of the latter in the sterner arena of life. The lessons of religion instilled by gentle parental methods find deep root in the youthful heart which expands under the influence of advancing years. Although the curriculum and the discipline of Villanova are adapted to the requirements of a lay or secular college, she is vigilant in her care to foster without forcing vocations to the priesthood. The hopes of her founders, and the unwearied solicitude expended upon her maintenance, have been abundantly repaid by the number of religious vocations for the Order, of which the College has been the nursery. With few exceptions the Augustinians now laboring on the missions in this country, have completed their classical studies at Villanova, while scores of the clergy of the various dioceses revere her as their *Alma Mater*. Yet the larger number of Villanova's students enter college for the acquisition of that discipline of heart and mind which will fit them as Christian warriors for the world of strife. And justly, too, is she proud of her galaxy of graduates who, loyal to the principles here taught them, adorn their respective spheres in life.

Athletics, so generally recognized as an essential factor in college life, have been much encouraged by the faculty at Villanova during the past decade of years. The ability of the students on the baseball diamond has

been far and favorably known even in the early days of the College. Recently they have essayed their skill at football, and also taken the initiative in track athletics. On the gridiron the boys have achieved victories, and at times yielded to superior force. But their enthusiasm is not restrained by passing reverses, from which they speedily rally to new combats, strong in the belief that they shall in the near future wrest a foremost place from collegiate rivals.

The success attending Villanova during these years succeeding the Golden Jubilee of her foundation are without parallel in the annals of her history. The influx of students so apparent the first year following, during the Presidency of Father McShane, is steadfastly maintained, thereby adding materially to the number of graduates which she sends forth each Commencement. Her faculty to-day are without exception the product of her labors. Being comparatively young, they take laudable pride in striving to emulate the work of their predecessors. And while clinging with filial fondness to the traditions of the past, they are striving energetically to adjust their loved *Alma Mater* to the growing demands which the present age is constantly making upon education.

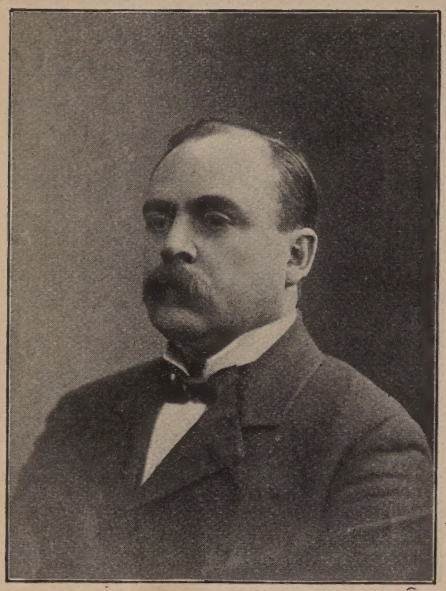
Two former presidents of the College, Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D. D., and Rev. F. M. Sheeran, S. T. B., claim the distinction of being the longest identified with educational work at Villanova. The former, at present Prefect of studies in the Ecclesiastical department for the training of the Scholastics of the Order, has been actively engaged in the College since 1865. Of the latter, the same may be said with the exception of a few years passed in missionary labors in Philadelphia. These venerable Fathers are the chief links of union between the present and the loved past. In their long career they have given ample evidence of



JOHN J. MORRISSEY, '81, M.D., PH.D.,
New York City.

their zeal and efficiency in the arduous labors of the classroom. To their for-

WALTER LECKY,' 82.
Redwood, N. Y.



JOHN T. LENAHAN, A.B., '90, LL.D., '97.

mer pupils, who now surround them in their community home, have fallen a portion of the burden which they still continue to bear with cheerfulness.

Father Delurey, now entering upon his second term as President, has been closely identified with Villanova since 1881, when he entered the College as a student. He had served successively as disciplinarian, professor and vice-president, before assuming the more arduous responsibility of Treasurer and President. His personal interest in all that concerns the individual student, and his thorough knowledge of the details of the institution command for him the esteem and admiration of those in his charge. His energy and progressiveness are evinced in every department of the College, from the lecture hall to the play room.

The closing exercises at Villanova occurring on June 20 of this year eclipsed in a measure the glory of the Jubilee celebration of '93. The Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Sebastian Martinelli, in his capacity of Prior General of the Augustinians, presided, attended by the distinguished prelate of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan. The event fittingly commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the College by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and the University privileges with which the State empowered its Faculty. Rt. Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, Rt. Rev. W. M. Wigger of Newark, Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern of Harrisburg and a large number of the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy of Philadelphia and neighboring dioceses graced the occasion with their presence. Twenty-five degrees in course were conferred, besides several honorary titles to former graduates of the institution. The Honorable W. Bourke Cockran of New York made the address to the graduates.

As Villanova reverently looks back upon the half-century of her career and views the vigorous advance of her present tread, she finds a laudable pride in the success which has attended her mission as minister of faith and learning. The memory of past difficulties against which the pioneers so manfully contended quickens the hope of the Augustinians today in their efforts to advance Villanova upward and onward, that she may continue a seat of wisdom and an *Alma Mater* of succeeding generations, a hallowed spot that "wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affection of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Persons hitherto unacquainted with the life, vicissitudes and death of the great Irish patriot and martyr, Theobald Wolfe Tone, will welcome this very clever and entertaining little volume on that subject by Miss Alice L. Milligan, editor of the *Shan Van Vocht*, Belfast. It is only within the past few years that any attempt has been made to popularize the lives of the great heroes of '98, and the bright periodical of which Miss Milligan is editor has been a factor of no inconsiderable power in bringing about that long-wished-for consummation. This year, however, owing to the celebration of the '98 centenary, has witnessed a remarkable addition to Irish patriotic literature written with a view to impress upon the reader that Ireland is a country "still worth fighting for."

The life of Wolfe Tone reads like a romance, with the exception that the fate of the hero in the last chapter is the exact antithesis of a romantic ending. His boyhood and romantic marriage in Dublin, the inception of the United Irishmen, of which he was the master spirit, his trials and struggles in America and France, the French invasion and his subsequent capture and death, all are set forth in a brilliant, vigorous style, the beauty and finish of which ought to accord Miss Mulligan an enviable position in contemporary literature. Following is a graphic pen-picture of the final struggle and capture of Tone:

"The ship on which he stood bore the name of Hoche, the great dead general, Ireland's truest friend, and worthy of Hoche's name she proved herself that day. Four British men-of-war and a frigate bore down on her, and for six hours she sustained a desperate, hopeless fight. Her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cockpit, her shattered limbs yawned at each new stroke, letting in five feet of water in the hold; her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck upon the waters. For six long hours Tone rallied his gunners and directed their fire, exposing himself recklessly to the balls from the British cannon. He courted death, well knowing the doom that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the foemen.

"At last the ship struck, and the remaining crew were brought on board the enemy's deck. Tradition says that Tone flung his sword into the sea, rather than surrender it to the enemy. Some days later he was brought a prisoner to Letterkenny, still unrecognized and still treated as a Frenchman, till a former college acquaintance, Sir George Hill, meeting him at breakfast, greeted him by name. He was instantly seized and fettered. As the chains were fastened round him, chafing at the indignity shown to the army of France, he would have flung his uniform from him, but restraining himself, he calmly stretched forth his arms, and said: 'For the cause which I have embraced I feel prouder to wear these chains than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England!' "

The volume is supplemented by a sketch of a visit to Wolfe Tone's grave in Bodenstown churchyard, Kildare, written by Michael Cavanagh of Washington, D. C., and also a chapter on the necrology of the Tone family, with a transcript of the epitaphs from their graves in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. This chapter has been compiled and written by Miss Kate A. Maxwell of Brooklyn, who is the great-granddaughter of Wolfe Tone.

The book can be had from the office of the *Shan Van Vocht*, Belfast, Ireland, or from M. J. O'Brien, Room 70, 195 Broadway, New York. Price 15 cents.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose first novel, "Robert Elsmere," provoked so much criticism, and called forth a reply from Mr. Gladstone, has again entered the lists in defence of Agnosticism in her latest novel, entitled, "Helbeck of Bannisdale." This book possesses an interest for the Catholic reader, as it is a plain attempt to contrast the relative influence of Agnosticism and Catholicism upon humanity, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter. While we are ready to accord to Mrs. Ward all due praise for her strong and fascinating style, and the literary touch and finish which distinguishes all that she writes, we think that we are doing her no injustice in pronouncing her wholly incompetent for the task which she sets before herself in the present two volumes. Whatever claims she may put forward as the apostle of Agnosticism, to expound its tenets and show forth its influence in the life of men and nations, we cannot forbear from saying, after a careful perusal of her work, that she shows a lamentable ignorance of the spirit which animates Catholicism, and is perforce unable to judge of its merits. In fact, the nature of the Catholic religion, with its su-

pernatural realities and relations, is to Mrs. Ward, in her present intellectual temper, a sealed book. The principal personages of the story are Alan Helbeck, a country squire of Westmoreland, the scion of an old Catholic house, and Laura Fountain, the daughter of an agnostic Cambridge professor. These two lives are skilfully brought into contact through the home coming of Helbeck's sister, an invalid, who married out of the Church Laura's father, and who at the opening of the story had lived for twelve years under the ban of her brother's displeasure. She becomes reconciled to the Church and to her brother at the same time, and, full of remorse for the past, comes back to Bannisdale in feeble health, bringing with her Laura, her stepdaughter, whose ministrations in her present delicate state of health she requires. The real interest of the story begins from its very opening. A growing affection springs up between Helbeck and Laura, despite the radical difference of religion and the evident disapproval of Helbeck's Catholic friends; but the marriage never takes place. Laura Fountain feels the utter impossibility of such a union, flies from Bannisdale, but returns when she hears of the approaching death of her stepmother, becomes reconciled to Helbeck, and renews her engagement to him; but again feeling the impossibility of overcoming her deep-rooted prejudices to Catholicity, ends her life by self-destruction. Incidentally, Mrs. Ward furnishes a strong argument against mixed marriages. As regards the delineation of the personal characters of Helbeck and Laura Fountain, outside of her moralizing on the influence of Helbeck's devotions and religious practices on his life, Catholics will find but little fault with Mrs. Ward. The advantage, if any, distinctly leans toward the Catholic side. Laura Fountain appears as a self-willed, emotional girl, capable at times of giving proof of deep affection, but, on the whole, unstable, with no fixed principles but inherited prejudices and an unreasonable reverence for her deceased father's agnostic views. She cannot conceal her hatred and disgust for the Catholic forms and devotions, which were a part of the daily life at Bannisdale, and her bearing towards priests and sisters, and even towards the Catholic sentiments of Helbeck himself, approaches dangerously near, to say the least, to the conduct of an ill-bred girl. Indeed, the Catholic's conviction as to the inherent probability of the story is severely shaken, as he will with difficulty believe that a man of Helbeck's strong good sense could ever love a woman of the Laura Fountain type. The character of Helbeck, on the contrary, is strongly drawn, and he appears before us as a typical Catholic gentleman, proud of his lineage and of their adherence to Mother Church, despite centuries of persecution. We are conscious of his strength of character, of his quiet dignity, which at times so overawes Laura Fountain, of his great love for the Church and his self-sacrificing charity, which stopped not to count the cost when it was a question of succoring the poor or saving the children. As a man Helbeck is immeasurably superior to Laura Fountain as a woman. Yet the undercurrent of Mrs. Ward's book is decidedly anti-Catholic. She seems to catch glimpses at times of the beauty of Catholic belief, as when she puts into the mouth of old Methody cow-tender Daffady these expressions concerning Purgatory: "I've allus thowt mysen 'as w'ed a deal to larn from Romanists i' soom ways. Their nooshun of Purgatory, I'll uphold yo' it's just handy. Aa've often thowt so i' my ain preachin'. Heaven and hell are verra well for t' foak as are ower good or ower bad; bit t' moast o' foak are juist a mish-mash." Again, whatever little respect she may retain for Catholicism, she has scant courtesy for the ranting minister against Rome, or the bigoted Evangelical, as her portrait painting Mr. Bayley and the Masons clearly evidences. But her prejudices are too deep-rooted to give way before such occasional glimpses of the majesty and beauty of the Church as reach her through the mist of Agnosticism in which she has enveloped herself. Her sheer inability to enter into the spirit of Catholic faith, or to appreciate a single fact of the supernatural order, is painfully apparent to any believer who even cursorily reads her pages; and this blindness leads her to repeat, despite the gloss of language, the stale and vulgar charges of the Protestantism which she despises, against Catholic doctrine and practice. Her remarks concerning the Real Presence, provoked by the fact that the whole religious atmosphere of Bannisdale centred around this august mystery, plainly show the absence of all supernatural perception. "But how could such a thing," she says, "be allowed, be possible, in a private chapel, in a room that was really part of a private house? God—the Christ of Calvary— in that gilt box, upon that altar." Mrs. Ward has evidently never heard of the infinite condescension of the Savior at the Last Supper, or of the wonderful history of that Sacramental Presence which has been the source of more deeds of heroism and the inspiration of more deeds of self-sacrifice than any other agency in this world. It is useless to argue against such minds; the only benefit which the believer can confer upon

them is to pray that their blindness may give way to the light. Again, our agnostic friend, Mr. Friedland, in his cosy parlor at Cambridge, crushes with one fell blow the pretensions of the Catholic Church, by repeating the old stock-in-trade argument that the Church was the enemy of human progress, stunted intellectual growth; for until the Reformation "the nation did not rise to the full stature of its manhood, to a buoyant and fruitful maturity." All of which is fine writing, but at variance with the facts of history, unless we are prepared to admit that unbelief, and doubt, and agnosticism are intellectual states which contribute to the highest glory of the race.

But Mrs. Ward is thorough, and therefore must needs ring in all the charges, and again, in a new dress, patterned from the environment, we are brought face to face with the terrible disclosure that the Catholic Church, with her pomp and ritual, comes between the soul and God. Why, according to the superior wisdom of the agnostic world, "the glint of the sunshine, the view of waving trees, etc.," are more inspiring and uplifting than the reception of a sacrament instituted by Christ. We wonder if Mrs. Ward has ever given a serious thought to the words, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man you shall not have life in you." For ourselves, we fail to see any incongruity in the fact that God has taken certain elements of His own creation and sanctified and sacramented them, and enlisted their co-operation in the saving of human souls. We think that it increases in the minds of all sensible men the dignity of the human soul to feel that God so values the salvation of a soul that He calls upon His own creation to co-operate in reaching such a beneficent result. We have no doubt that Mrs. Ward tried to be fair, but in her present mental attitude towards the Catholic Church it was simply impossible for her to carry out her good intent; and we are forced to confess that these two volumes represent an elaborate attempt to refurbish old weapons to the detriment of a religion which is fast gaining ground despite the attractive ways in which Agnosticism and all other forms of unbelief are presented to the modern world.

A new setting to the famous centenary song, "Who Fears to Speak of '98!" has been composed by Mr. Dugald MacFadyen, a well-known Catholic, and author of "Songs from the City," "Lays and Legends," etc. It has already appeared as a part song, and has been very popular and much sung in the West of Scotland, particularly in Glasgow. It consists of six pages of music (full size) in artistic illustrated title page cover. In its newer form, as sung with the pianoforte accompaniment, it will appeal to a wider circle than it could reach by choral singing, and is sure to prove very acceptable to the lovers of Irish songs. Post free from the composer, Dugald MacFadyen, 69 Comely Bank Avenue, Edinburgh, or from all the principal Musicsellers. Price 50 cents per half dozen.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Thinking and Doing.

One of our women writers has divided humanity into two classes—those who *lift*, and those who *lean*, there being one of the former, she declares, to twenty of the latter. Another classification was suggested the other day by the remark of a woman concerning a much-admired friend: "Other people *think* of doing kind things—she *does* them." What is the ratio, I wonder, between the thinkers and the doers?

"What a beautiful little story!" we say, laying down a magazine with a long, satisfied breath. "It makes me feel stronger and happier. I believe I will write and tell the author so." But somehow we never do it. "The author is probably overwhelmed with such letters," we tell ourselves after a little reflection. "I would better not add to the number." And the result is that the writer who might have been cheered by a simple, grateful letter, is left in unblissful ignorance that her brain-child has helped to smooth out the wrinkles in some other person's forehead.

"What a morbid notion Laura has about her freckles!" some one says; "she thinks they spoil her whole face."

"What nonsense!" says a listener. "Her face is very attractive, and she is growing prettier all the time."

"I will remember to tell her that," thinks Mrs. Brown. "The opinion of such a critical woman as Mrs. Jewett will be sure to please her."

And so it would, but, unfortunately, Laura's kind-intentioned friend does not see the girl for several days, and then there does not seem to be just the right opportunity to repeat the pretty compliment. The next time they meet—well, the truth is, it has slipped Mrs. Brown's mind, and Laura, foolish girl, goes her way feeling with all the intensity of seventeen how hard it is to come so short, so desperately short, of being a pretty girl.

What inconsistent creatures we are, and how longingly we reach out for the impossible, and overlook the opportunity which fairly taps at our shoulder!

"If we only had money," we sigh at Christmas time, when our hearts grow especially soft and tender. "What a delight it would be to fill the little stockings that hang empty in the morning." We ache at the sight of small, shabby figures standing longingly in front of the confectioner's or the toy-shop, and turn away perhaps with the tears in our eyes—and genuine tears they are, too; but how much does such sympathy mean, after all? Is there one of us who feels this vague, painful yearning over the wants he cannot supply, who could not, by watching for the opportunity, find other needs which it is in his power to satisfy? The far-off relative or friend hungering for news of us—a letter or even a local paper would mean the brightening of hours of loneliness! The papers and magazines for which we have no further use, and which lie unheeded on our shelves! We know perfectly well some disposition we can make of them where their bright pages will be a mine of delight, and perhaps an uplifting influence to some one to whom such influences are rare indeed! We will overhaul those shelves before long, we assure ourselves, and we keep repeating the assurance, and meanwhile the weeks and months pass until the intended gift becomes so old as to lose half its value or perhaps is forgotten altogether.

We think ourselves very tender and full of kind impulses, and so the most of us are. Then, why is it that every now and then there comes a time when we mourn with all our power of mourning over the kind things that we thought of doing, but failed to do?

It is when dear eyes are closed, and tired hands folded, and a soul too far away to heed our regretful yearnings, that those words of Mrs. Sangster come to us and wring our hearts,—

"The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent
Are your haunting ghosts to-night."

—Exchange.

About Bargains.

What do you think about getting things for almost nothing? That is a question we should like our women readers to answer. The other day a thrifty homemaker proudly displayed two little suits made of good material, neatly trimmed and carefully finished.

"Thirty-five cents a suit," she said. "Aren't they bargains?"

"It was a sin for you to buy them," replied the other woman. "Don't you know the women who make those suits must be starving?"

"I never thought of that," said the homemaker slowly. "I fancied it helped along to attend those big sales."

Does it help along? Many women contend that by purchasing in the dull seasons they help to keep the saleswomen employed.

It is charitable to suppose that this is the reason why housekeepers, endowed with ample means, as well as those obliged to practise economy, attend the bargain sales of linens, house furnishings, clothing and other lines of domestic merchandise. But are they helping the thousands of employes in mills, factories and workshops? Surely there must be something wrong in the scale of wages paid to these people.

We wish to have the question fully discussed in our Women's Department, and to hear all the arguments in favor of or against the buying of bargains. Every woman must have an opinion. Will you not tell us what you have learned from your own experience. We want to hear from all classes of women—the makers, the saleswomen, the purchasers—from everyone who has a suggestion to offer on this most important question.

Tell us what you think of the bargain counter, and we will make your opinion known. Every thoughtful letter bearing on the subject will be printed.

Address Women's Department, Donahoe's Magazine, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Sunshiny Woman.

When the sunshiny woman becomes a wife she brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is a helpmate in very truth, though she may not be able to make a loaf of bread, and has the most extraordinary ideas on the subject of domestic economy. She is a sort of mental bracer, the effervescence of the sunbeams brightening all within a radius of their influence.

Given this bright disposition, this desire to give pleasure, it is a delight for the young homemaker to acquire knowledge necessary to the proper conduct of a model home. She is always ready to learn, and gratefully avails herself of the advice and experience of older housekeepers, and also of the valuable aids supplied by books and other reliable sources.

As a general source of valuable information for all departments of the home The Ladies' Home Journal is doing notable work, and the liberal offer of the publishers, published elsewhere in our columns, should meet with ready appreciation. It is worth the attention of every woman interested in home affairs. And what woman is not?

The prejudice of some years ago against women entering the professions is at this late day counterbalanced by its popularity.

The first woman to practice dentistry in Massachusetts with the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery was Miss Minnie B. Gifford. She graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College in 1889, receiving at the same time additional diplomas in special lines. After nine years of practice in Boston and vicinity the Doctor declares to her women friends that dentistry is as fascinating as embroidery and has as wide a field for artistic study and results as painting or sculpture, and wonders that more young ladies do not devote themselves to the study of the profession.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A Corner of the Orchard.

By Frank H. Sweet.

As Ruth Parry went slowly through the orchard to a low, oddly-curved limb of an old greening, her face looked weary and discontented. This was her first visit to the country, and for two weeks the novelty of the surroundings had kept her from missing old associations. But as the days went by, and the rambling old farmhouse, and the barn, and the cattle grew familiar, she began to long for her girl friends, and for her books and music, and even for the hurry and excitement of the streets.

She was not yet fourteen years old, but already she had passed successively through all the grades of the Park Street Grammar School, and was now looking forward to a course at the Conservatory.

But hard study and want of exercise had affected her nerves, and the doctor had said that the long summer vacation must be spent in the country, and that she must be as much as possible out of doors, and not even look at her books or music.

So far, she had obeyed him faithfully; but that morning she had found a heap of old books on the garret floor, and only by hurrying from the room and out into the orchard had she been able to resist the temptation of examining them. Another week of this dull monotony, and she felt that she would be forced to turn to the books for company.

Like many other city students, Ruth had only a book knowledge of out-door life. She had studied natural history, and grown enthusiastic over her botany; but as far as practical application of her studies went was absolutely ignorant. She had seen sparrows and swallows about the streets, and other birds at a distance in the parks; but they were all strangers to her. She knew them theoretically, but not practically

As she seated herself upon the low limb of the apple tree, she glanced about drearily. There were the same irregular lines of trees, and beyond them the same stone walls and fences that she had looked at for fourteen days in succession. How would she be able to endure such dull, taciturn companions for three months? There was not a girl in the neighborhood, and even the post office was six miles away. Her grandmother and grandfather were just as kind as could be; but they had their work to do, and supposed that she would be able to find amusement for herself.

She leaned back against the trunk of the apple tree, and two big, homesick tears rolled down her cheeks. Then came a sudden flash, and there, not six feet away, was the brightest and most beautiful bird she had ever seen.

For a moment she gazed at it delightedly; then it flew to one of the upper branches, and following it with her eyes she saw a long, pouch-like nest swaying to and fro among the leaves.

She had taken little notice of the birds around her; but only a few weeks before she left school she had written an essay on the Baltimore oriole, and this visit was like the unexpected call of an old friend. For, of course, it was a Baltimore oriole; it fitted the description exactly, and, besides, no other bird could own that beautiful, pensile nest.

She remained as motionless as possible, fearing lest some slight movement might startle her brilliant neighbor. But the oriole did not seem in the least disturbed by her presence, and, after a few inquisitive glances, burst into one of his glorious spring songs.

Ruth almost held her breath. She had never imagined a bird could sing like that. It was superb, and she listened to the brilliant succession of rich notes with the rare delight of a music lover. It lasted nearly half an hour, and long before it was finished Ruth had lost all her listlessness and discontent.

As the oriole flashed across to another tree she heard a robin chirping and singing to his family. She had heard the same tender, caressing notes before, but had given them little attention. Now she listened eagerly. Instead of a succession of unmeaning notes, as she had supposed, it was really a low, softly-modulated little love song. She wondered that she had not noticed it before.

Presently she heard a bluebird singing to his mate, and soon after the whistle of quail to one another from various parts of the orchard. Then came the loud, clear tap, tap of a yellow hammer, and the shrill challenge of a blue jay, and from somewhere above the trees the hoarse caw, caw of crows.

Grandmother Parry had to call twice before she came in to dinner. As she entered, the old lady looked at her curiously.

"Why, Ruth, child, what are you smiling about" she demanded. "You look as if you'd been having a real pleasant time."

"So I have, granny; very pleasant. There are lots of beautiful things in the orchard; birds, and curious flowers, and butterflies, and bees, and—and more things than I can tell you about. I am just beginning to discover them. I have been thinking so much about myself that I did not see them before. I am going back again as soon as dinner is over. I had no idea the country was so beautiful."

As the days went by Ruth almost forgot her books and girl friends in the city. She watched the birds, and, with her grandmother's aid, learned to identify them one by one. She caught butterflies and let them go, and chased red squirrels and chipmunks along the stone walls. She watched the bees and other insects, and even found a keen delight in going with her grandfather after the cows. When she returned to the city in September her face was tanned and her eyes bright, and the old doctor shook his head wisely, and congratulated himself on his prescription.

QUESTION BOX.

G. C. writes:

I am coming to you with a question, and about which I sincerely hope you can give me some help. I have a friend, a Protestant, with whom I have traveled abroad; he is fair-minded and as free from bigotry as anyone I have ever known. We often talk on religious questions, not in an argumentative spirit, but only as friends with different beliefs.

Now I am coming to my question: My friend, I think, could accept the dogma of the Catholic Church, as he frankly admits that the arguments taken separately are unanswerable; but he does not think the results shown by the Church, taken retrospectively, are of the nature to show that the Church is the one and only Church of God.

We were together in Spain and Italy, and there things both spiritual and temporal seem to be at the very lowest ebb, and yet these countries have been under complete Catholic domination for hundreds of years. I certainly cannot dispute this statement, for we have seen these things with our own eyes, and public opinion and standards of morality are undisputably very much below that of Protestant America and England. The causes that have brought on the present war are before our eyes, and, in fact, his arguments on this line seem to be as unanswerable as they are unlimited. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is what he says to all this.

I have given him Father Young's "Protestant and Catholic Countries Compared," although many of the statements in this work are certainly misleading and unreliable.

Now will you kindly tell me in what way these questions can be answered to one who is not bigoted, but who has seen a great deal of foreign travel and life.

We have found an opportune answer to G. C.'s question in the following which we take from the "Ave Maria":

"The ignorant fallacy that the material prosperity of certain non-Catholic nations is a strong argument in favor of Protestantism has bobbed up in England. The weak point in the contention is plain enough to those who reflect; but there are others to whom the objection seems to present real embarrassment. Monsignor John Vaughn of London has lost no time in exposing the blunder, and as his words apply to our country as fitly as to England, we quote this summary of his argument:

"1. Material prosperity and worldly success are nowhere given by Christ as marks of divine favor and approval.

"2. So far as our Lord's words bear upon the subject at all, they suggest a diametrically opposite conclusion.

"3. Limiting our survey to England itself, we are bound to confess that all that is really best and grandest in its government and constitution has been inherited from Catholic rulers in past centuries, under the guidance of the Catholic Church, and that purely material wealth and commercial prosperity and worldly grandeur are not results of a change of religion so much as consequences of the development of her industries and the discovery and opening out of her iron and coal mines, and of the invention of steam and machinery, the natural multiplication of her population and the protection that her sea-girded coast affords her, etc.

"4. Further, we are sorrowfully bound to confess that the superficial pomp and splendor and outward show, of which so many boast, are more than counterbalanced by the appallingly irreligious, immoral and vicious state of multitudes of its inhabitants, and the misery, squalor, wretchedness and degradation of enormous masses of her people.

"5. That since the religion of the foremost and grandest and most learned and gifted nations of the world has not always been Protestant, but in many cases Catholic, and yet more frequently pagan and idolatrous, either we must cease to regard material prosperity as a sign of truth and divine approval altogether, or else we must blasphemously assert that God, the changeless and the eternal, is as fickle as the most foolish and fickle of His creatures."

We might well leave the answer thus, but prefer to add a few words in direct reply to our correspondent.

Do G. C. and his friend speak the languages of Italy and Spain? Are they conversant with the manners and customs of the people? Are they able to enter into the inner life, the daily life, the home life of the people? Is not their information rather of hotels and parrot-like, ignorant

guides, who parade their ignorance as knowledge to the too credulous American traveler? Do we not condemn the English visitors who see our country from a railroad car, and, returning home, write of us in most disparaging terms? Do we not say that they have written without knowledge, substituting their own fancies for realities, with which only long residence and daily contact can give familiarity? And yet the English traveler in America speaks our language, and can easily acquire information if he be so disposed. But at the best he lacks time and opportunity. A little sense of justice would make us hesitate before we condemn on a hasty glance and after a flying trip whole nations, which have their faults, but have also their glories, at least of the past. And why is it that great students and writers have found so much to admire in the Catholic Church and her work in those very countries spoken of by G. C.? Did they see better, or were their hearts better disposed?

As to results, the fruits of our Christian civilization belong to the Catholic Church. A man need not travel to know this; it is history. Protestantism came into the world when the Church, after her long, severe struggles against cultured or barbaric pagans, had prepared the way for the advancement not only of the spiritual, but the temporal well-being of man. And Protestantism came as a furious hailstorm upon a laden vineyard, as a devastating fire upon the ripening wheat. And we have not yet recovered from the destroying effects of Protestantism and its teachings. Progress is not due to Protestantism, but in spite of it. The mission of the Catholic Church is to save souls, to teach and to baptize, but solicitous for her children, the Church has attended, when left to herself, when unhindered by governments, to the material needs of those children. See what she is doing in the United States for the poor, the destitute, the sick. Look at her hospitals, her homes for the aged, for children, for fallen women. She is allowed here to work, and how she appreciates her privilege she shows in her works. Blame not the Church for the poverty and beggary of Italy and Spain; blame the Free Mason and infidel governments of these countries. And remember that it is not the Catholic people of Spain who have persecuted, hounded and robbed Cuba, but the Free Masons in power in Spain.

Did our correspondent speak of "Protestant" America and England? Surely he knows the constitution of the United States, and he knows, therefore, that this is not a Protestant country. England has a state religion, but the United States gives liberty to everyone in matters of conscience, and recognizes Catholics equally with Protestants. Clap-trap and humbug to speak of this as a Protestant country. It is too silly to dwell upon. Think it over, and blush to have written the word. Protestant England cannot point the finger of scorn at any nation of Europe when there is question of ignorance, for the darkness of her pauper and her mining population is Egyptian; nor when there is question of poverty, for she leads in pauperism, though she conceals her paupers in workhouses, except when they conceal themselves in squalor, in filth, or in the waters of the Thames; nor when there is question of morality and its standard, while we have the revelations of Oscar Wilde and Ernest Terah Hooley fresh in our memories. And, when we speak of public opinion and moral standard, let us remember that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. We are sadly lacking in a grand and healthy public opinion in our own country, when even a prohibition town or city cannot enforce its liquor law because public opinion that votes for the law is against its enforcement; when there is not courage enough in the law to cry out strongly against the robbery of the government by fraudulent pensioners, and when woman's degradation by divorce is not even frowned upon, much less condemned. Woman owes her emancipation to the Catholic Church, her position as the companion, the help-meet of man. Luther, revolting from that Church, brought back paganism's teaching of woman's inferiority, slavery and degradation.

There remains much to say, but space is not at our disposal. Talk it over with a Catholic who knows his Church and her work; study history; Cook's guides cannot impart information, because they never acquired any. If Father Young's book does not please you, read a great book by a Spanish author, "European Civilization," or "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," by Balmes. It is translated into English. It will mean earnestness and attention to peruse it profitably, and when it is finished, be honest enough to say that the Spanish people who have appreciated that book, because they have read it, are not a people wholly lacking in intelligence.

Photograph by Frank B. Conlin,
53 Temple Place, Boston.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE C. T. A. U. OF AMERICA.

ST. ROCH'S DAY.

THE LEGEND OF ST. HUBERT.

MADONNA OF THE WAVES.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE, the latest novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is in a way the greatest English novel of the past five years. This work brings the brilliant author closer still to the immense altitudes of George Eliot's genius, while it also gives certain evidence that for Mrs. Ward those heights must forever remain unreached.

I can already hear the cackle of our little American "Catholic(?) critics," who will see no end of false philosophy and bad drawing in Mrs. Ward's picture of one type of Catholicity; but that one scene in which Helbeck convinces Laura that Christ must forever remain for him the all-in-all has not been equaled since the scene in "Adam Bede" between Hetty and Dinah in the prison.

Mrs. Ward has that mark of genius —the power to truthfully analyze the psychological processes of those whose religion or philosophy she may herself despise.

If anybody wants to quarrel with "Helbeck of Bannisdale," let it not be the intelligent Catholic reader. Of course, the book has many notes wholly out of accord with true Catholic philospohy; but just as it stands (and with whatever anti-Catholic animus Mrs. Ward may have intended to infuse into it), I am willing to stand on it, as against the agnostic or other unbelieving or half-believing unfortunate.

How magnificently, gloriously, Helbeck's austere faith over-shadows the bottomless pit of poor Laura's up-to-date "independence of thought," which fetches up in suicide! He gives up his life for others by self-denial; she commits suicide. Sneer away, Mrs. Ward! Helbeck for me; you may have Laura. Yes, character for character (even in the coarse *characatures* of the book), I am content to abide by Mrs. Ward's findings. Even flabby Augustina is preferable to Cousin Elizabeth's religion of hate and gloom. Certainly Father Bowles' sleek unctuousness and piety stand out rather favorably in contrast to the bigotry and brimstone of the perpetual curate up at Browhead Farm. Father Leadham's culture and strength, unlike Stephen Fountain's, are wholly concentrated in an effort to comfort and to save the world. The altogether despicable character in the book is Williams, who falls away from Catholicity. So, all in all, even on Mrs. Ward's own showing, the Catholic Faith is to-day producing in England stronger, saner, happier men than any or all of the systems of negation by which it is antagonized.

Nevertheless, our little critics will

be sure to cry out against the horrid book, which dares to hint that the Reverend Mother was human, and that the pastor was not as learned as Saint Thomas.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND has very recently published an open letter on "Higher Catholic Education," in which, with his characteristic outspokenness he points out the fact that the faithful are not doing all that should be done in the way of bringing the truth to bear upon all phases of our national life. There is but one means to this end—education. With laymen educated in the highest sense, and profoundly conscious of what Catholicity is and what it has meant in civilization, we can hope to carry into the professional, social and business worlds those saving truths the need of which will bring to naught all other forces, however well meant.

MAJOR-GENERAL KITCHENER, THE GALLANT commander of the brilliant Egyptian campaign, is an Irishman, and so is Lord Wolesley, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, and so is the Lord Chief Justice of England.

The best seems to be good enough for the Irish.

MRS. MEYNELL HAS A NEW book of essays out—and she doesn't have to tell in the preface that she is a Catholic in order to get the book to sell.

THE HUMOROUS EDITOR OF A WESTERN paper says that since I thundered away at literary thieves two months ago there has been a wonderful falling off in the amount of poetry (especially "religious") which has been sent to him for publication.

Seriously, I do hope that some sort of literary pillory may be devised for the accommodation of these meanest of all pilferers.

I am on the track of a fellow now who has contributed to this magazine and to many others, and who, I suspect, gets a large part of the divine afflatus second-hand. What fools! Detection is sure to come, and when it comes the proof is terribly undodgable. And then, too, there is no literary absolution. They fall like Lucifer, never to rise again. And two little quotation marks would save all—honor, reputation and pay!

AMBITION IS A STRANGE MASTER. It seems to me that if I had made a success of my life, accumulating a large fortune, and establishing myself in the regard of troops of friends, I would hesitate before accepting (to say nothing of seeking) great responsibilities and duties which I had no reason to suppose I was fit to discharge. Here is an old man, rich, respected, one would think past all desire to make ventures, burying himself irretrievably in the ridicule and contempt and anger of a great people. It does not follow that if I can run a great lumber business I am fit to organize and direct an army of a quarter of a million soldiers.

ANARCHY IS AWAKENING. The polit cal economy of Jesus Christ is its only effectual antidote. The Catholic Church will again in the twentieth century be the only sufficient barrier for the salvation of society. The young minister who by his vapid sermons is trying to show off his "liberalism," is doing his share of undermining the foundations of belief upon which alone society can hope to abide. Once get rid of the latterly despised "creeds" of Christ, and the Constitutions of States shall prove to be utterly doomed.

THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER GRAPPLED WITH BISMARCK in a parliamentary fight to the death was the little dwarf, Windhorst—and because the dwarf fought for Catholicity the giant was overcome ignominiously.

CHURCH MUSIC.

BY MARIE KIECKHOEFER.

NO. II.

The grandeur of the theme of the Mass, the freedom allowed in the arrangement or disarrangement of the words of the liturgy, and the comprehensive faculties of the organ, opened for the expression of musical thought, for the development of the beauties, as well as the subtleties of the science of harmony, and for the production of grand musical effects, a fruitful and almost unlimited field, upon which all musical composers of note have entered. From their labors in this field have come some of the most beautiful products of musical art—masterpieces of composition which have made their authors famous. This is especially true of the great masters of the 18th century, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven and Hummel. Instrumental music, which attained its perfection at the hands of Beethoven, was the special culture of these great composers. They found the organ to be such a convenient vehicle for the elucidation of their theories of harmony and the demonstration of the mathematics of music, as well as the expression of musical thought and feeling, that they readily availed themselves of it, and utilized its powers as the groundwork for their mass compositions, which in form and manner of treatment partake of a decidedly instrumental character, resembling the various instrumental forms of music, ranging from the quartette to the symphony. And thus, the employment of words intelligibly having been eliminated, we have, instead of the language of tuneful voices raised to the glory of God, or the "orderly and melodious utterance of the words of prayer," only musical tones, which, though vocal, being without verbal significance, and concerted with the predominating tones of the organ, speak to our souls very much in the same manner as do the wordless tones of instruments, the difference being only in their human quality.

It is to the music, then, as such, and not to the words, that we have to look for the inspiration of our emotions, and, consequently, for the purpose of directing our religious emotions the character of the music must be religiously emotional. To impart this character to his music the composer must experience in himself the religious emotions suited to his theme. An infidel cannot sincerely express adoration of God. One, who does not understand the Mass, and is not a believer in its mysteries, cannot write appropriate music for the Mass. He might understand what others believe of the Mass, but not believing it himself, he could not feel in his own heart the emotions which actuate the believer, and, therefore, could not give them expression. He might be possessed of a deep sense of feeling, most aesthetical, emotional powers, a sublime imagination, fine discernment, cultured intellect and a thorough mastery of the art of music, but lacking the grace of faith he could not give expression in music to the emotions emanating from and founded on a religious faith. The painter and sculptor may successfully treat religious subjects without themselves being possessed of religious feelings. Their work has the medium of matter for its expression, and is aided by material guides. They have merely to portray in matter their conceptions of subjects which are within the scope of natural intelligence and the natural order, or which are well defined. What they produce is the representation of a well

defined subject within the natural order, not the creation of a spirituality out of their own souls. The musician has no materials, he has no circumscribed theme, he has no guide in the order of nature; his medium of expression is merely sound, the voice of his soul, emotion without language, and he can only express what his soul dictates. If there be no religious faith in his soul he cannot express it. An aesthetic human emotion may elevate us to the border of religion, but it cannot pass for a religious emotion; faith is so pure and spiritual, and its ring so true and unmistakable, as to give no opportunity for a successful counterfeit simulation.

We find nothing in the lives of the great masters of music of the 18th century, save, perhaps, Cherubini (whose grand masses are seldom ever heard) to justify us in thinking that they were imbued with faith in or reverence for the divine mysteries of the Mass. Their compositions for the Mass give no evidence that they possessed this requisite qualification of faith. Their masses are undoubtedly aesthetically beautiful and soulful, and many of them, indeed, possess the heartfelt quality which Beethoven attributed to his Mass in D, *Missa Solennis:* "From the heart it has come, and to the heart it shall penetrate." But heart speaking to heart is not the heart speaking to God. The difference is vast. There is an almost limitless supply of worldly emotions within the range of heart conversation which are wholly inappropriate to the adoration of God in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Some of these masses are so beautiful that the congregation becomes entirely absorbed in appreciation of them, to the exclusion of their spiritual significance. Their rendition by a competent choir has the effect of a grand concert, and causes us to think that indeed they were written for the delectation of man rather than the adoration of God. At all events, their concert-music character would seem to be paralyzing to devotion. In this connection it may not be amiss to cite here the fact that for the great musical festival to be held at Cincinnati this year, Beethoven's *Missa Solennis*, above referred to, is one of the principal numbers on the programme, and the announcement is made that it was "given twice in 1880, the popular demand requiring its repetition." This popular demand for the *Missa Solennis* cannot for a moment be supposed to be on account of its connection with and subordination to the Catholic Church's worship of God. It is demanded because of its own aesthetic magnificence as an expression of musical art. If it has such an attractiveness for the general public, what may we not expect it to have for a congregation at Mass? Hearing such a Mass in church, with the sacred edifice religiously illumined by the lights from the altar, and the rainbow hues streaming through the stained windows, the atmosphere perfumed with incense, and the priests and altar boys clad in resplendent robes, our souls are thrilled, we are raised above our ordinary contemplations, the dormant yearnings for Heaven are awakened, an ecstatic sense of spirituality pervades us, our hearts are elated, our senses regaled, our imaginations expanded, sublime sensations are excited, we are intoxicated with sensation—but we are not hearing Mass. The inward quietude and thoughtfulness of devotion are destroyed, and we border on that condition of mental excitement which is called "getting religion." We come to Mass, not to *get* religion, but to practice it. Our religion has already been implanted in our souls, our duty is to cultivate it. We come to Mass, not to be wrought into an ecstatic admiration of the beauty of religion, but to worship God through the sacrifice and ministration of His Son, and to reverently contemplate the awful mysteries. The music

is undoubtedly spiritual, it accomplishes the intention of the composer, it penetrates to our hearts, it elevates them, but it also takes them to itself and enchains them.

These great masters gave the form and style to Mass compositions which have ever since been followed. Among their followers we have Von Weber, Schubert, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Gounod, Giorza, Marzo, Guilmaut, La Prevost, Farmer, and a host of others whose compositions of masses have become celebrated and popular. The most distinguished of these were, like the great masters, composers of all kinds of instrumental music and operas. The principal ambition of many of them was to excel in opera, and their tendencies to this style of composition is very perceptible in their masses. To these, as well as to all the masses composed since Palestrina's time, the criticism of Richard Wagner of the operas of the old school seems to apply with exceeding force. Wagner says: "The drama is the first thing to be considered, the music being only a means through which the emotion excited by the dramatic situation is deepened and intensified. The aria centering attention on itself and its own melodic beauty retards the action and distracts the auditor from the thing sung about to the thing sung. Music, which is only a means of expression, has been made the end, while the drama, which is the true end of expression, has been made the means." If this proposition be true in regard to the operatic drama, how much more so must it be in regard to the great tragedy enacted on the altar, wherein, instead of a mundane drama of fiction, the actual sacrifice of the Cross is in reality enacted before us. There can be only two objections to Wagner's proposition. One is to deny the premises absolutely, and hold that the drama is not the principal thing to be considered, and, being a mere matter of fiction, and of possibly little interest, might well be made to serve as a means for the display of musical art. And the other is that music and the drama may be equally the end of expression, neither in this regard possessing a right of superiority over the other, and that the granting of superiority to either is a mere matter of discretion or selection. Without claiming for either of these objections any weight, as against Wagner's proposition, but supposing that they possessed weight, neither could be availed of in behalf of Mass music, because we cannot claim for the music of the Mass superiority over or equality to the Mass itself in importance. Hence, if we find that Mass music centres attention on itself, distracts the auditor from that which is *sung about* to that which is sung, fails to be the means of deepening and intensifying the emotion which should be awakened by the Sacrifice of the Mass, and derogates from the Mass by becoming the end instead of the means of expression, we must conclude that, as applied to the music of the Mass, Wagner's grounds of criticism of the opera are most just and unanswerable.

As musical compositions these masses are deserving of the highest praise, they are gems of musical art without price; but as music suited to the worship of God in the Sacrifice of the Mass they certainly cannot be commended. Their self-attractiveness, in derogation of devotion, is very evident. They are too suggestive of the opera and concert room, and they incite an emotion which is wholly mundane.

As, however, the general considerations upon which these animadversions are based may not be regarded as sufficient to warrant the conclusions which have been reached, a specific, but brief, consideration in detail of some of the objectionable features of these masses, as they are rendered in our churches, may be desirable.

The musical liturgy of the Mass consists of the "Kyrie Eleison," the "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Credo," the "Sanctus," and the "Agnus Dei."

The "Kyrie Eleison" (*Lord have mercy*), the simplest and briefest possible prayer for mercy, motived by the spirit of contrition and humility; the prayer, in fact, of the publican, of which it is symbolical, becomes in many Mass compositions the vehicle of most fantastic, elaborate and jubilant musical effects—quick fortissimo passages, sharp, incisive runs, sudden pauses, etc.—indicative of self-assertiveness and the spirit of the pharisee rather than that of the publican; and so long drawn out that the action of the Mass has frequently to be delayed for its accommodation. The "Gloria in Excelsis," that grand hymn of the Church, beginning with the words of the exultant announcement by the angels to the shepherds of the birth of our Saviour, may well be the theme for all that music is capable of in expressing glory, thanks, and adoration to God. Composers seem to have understood this, and have truly given us in their "Glorias" some most beautiful and excellent examples of joyous music. And, indeed, it may be admitted that if in some of these the tone language were to stand alone it would inspire in us the true sentiments of the hymn. But when the words of the hymn are heard being senselessly jumbled up (as is not infrequently the case) by fugues and inapposite reiterations, the words being used merely as pegs on which to hang the draperies and ornaments of the music, the wholesome effect is lost, and we fail to be edified. The "Credo," which is the Nicene creed, the fundamental doctrine of faith, is generally treated by composers as the *pièce de resistance* of the musical feast, and towards the exquisite serving of it, with a great variety of musical spices and condiments, they exert all their artistic skill and energy. How far this treatment of it comports with a declaration of faith, which according to its nature should possess the qualities of solemnity, calmness and dignity, all of us who have heard these magnificent, florid and elaborately wrought Credos can properly determine. We need not comment here on the music which is generally rendered at the Offertory, because it does not form part of the Mass composition. It is usually something in the popular music line, an "Ave Maria," composed as such, or the words of the prayer set to some secular tune, or a verse or two of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Diabelli's "Gaudeamus," or anything which will suit for a solo for one of the quartette. It serves to attract our attention from the collection basket. When this Offertory piece is finished—and the action of the Mass frequently has to wait until it is finished—the priest solemnly invites us to lift up our hearts and give thanks to God (*Sursum corda*). The choir signifies our acceptance of the invitation, and the priest then solemnly chants for us an address of thanksgiving to God the Father, and of praise and honor to our Lord Jesus Christ, and a prayer that our voices may some day be blended with those of the heavenly choir in continually singing hymns of homage and glory to God the Father and the Son in these words: "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabbaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloriâ tuâ. Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis." This is a joyous choral outburst of the voices of the angels, expressive of their appreciation of God's grandeur and His worthiness of honor, a chorus of exultation which might be likened to the enthusiastic outburst of voices with which an army would greet its victorious general. The solemn monotone chanting of the priest not being suited to express the chorus of exultation, he says the words of the chorus

in a subdued voice, and it is left to the choir to give them expression. According to the words of the liturgy, the angels chorus, in transports of joy and admiration, a grand acclaim in a joyous unison of voices—"*socia exultatione* concelebrant"—"non cessant *clamare* quotidie *unâ voce*, dicentes." In this glorious acclaim the voiceless emotions of the congregation are expected to participate. The choir undertakes to express them for us. After a pause, probably requisite for the choir to get ready, we hear a slender tenor voice, tenderly and in tempo andante, sing the words "Sanctus, Sanctus," to a melody resembling a serenade or an elegy. Then the tenor is joined by the soprano in a melodious duet, more or less brilliantly concerted, and highly adorned with florid passages, and very significant of Italian operatic love making. The situation then becomes somewhat complicated by the entrance of the bass and contralto, with expressions indicating more or less complaisance in what had been agreed upon between the tenor and soprano—of course the words that are sung have nothing to do with the music; any words, or no words at all, would answer the purpose equally well. The whole proceeding is then discussed by the chorus in a series of fugues and elaborate harmonizations, until, an agreement having been reached to the entire satisfaction of all parties, it is publicly announced by full chorus and full organ in a grand climatic finale. It requires but very little imagination now to see the drop curtain coming down and the performers beaming with satisfaction at the success of their achievement. Such a performance as this is supposed to represent the enthusiastic, joyous unison of the voices of the angels in a grand acclaim of admiration. Of course, the order of the introduction of the voices is not always as above described, but the general character of the music of the Sanctus is pretty much as indicated—solos, duets, quartettes and climatic chorus. Its inappropriatness is obvious. But its most objectionable feature is its taking place during the consecration, while the Victim is being slain on the altar, during the awful mystery of Transubstantiation, the supremely essential portion of the Mass. To claim any merit for such music at such a time would be preposterous; the wonder is that it is permitted. The "Sanctus" is, however, by no means finished at the time of the consecration; the second theme of the exultant chorus, beginning with the word "Benedictus," has yet to be sung. Just after the Consecration, when the priest adores and elevates for the adoration of the people the sacred elements, the music generally pauses, but with a seeming expression of impatience at being so interrupted. It soon resumes, however, and keeps our minds occupied until the priest is ready to intone the "Pater Noster." We are then given a few moments in which to direct our thoughts to the altar. Just, however, as we are about to contemplate the consummation of the sacrifice, the Communion, the other essential part of the Mass, the music of the "Agnus Dei," begins. It is delightful, and absorbs our attention. The "Agnus Dei" is a beautiful invocation for mercy and all that is good, addressed to our Saviour as the Lamb of God. It is short and simple, but far-reaching and sublime. The music composed for this short, simple and sublime prayer is, if possible, even more florid, more operatic, and more worldly than that of the "Sanctus." While the "Sanctus" is an act of rapturous adoration, the "Agnus Dei" is a prayer for mercy and blessings. As such a prayer, the music of it is not only fantastic, but ridiculous. The purpose of such music cannot be to enable us to direct our prayer, or to awaken and sustain in us any of the emotions suitable to that prayer. The

only purpose it really serves is to attract attention to its own beauties. To appeal to God for mercy in the manner of such music would certainly merit His wrath. But, apart from the consideration of the inappropriateness of the music to the words and spirit of the prayer, we must bear in mind that this distracting music occurs while the Body and Blood of the Victim is being consumed, and the repetition of the Last Supper is being accomplished. The sacred banquet is finished. Do we go away filled? Have we meditated on the passion of our Saviour and dwelt upon the mysteries of the Last Supper and the sacrifice of the Cross? Has the beautiful music served to aid us in these pious meditations? Or, on the contrary, has not the music been to us as the veil before the catechumens, and shut us out from the contemplation of the divine mysteries? Has not the music been most subversive of religious thought at those very portions of the Mass which constitute its essence?

The emotional power of music is such as to permit the existence of only such emotions as comport with its own inspirations. These emotions may be widely different in different individuals; the spirituality of music being such that it is able by one voice to convey different messages to different souls; but while different, these messages cannot be repugnant among themselves, nor repugnant to the emotions of the author of the music. So, no matter how varied may be the emotions among different individuals, emotions aroused by music born of worldly thought, none of them can be holy. But granting that some hearts and minds disciplined in devotion and reverence for the sacrifice can divest themselves of the tendencies of the music to take their hearts from the altar, it must nevertheless be admitted that the music is a temptation to distraction, against which these pious souls have to keep up a continually watchful struggle. But why should the pious soul which comes to Mass to worship in peace the Prince of Peace be subjected to such a warfare against temptation? Of course he need not go to the Mass at which music prevails, but this is not an answer to the question. Moreover, we should not be unmindful of the fact that the magnificence of the music of the great masters is not universally appreciated, and that to many it is absolutely distasteful in itself, without regard to its inappropriateness to the Mass and its distracting tendencies. For music's sake this lack of appreciation is to be regretted, but it nevertheless exists. To be regaled by concert music and edified by a good sermon is not fulfilling the requirements of hearing Mass, and still how often is it that the principal discourse we hear, after the 11 o'clock Mass, among the dispersing congregation is: "Wasn't the sermon lovely? Wasn't the music grand?" supplemented with various comments on the specific portions of the music which were particularly well rendered. Have these people heard Mass? They have certainly listened attentively to the music.

The foregoing considerations have been based on the character of the music of the great old and modern masters, and whatever pertinency they may possess must naturally apply, but with much greater intensity, to the works of the lesser composers, which, lacking the intellectual and aesthetic character of the work of the masters, seem to pander to the taste of the uneducated, and to partake of the character of light opera. Comment on such music is unnecessary. A distinguished choirmaster has given the following very comprehensive summary of it: "A sweet little tune for the solo soprano (very high), a line for the alto (very low), followed by a cute little melody (with a tum tum accompaniment) for the tenor, and a half line of growl for the bass, winding up with

a grand crash for everybody, generally irrespective of the meaning of the words, and (consequently) delighting the congregation, who don't know anything about it."

All throughout what has preceded we have based our observations on the supposition that the music of the Mass is rendered, as the composers intended it should be, by capable choirs, and in the best musicianly style. Unfortunately, however, we must recognize that this supposition is far from being correct. There are very, very few choirs in America capable of properly rendering the works of the great masters. The great majority of our choirs are composed of amateurs possessed of very little musical knowledge or ability. Their vanity, however, supplies what their ability lacks, and they have, consequently, in their repertoires for *execution* several of the masses of the masters, and always that grand one, Mozart's Twelfth. These choirs, considering their own abilities, find it very convenient to accommodate the popular taste for catchy music, and to please the demand for novelty, which is, unfortunately, so prevalent in America, and at the same time to gratify their own vanity they acquire a lot of so-called masses, and make it a boast that they never give the same mass twice in one year. If Mass compositions at best are not conducive to devout worship, what must be their effect when rendered by such choirs? It is, indeed, a wonder that the clergy encourage or even permit such musical outrages to be perpetrated on their congregations. What is still more wonderful are the advertisements which the clergy allow their choirs to publish on the eve of great festivals—full programmes of what music will be rendered and the names of the performers. What can be the object of these advertisements? To have the public come to hear Mass or to hear the music?

It would seem that the clergy, who are intelligent men, would take notice of the evil of church music as it is in the great majority of our churches, and rectify it to a certain extent by allowing nothing to be sung which is beyond their choirs' powers. This would relieve us of attempts at singing masses, and might give us a simple hymnal service, which would be much more conducive to piety.

This, however, would be mere temporizing. The Congregation of Rites at Rome would seem to be the source from which the strong arm of the Church should be extended for the reformation of Mass music. As long as the works of the Protestant German masters, Haydn, Beethoven and Hummel, are allowed to be the standards of form and style for Catholic Mass music, so long will we be without any music appropriate for the Mass, and, what is more deplorable, the music will be ever getting worse. The rendition of Beethoven's and Mozart's Masses became long ago too difficult for American choirs; the choirs are degenerating, and now the later compositions are becoming too difficult, and we are getting down to light, catchy masses. But why should these Protestant standards remain? Is it not within the power of the Congregation of Rites to revise the choir's liturgy? The choir, in its relation to the altar and the congregation, as we have it now, seems to very closely resemble the relation of the chorus to the stage and the audience, in the old Greek tragedies. It was the province of the Greek chorus to bring before the minds of the audience the events related, to enhance the impression of the action by expressions of joy, sorrow, admiration, or horror, as caused by the things seen. Standing between the actors and the people, it reflected the conscience of the former and the consciousness of the latter, both affected by the mighty events related and portrayed in the tragedy. How

appropriate and how beneficial would it not be to have our church choirs perform a similar service for the great tragedy of the Cross? The Congregation of Rites could draw up a proper liturgy for the choir, based on our Saviour's passion, the following of the words of which would enable the congregation to properly compose their thoughts during the sacrifice. Supply this ritual with the Gregorian chant, and the problem of Mass music would be solved.

Music has been written for the Mass without fugues or repetitions of words, but being without organ part, and written in the old clefs, it is incomprehensible by modern choirs, and is never sung. There are several of these masses, and they may be very meritorious. The respect shown for the liturgies would indicate that their composers were actuated with a proper sense of the Mass service. The most distinguished of the composers of these masses is Stehle of Bavaria.

If, however, the present style of Mass music is to be permitted to continue in force, those in authority might at all events render a service to God by directing that the Consecration and Communion be delayed at High Masses until the musical rendition of the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei," respectively, by the choir, shall be completed, so that those of the congregation who wish to fulfill the obligation of hearing Mass can do so.

The subject of Mass music which has thus been briefly treated is one worthy of consideration, and presents a much wider field of study than that contemplated in this article. If what has herein been written shall serve to awaken an interest in the subject, the object of the writer will be fully accomplished.

Before closing, the writer desires to tender most grateful acknowledgments to Rev. Fr. Landon Humphreys, D. S. T., for the assistance derived from his excellent and instructive work, "The Evolution of Church Music." This article was, indeed, intended as a supplement to that work, for the purpose of applying its reasonings to the music of the Mass, and to this end, many of the observations contained in that work have been utilized in this article.

DAWN.

BY FRED. L. REARDON.

A world asleep; an inky sky,
So black that e'en the stars seem bathed with gloom,
And o'er the crescent moon dark clouds adrift
Float solemnly.
But lo! upon the wings, far-driven, of dawn
A glimmer gray of light comes, hesitant, but steadily,
Suffusing all the sky with mellow, softened hues.
Now o'er the mountains steals a silver shaft
And brightens all the air,
As if the sun had sent a messenger
To herald forth his advent.
A crimson stream flows through the eastern realms,
And all aglow with radiant light the golden sun
Triumphant mounts the stairs of dawn,
And day has come.

THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

The little mountain castle in Argau, which, still in a fair state of preservation after nearly seven centuries, the Canton offered as a wedding present to Archduke Rodolf on his luckless marriage with the daughter of the King of the Belgians, was the eyrie from which the Hapsburg eagle swooped down on Germany and eastern Europe. Here a sturdy race of petty knights had held their own gallantly against unscrupulous neighbors as far back as the ninth century. They had even intermarried now and then with the daughters of their vassals, a terrible scandal at the time, and the red plebeian blood of one of these peasant maidens is supposed not only to be responsible for the long nether lip which has ever been a persistent characteristic of the race, but to have been a controlling factor in the vitality and self-reliance that have distinguished it as well. Rodolf, the founder of the illustrious house, had given such brilliant evidence of these qualities in a limited sphere that the proud princes of Germany elected him Emperor, seeing in him the one strong, wise man who might reduce the horrible chaos in which they lived to some sort of order. He did, not without much travailing and many failures, secure a fair amount of quietness and prosperity for Germany during his reign. Nor did he neglect the interests of his family either. The rebellion and death of Ottocar, King of Bohemia, in 1282, placed Austria, with Styria and Carniola, in his power. He gave them as a gift to his sons Albert and Rodolf. They formed the nucleus of the power of the Hapsburgs.

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

It is noteworthy that in this donation the Emperor did not specify anything as to the share each of his sons might have in their domains, apparently intending that they should be held in common. And, in fact, such was the harmony existing among his descendants for nearly a century that there was no separation between them until 1379. Then they divided into

JOSEPH I, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

FERDINAND I. (From Engraving by Beham.)

the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Hapsburgs of Styria.

During this period their possessions had increased largely. They obtained Carinthia and the Tyrol, besides other lordships.

But, having once begun the process of disintegration, they continued it, with the inevitable result that the power of the Hapsburgs diminished yearly and was at its lowest ebb towards the close of the century.

The profound statesmanship of the Archdukes Albert IV. and Albert V. saved the dynasty. The latter married the only daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, was accepted by the Hungarians as heir to the crown of St. Stephen, was to receive that of Bohemia on the death of the reigning sovereign, and was finally elected Emperor of Germany, so that in 1437 he could boast of the simultaneous possession of three thrones, which were to remain, almost uninterruptedly, in possession of the house of Hapsburg for more than three centuries.

It was Frederick III. of the Styrian branch who replaced Albert on the throne of Germany, for the house of Austria had now acquired a preponderance that rendered its possession of the imperial dignity practically a matter of inheritance. Although a man of a rather sluggish character, while, at the same time, grasping and avaricious, he rendered the supreme power far more effective than it had ever been before. But his greatest claim to distinction is that he left a son to succeed him who is the most brilliant, and certainly the most picturesque figure among the Hapsburgs, Maximilian, the Last of the Knights, Theurdank, or "Glory Craver," as he liked to style himself. He was a sad example of the ineffectiveness of the noblest endowments and purposes when unaccompanied by force of character. But though he failed in most of his far-reaching plans, he left Germany better than he found it. Under him the Diet became a council with some real power for good, "fist-right," or the right of

everybody to make war on everybody, was abolished, the independent robber lords were crushed, and the empire became a leading power in Europe. By the marriage of his son Philip with the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile he opened the path by

doms to his house. These fortunate marriages drew from a satirical poet of the time some verses that have become famous:

"*Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube!*"
"Let others still carry on wars: do thou, lucky Austria, marry!"

From painting by Kilian. MARIA THERESA.

which the Hapsburgs were soon to arrive at the Spanish throne, and by the marriage of his grandson, Ferdinand, and his granddaughter, Maria, with Anne and Louis II. of Hungary and Bohemia he paved the way for the ultimate restoration of those two king-

Charles V. makes a far finer showing in history than his grandfather, though really inferior to him in everything except steadiness of aim and resolution.

Fifteen hundred and fifty-two and 1526 are two dates memorable for the

Hapsburgs; the first because of the Brussels family agreement separating the family possessions of the Spanish and Austrian branches; the second for the final acquisition of Hungary and Bohemia by Ferdinand, after the death of Louis II., who fell with the flower of the Hungarian nobility fighting against the Turks at Mohacs. It was the realization of the dreams of Maximilian and of his father Frederick, fulfilling the famous cabalistic motto of the latter, A E I O U; that is to say, *Austriae Est Impeare Orbi Universo* (To Austria it belongs to rule the entire world). It was the foundation of the present Austro-Hungarian monarchy, a monarchy which has preserved its primitive character for more than three centuries, has been of the greatest utility to countries too feeble to exist alone, and has easily survived the once mighty empire of the Hapsburgs of Spain.

In consequence of the complexity of the races that compose it and the corresponding dissimilarity of their forms of government, its development has been very different in its different portions. Mixed up with the affairs of Germany because of its German and Bohemian provinces, engaged in perpetual hostilities with the Turks because of Hungary, it was obliged to take a part in all the important wars of Europe up to 1815. To these purely political difficulties must be added those which the withering blight of the so-called Protestant Reformation brought on Germany, and the herculean efforts of the Hapsburgs to combat it. All these troubles which threatened its existence will explain that apparent immobility of the monarchy for which it has so often been reproached by its detractors.

Superior to his predecessors in all the qualities that are essential to the formation of a noble character, except, perhaps, Rodolf, the Founder, was Ferdinand II., who was a manifest instrument in the hands of Providence for the saving of a great part of central Europe from the scourge of Protestantism. No finer scene was ever painted by a great artist than that in which, surrounded by rebel burghers and peers in Vienna, expecting death every moment, he proudly and firmly rejects the demands of his insolent subjects to allow Lutheranism preeminence in his dominions, his eyes riveted on the crucifix, from which he fancies a voice issues promising to support him, until when all hope seems at an end, a joyous peal of trumpets sounds outside the barriers, followed by the gallant onset of five hundred loyal cavaliers, who scatter the enemies of their sovereign before them. Soon the forces of the cowardly son-in-law of James I. of England, who had dared to usurp Ferdinand's kingdom of Bohemia, were crushed outside of Prague, and Frederick, the Elector Palatine, was for the rest of his life a fugitive, without either kingdom or palatinate. But the unrest and anarchy, of which the disturbances in Bohemia were but a symptom, led fatally to a grand conflagration, involving all Europe—the Thirty Years' War.

Unfortunately for Germany, Ferdinand II. did not live to complete her unification. His successor determined that even a disastrous peace was preferable to the devastation that was reducing the Empire to a desert. The hideous cruelties of the Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus, whom the same school of historians that has made Elizabeth of England an almost impeccable sovereign has canonized, the outrages of Scotch and English mercenaries, the complications introduced by the hostility of Richelieu and Mazarin to the house of Austria, all tended to persuade the exhausted land to accept any arrangement that would bring the era of pillage and slaughter to a close, and the result

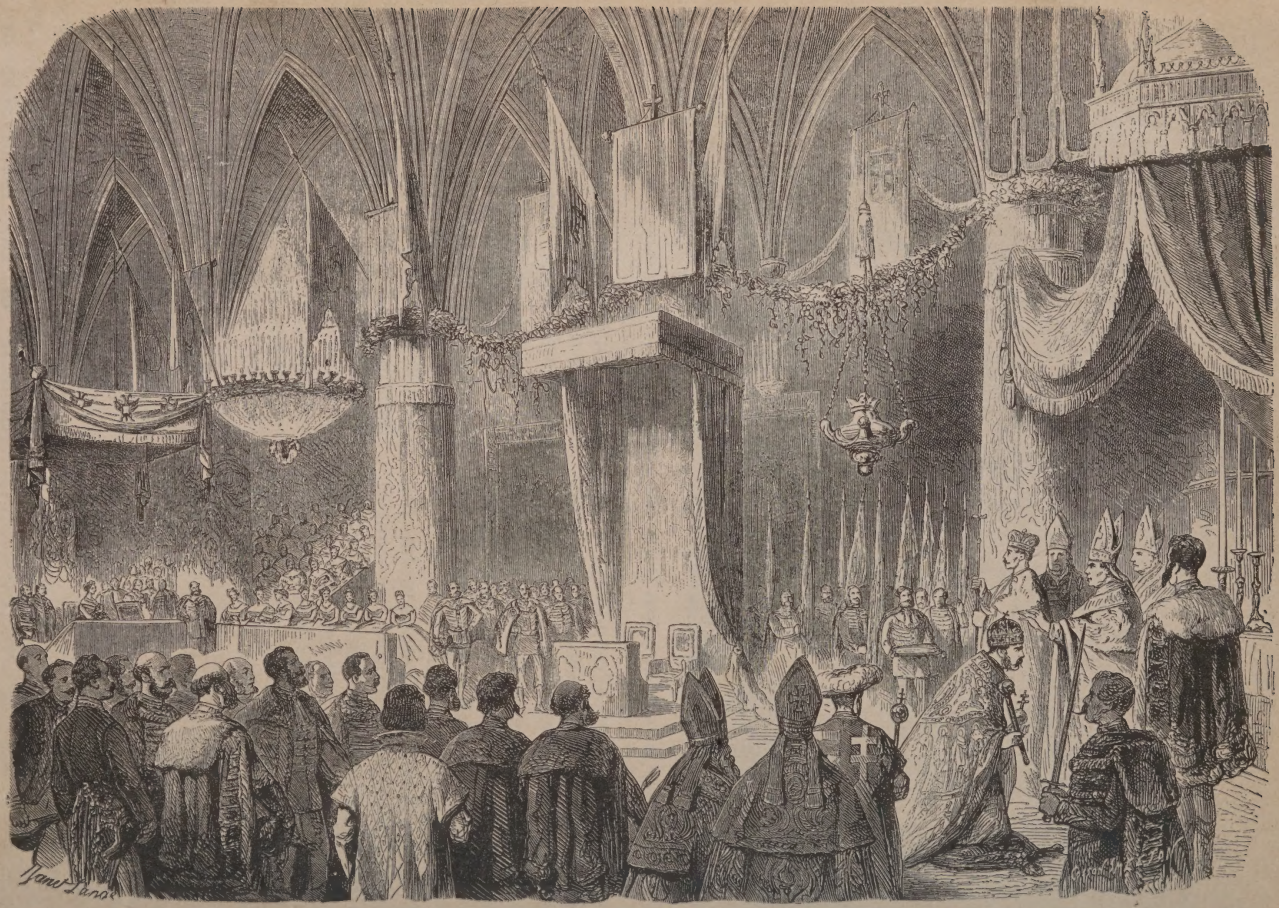
EMPEROR CONFERRING ORDER OF THE GOLDEN SPUR, AFTER CORONATION.

was the Treaty of Westphalia, which left Germany helpless and enslaved for three centuries.

There was one element in this treaty which deserves to be noted, for it affected the future position of the Hapsburgs in Germany. Ferdinand III., by allowing Protestantism full play in the Empire, and suppressing it in his hereditary dominions, separated to some extent the interests of the former from the latter. It was already a step in the preparation for the creation of an empire apart, and may be considered as the entering wedge which ultimately was to cleave asunder Austria from the confederation after Sadowa.

The fury with which Leopold I. combated France rendered him the most formidable enemy of the policy of Louis XIV. But the purest rays of the Emperor's glory came to him from the east, where his armies, under the conduct of Charles of Lorraine and Eugene of Savoy, repeatedly crushed the hereditary enemies of the Christian name. The defence and deliverance of Vienna, to which John Sobieski contributed so heroically, the capture of Buda, the victories of Eszek and of Zenta, aroused the Hungarians to such a pitch of enthusiasm that their Diet declared the crown of St. Stephen henceforth and forever the inalienable possession of the Hapsburgs.

In spite of many provocations and treacherous attempts on their liberties experienced at the hands of their sovereigns, they proved the staunch disinterestedness of their loyalty when the deserted daughter of Charles VI., a fugitive from her Austrian dominions, appeared among them, and the swords of the Magyar nobles flashed from their scabbards, to the accompaniment of the memorable cry: *"Vitam et sanguinem pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia!"* "Our life and blood for our king, Maria Theresa."



Coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph.

As the imperial crown of Germany could not be borne by a woman, Maria Theresa did not become Empress until after the election of her husband. During the last years of her life she made her son, Joseph II., co-regent, probably with the hope that he would continue her centralizing ideas.

The policy of Maria Theresa was eagerly accepted by Joseph, but while his mother employed for its realization the irresistible fascination of her superior intellect, Joseph placed his reliance on the rigorous application of the theories he had unfortunately learned from the French philosophers. He suppressed convents, tried to abolish national languages, proudly spurned the remonstrances of the Pope, and had soon all his dominions in a blaze. The instinct of self-preservation and the national sentiment of his different states were too strong for the able and brilliant but rash and obstinate sovereign, and he was to die, repentant and broken-hearted, calling his reign a failure and a mistake.

The reigns of his successors, Leopold II. and Francis II., were an almost uninterrupted series of disasters

TOMB OF MARIA CHRISTINA.

From a painting by Rubens. MAXIMILIAN I.

for the house of Hapsburg, until the congress of Vienna closed the era of the Revolution for a time. In 1805 Francis was compelled to surrender his title and rights as Emperor of Germany, and to take the title of Emperor of Austria instead. But, thanks to the diplomatic skill of his ambassadors at the congress of 1815, the successive spoliations of which he had been the victim were brought to an end. His hereditary states were restored in their integrity, and, in exchange for Belgium he obtained Dalmatia and Venice, the latter a baleful gift for the house of Austria. He left this great heritage unimpaired in 1835 to his eldest son, Ferdinand, the predecessor and uncle of Francis Joseph.

If we consider material facts simply, the reign of Ferdinand was one of the most peaceful in the history of his august house. Europe was, exteriorly, tranquil, and its people seemed to be resting after the gigantic struggles which the beginning of the cen-

Imperial Palace, Vienna.

tury had witnessed. They were busy with the creation of railroads, the development of industry, the conquests of science, literature and art, in a word, with everything that forms the engrossing interest of the world when spoils of Napoleon had won him the unbounded admiration of all the sovereigns of Europe. But the purely diplomatic combinations of Metternich took no account either of the aspirations of the people or even of the

EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.

the horrors of war are forgotten in the enjoyment of a protracted peace.

The pleasant spectacle of this seemingly tranquil contentment of the Austrians, Hungarians and Germans was due to the policy of a remarkable statesman, whose extraordinary address in carving and partitioning the real interests of governments, and so the dazzling career of the prince-chancellor terminated in pitiable failure and ruin. In fact, while he was applying his perfidious maxim, *divide et impera*—divide and rule—whose employment might be considered likely enough to be successful in a compo-

MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

site monarchy like that of the Hapsburgs, a multiplicity of liberal currents, totally different from one another in direction, as well as on account of their relative intensity and impetuosity, was seething in every division of the empire, and sure eventually to paralyze the despotic administration of Metternich and his allies. In 1848 there was not a corner of the Austrian dominions which was not in the full tide of revolution. In presence of a catastrophe which he felt powerless to avert, Ferdinand abdicated in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph, who was to rejuvenate the ancient Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and lead it into the path of modern progress.

Francis Joseph was only eighteen when he was proclaimed Emperor, but the education of the children of the Hapsburgs, ever since the reign of Maria Theresa, has been of a singularly austere and virile character, calculated to ripen them into manhood long before other boys have abandoned the toys of childhood. As soon as they left the nursery the young Archduke and his brothers, Maximilian and Charles Louis, were subjected to an educational and military discipline of the severest kind, obliged to learn not only French, English and the classics, but the principal idioms of the polyglot monarchy; compelled to rise at daybreak, live on the simplest food, spend whatever portion of their time was not taken up with their studies in acquiring the mastery of tactics and strategy. When Francis Joseph attained the age of sixteen he was already an accomplished linguist and fairly well acquainted with chemistry and natural history. Then he gave his attention exclusively to jurisprudence, philosophy and diplomacy under the direction of the famous jurist Pilgrams, Cardinal Rauscher and Metternich. The long list of his studies would ap-

pal the most diligent American student. That the assimilation of so many scientific, linguistic and military subjects did not cost him his health was due to his prodigious memory, that royal attribute which, it is said, enables him to recognize the face of the humblest of his subjects, though only seen once, after the lapse of years.

Many anecdotes are told of his childhood significant of his natural kindliness and consideration for others. The little episode which has been rendered famous by the great picture of Fendi will serve to illustrate these qualities.

One summer's day when playing before the castle of Laxenburg, the young Archduke perceived that the sentry on duty was suffering intensely from the excessive heat. He ran to his grandfather, the Emperor Francis, and asked him to relieve the soldier from his duty. This was refused, but a second request for money for the sentry was granted, and the Emperor handed his grandson a dozen gold pieces, which the latter hastened to deliver to the soldier, who, however, refused the gift, as a soldier was prohibited from accepting presents when acting as sentry. The child was in despair, until his grandfather, raising him in his arms, enabled him to slip the money into the cartridge-pouch

THE ROYAL FAMILY (1858).

Francis Joseph. Maximilian. Carlotta. Ludwig. Victor.
Elizabeth.
Rudolph. Gisola.
Emperor's Mother and Father.

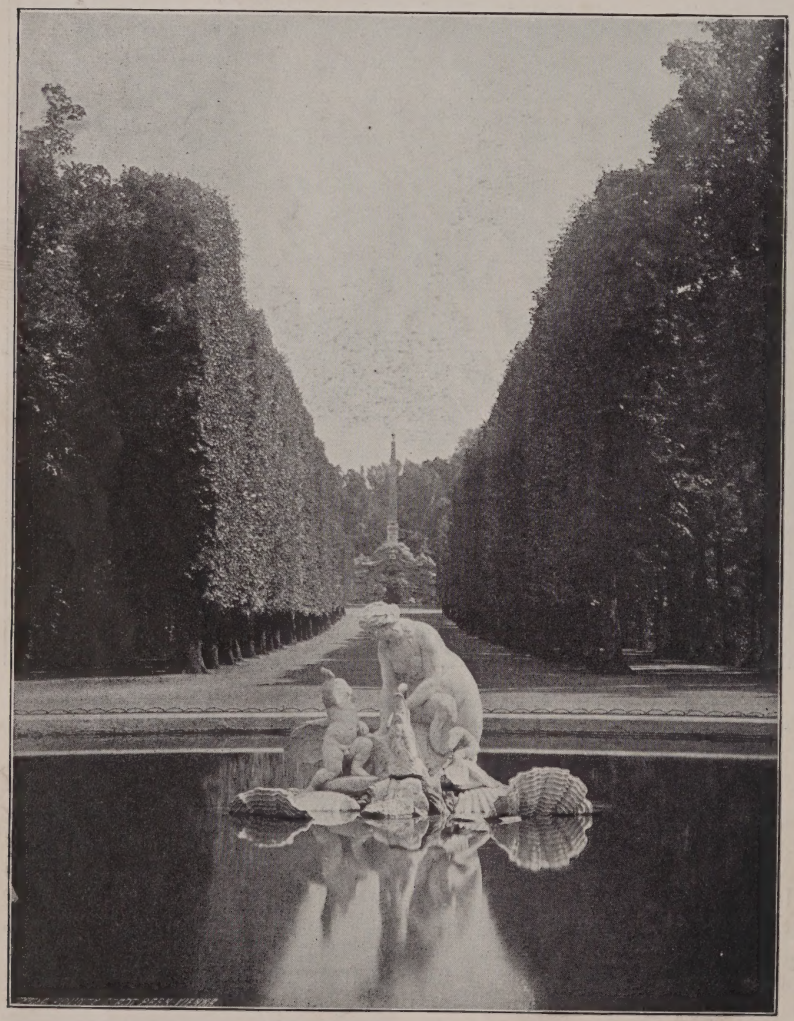
of the conscientious soldier. "Now, he is poor no longer!" cried Francis Joseph, jumping to the ground, delighted at having made one man happy.

The accession of Francis Joseph was accompanied by such revolutionary and governmental disturbances that there were moments when imperial Austria was reduced to its army.

" 'Tis only in thy camp that Austria lives,
And we are but the ruins of its grandeur,"

said the poet Grillparzer, addressing Marshal Radetzky.

It would be impossible within our limits to trace the steps by which the Austro-Hungarian realm was transformed from an autocracy to a constitutional government, which has become a model government, in many respects superior to any existing in the world.



ENTRANCE TO SUMMER RESIDENCE.

Here the news of the Empress' death was broken to the Emperor.

As soon as the Emperor began to put himself in contact with his subjects he set about correcting, progressively, the mistakes of his youthful inexperience, for which he paid so dearly. The penalties he suffered for the imprudence natural to his eighteen years and his resolute and successful efforts to correct it will merit the compassion and esteem of posterity.

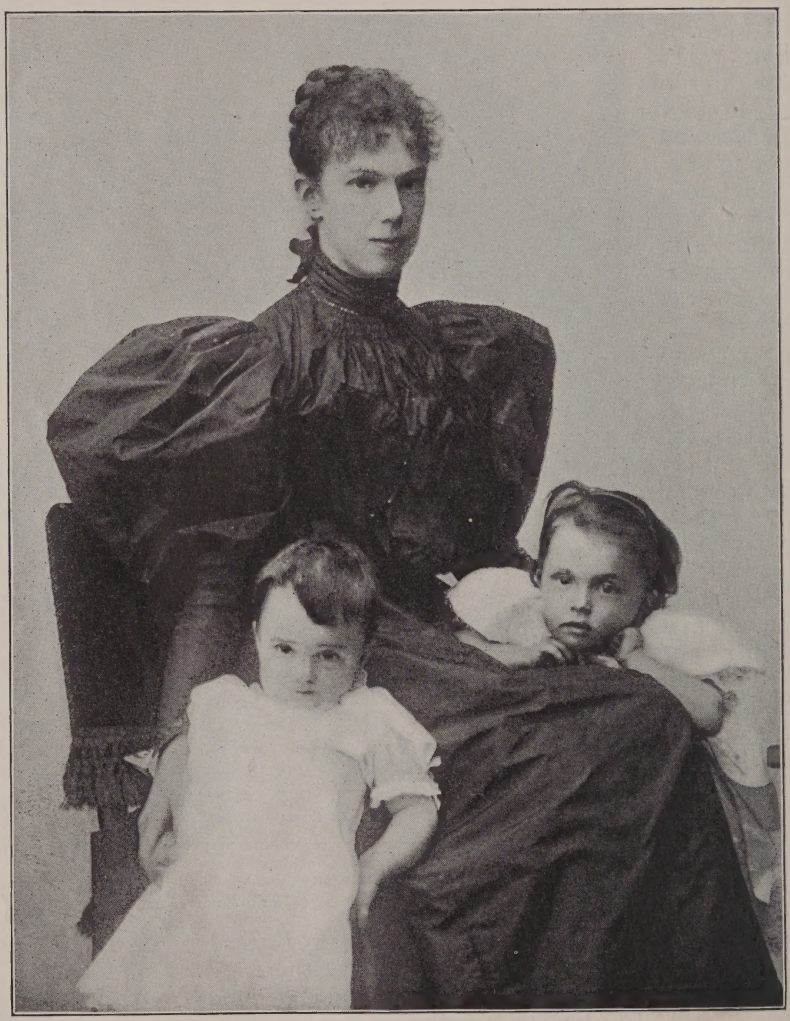
In 1854 the

political anxieties of Francis Joseph gave way for a time to the preparations for his wedding with the daughter of Prince Maximilian of Bavaria. The young Princess had hardly completed her sixteenth year when she set out for the states of her cousin and future consort, happily unconscious that her triumphal progress was but the inauguration of her calvary. Three days after her arrival at Vienna, where her incomparable beauty and exquisite grace at once fascinated the court as well as the people, the marriage was celebrated in the Church of the Augustines. It afforded a fresh opportunity to the sovereign to give free rein to his generous sentiments; he ordered half a million thalers to be distributed among the poor of the capital, and released most of the political prisoners.

EMPRESS ELIZABETH.
A morning canter in Kildare.

Then commenced the tours of the happy couple through the kingdoms and provinces of the monarchy, for it was the greatest delight of Francis Joseph to show the Empress the varied beauties of her new dominions. In 1857 Elizabeth crossed for the first time the frontiers of Hungary. Her name, recalling that of a Hungarian saint, and the circumstance that the wife of St. Stephen had also been a Bavarian princess, at once won her the affection of the Magyar people, and while standing on the balcony of the castle of Buda, in presence of that magnificent panorama which is unique in European scenery, she reg-

istered a vow that she would become the protectress of the Hungarian realm. Rarely has a royal vow been kept so faithfully.



ARCHDUCHESS MARIA VALERIA AND HER CHILDREN.

Although a list of the benefits which the Emperor has conferred on his subjects during his long reign would be interminable, there is one which stands out prominently and would of itself gain him undying fame; it is the system elaborated by him in conjunction with the Empress for the treatment of the aged poor, and which has no parallel in any other country in the world. The Austrian poor, however, are not the poor in our sense of the term. In the words of the imperial rescript the comforts that surround them in the decline of life are simply "the wages due them for their past services rendered to the state." They live in pleasantly, comfortably fur-

nished houses, supplied with every convenience, surrounded by large gardens, are perfectly free in their movements, can visit or receive their friends every day without any restriction, have a voice in deciding what kind of clothes they shall wear, and even on the sort of food they shall eat, for those who become dissatisfied with the regular routine of meals have the right to receive from the sister in charge a sum sufficient to enable them to dine or sup at the neighboring restaurant. There is no department of his administration to which the Emperor attends so carefully as to this, and woe be to the official who neglects to observe the strict letter of every regulation decreed for the welfare of these wards of the country, who, as a consequence, form a pleasant contrast to the tenants of our almshouses, and neither regard themselves nor are regarded by others as aught else than pensioners of the state, entitled to all the privileges accorded them.

The most important event in the Emperor's reign was his coronation

Crown Princess Stephanie.

Francis Ferdinand, Heir Presumptive.

at Pesth, which was the symbol and consecration of the reconciliation of the House of Hapsburg with the Hungarian nation. The Magyars, who hold to all mediaeval traditions more closely than any other European country, believe that the possession of legitimate hereditary right does not suffice to confer the fullness of royalty on their sovereign. He must also be the custodian of the crown of St. Stephen, the contact with which can alone invest him with regal authority. It is worth noting that the term "apostolic," one of the official titles of Francis Joseph, belongs to him only in virtue of his rank as King of Hungary, on account of the apostolate of St. Stephen, the first Hungarian king.

The peculiarities of the ceremony, every one of which had to be strictly observed if the King was to be considered the lawful ruler of the Magyars, were singular. He was not to put aside the crown before he had ascended on horseback a mound com-

posed of earth brought from the different sections of the monarchy, and lunged with his sword at each of the cardinal points, thus symbolizing his determination to defend the country. It was strictly enjoined that the magnates and bishops in attendance should all be in their official robes and on horseback, and it was also essential that he should be crowned by the Prince Primate of Esztergam. Lastly, the King and Queen were obliged to dine in public, waited on by the great functionaries of the state.

Certainly, never was a spectacle more quaint, touching and magnificent offered to the gaze of the world than on the day when Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary. But neither the sight of the splendidly caparisoned steeds of princes, and bannerets, the gem-incrusted costumes of the Magyar magnates, the joyous cries of the people, the salvos of cannon and the pealing of bells, struck the nations of Europe with such emotion as did the thought that these were but the outward symbols of the reconciliation between a monarch and a nation that had for a time misunderstood each other; were but the final act of a drama that had begun on a winter morning in the depths of a gloomy fortress nineteen years before, and was ending in the full light of day, just as the summer was dawning, in the midst of a crowd intoxicated with happiness. Thirty-one years have now passed since Hungary recovered its ancient rights, and the Austrian Empire is to-day more powerful and more respected than ever before. The compromise which Francis Joseph effected, with the simplicity of a loyal man and the dignity of a great king, has been, then, not only morally beautiful, but profitable to the entire monarchy, as every such act of justice should be.

A Shrine at Lake Traun.

The energies of the Emperor-King have since been devoted to the introduction of continual improvements in the dualistic organization of the empire. He has brought the machinery of government to such perfection that the different sections of the monarchy are now able to keep pace with the most civilized countries of the world, and, in many branches of human activity, to outstrip them.

However, the happiness which Francis Joseph has succeeded in gaining for his subjects he has unfortunately failed to attain for himself. Rarely have the blows of fate struck anyone so remorselessly in either a public or a private station as they have this sovereign, whose every thought has been absorbed in devising plans for the welfare of others. First, the betrayal and murder of his noble-hearted, chivalrous brother, Maximilian, in Mexico; then the gloomy tragedy of Meyerling, the exact nature of which will perhaps never be known; and, lastly, the hideous assassination of the beloved wife, who was, indeed, his helpmate in all his trials, the encourager and inspirer of all his contrivances for the good of his people. O the pity of it! There has

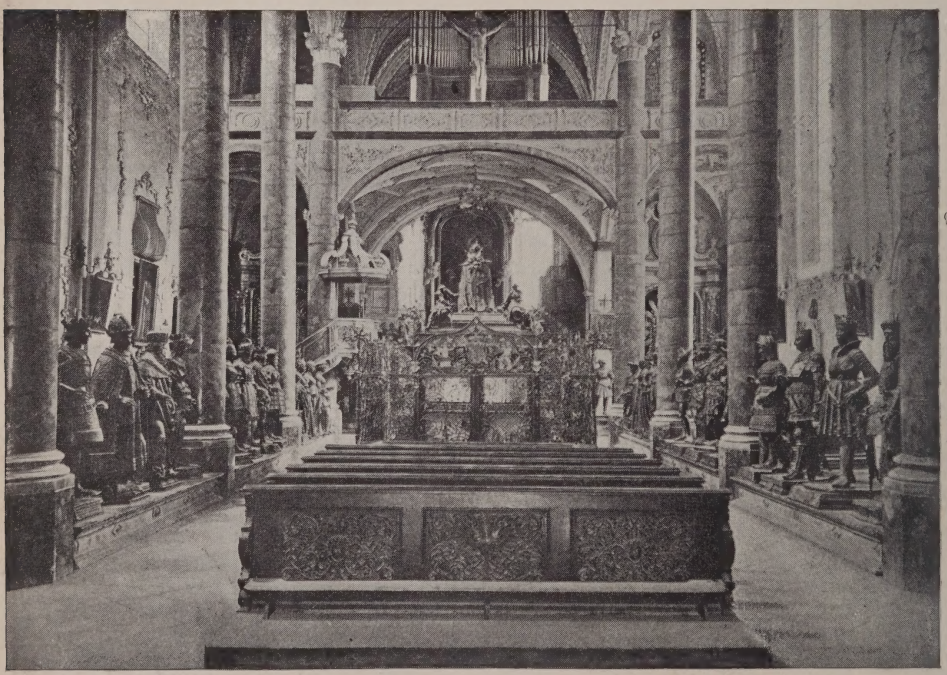
not been in Europe a sovereign for centuries so entirely blameless, so active in every good cause, so free from every thought of wrong as the sovereign whose tragic death has excited the horror and indignation of the universe. She was, by the admission of all, not only the most beautiful woman in Europe, but the most rarely endowed and accomplished, and to her

St. Stephen's Church, Vienna.

uncommon gifts of mind and the noblest qualities of the heart she united all the seductions of an ardent and generous nature. But her panegyric is written in the lamentations that are heard in every corner of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Is there any other sovereign in Europe whose death would excite these despairing cries, these sincere evidences of heartfelt grief?

But it was not in her own country alone that the presence of Elizabeth was a benediction, nor are Austria and Hungary the only lands in which "the deep damnation of her taking off" will excite a pang of sorrow. Her frequent visits to Kildare and Meath during the hunting season, the material advantages that resulted to the people, the fascination she exercised over peasant and peer alike, all made her advent to the green isle an occasion to be eagerly welcomed.

But never more shall that stately and peerless lady delight the eyes of men with the transcendent beauty that but mirrored the unsoiled and exquisite qualities of her soul. The gates of the Capuchin convent are flung wide open to receive another guest into its sombre vaults, and in the imperial palace the best loved monarch in Europe is sobbing out his grief, calling the Christian hopes that have hitherto sustained him to his aid, making a brave effort to bear this greatest of sorrows in a life that has so long been shadowed and tracked by every sorrow that can bow down the heart of man and convince him of the nothingness of earthly things.



Interior of Imperial Chapel.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

For one brief moment Larry Dugan bent over the cradle in which slept the young infant, born during his absence, then he returned to the fire where sat the mother, and laying a rough but kind hand on her brown, wavy hair, said:

"Thank God for you, *alanna!*"

"And is there no 'thank God' for the baby, Larry?" she asked, raising her tear-washed blue eyes to him. Larry made an effort to repeat her words, but they stuck in his throat. As he hastily turned from her chair and left the room a mist of tears hid his retreating figure from the wife's anxious eyes.

"Poor Larry!" she said, softly, as she rose and lifted the sleeping baby from its crib. For a minute she gazed down into the puckered face and at the fragile form of her month-old child; then she raised her eyes to the crucifix on the mantel-piece, and there was in them that expression found only in that mother's look who has watched her children die. Six times had she seen little white coffins carried from her door, and the marble slabs pointing out their resting-place in old St. Joseph's cemetery told that the span of life the occupants had known had never passed the three years' limit. So the heart of the father had grown hard. To all their pleadings God had turned a deaf ear, sending His dread angel to smite their babies when their prattle and winning ways were beginning to make Heaven of that part of Cincinnati he and his wife called home. He had no welcome for his latest born, who had come, as had her brothers and sisters, to entwine her little life around his very existence, and after a few fleet years slip away from his love as a bird from its outgrown nest; yet as he leaned against the door that afternoon, with the January sun falling over him, he wished, for the mother's sake, he had not so steeled his heart against the baby's coming. Her pain and loss were greater than his had ever been, yet her voice, as she had welcomed him home a few minutes before from his trip down the river, long delayed by the blizzard weather, had thrilled his soul with its mother's joy and hope. Three squares away lay the Dixie, which, with much difficulty, he had piloted up from New Orleans. The captain's praise and the grateful thanks of the company were his, but he half wished, as he stood there, that he and the white boat he loved so well had not been able to weather the dangers they had encountered. Over these sad thoughts a flood of ringing voices came pouring, and Larry would have escaped the children, just released from school, had he not been seen by one of the advance guard. The glad news, "Mr. Dugan's home!" was flashed along the line, and soon the rough river man was surrounded by a cluster of children, while a dozen voices hurled at him the intelligence that he had a little baby upstairs. As they knew by past experience he would do, Larry escorted them to the next candy store, and his heart was lighter as he retraced his steps toward the tenement house, in the second story of which sat the wife and mother, praying to the Man of Sorrows for the fragile life resting unconscious in her arms.

The months slipping by rounded out the baby lineaments, and the flush on the cheeks and the light in the clear blue eyes were indications that with remarkable beauty God had

also bestowed health on the last born of Larry Dugan; but no such hope came to the heart of the father, and not even the doctor's assurance of the contrary could shake the conviction that the child was destined for an early death. He never left for his long trip to New Orleans but as he kissed her good-bye he thought he was looking his last upon the face of his child, and when her laugh greeted him on his return he was always surprised. But the months grew into years; the baby feet were carrying her everywhere, and her rippling voice made music along the street; still he kept his heart closed against her winsomeness. As he sat on the doorstep one Saturday evening, awaiting the return of his wife, and watching with slight interest the children on the street at play, in which his little girl was the leader, it suddenly struck him the marked contrast there was between her and her companions. None of their listlessness showed in her quick, nervous movements; her laugh rang out clear and strong over their feeble efforts at merriment, while their pallor made her pink face to show like a rose.

"Lucy!" he spoke the name softly, as if half afraid of his own voice. It was so seldom he noticed her, the child flew to his arms.

"How old are you, Lucy?" he asked, and when she proudly announced her five years his arms tightened around her, while his eyes sought the cloudless sky, with its myriad stars twinkling above the smoky city. As he climbed the steep stairs that night, with the sleeping child in his arms, the wife, following, heard him say, "And thank God for the baby!"

Yet often after, Mrs. Dugan, in her lonely night hours, trembled as she prayed for her child, remembering the love it had awakened in the father. It was wrong, she knew, to allow such an idolatrous affection for created things to take its hold on the heart, but she also keenly realized not only the earthly but the eternal happiness of her husband was held in the life of their little daughter. If that such a love must awaken one correspondingly great, or that the child early realized a human soul looked to her for all present and future good, Lucy's affection for her father was all that the most jealous could require, and Pilot Dugan and his daughter were the most familiar couple in the district embraced in St. Patrick's parish. If the kindly people commented on the fact, they ever followed the remark with a fervent prayer God would spare the child to the parent so often bereaved, and never a listener but responded "Amen!"

It was a proud day for Larry Dugan when he went to the door of the great schoolhouse, and, with a solemnity that brought a smile to the eyes of the low-voiced Sister of Mercy, confided his little daughter to her care; but it was like the coronation day of his loved queen to a monarch when, eight years later, he saw the Archbishop place the pretty graduation crown on her golden hair. Other men's daughters graduated that day, but the Pilot's daughter received the greatest attention, and before other fathers turned to accept congratulations, they grasped first their old friend's hand, for all were glad Larry Dugan had been allowed such a day.

CHAPTER II.

Cincinnati was taking her annual bath. For long weeks the rain had emptied itself out of the low-hanging clouds, and the streams, fed by the hundred brooks, poured into the Ohio, swelling it into such magnitude that, passing the hills guarding the country from its wrath, it spread over the city, until even Fourth Street had a thin sheet of water covering its hard surface. In the lower part of the city the misery was great. The tenement

houses were flooded to the third story; in the great commission houses valuable property was destroyed; factories were forced to close down, and by throwing hundreds of the dwellers of the submerged district out of work added poverty to the other ills. At length came the welcome indication that a fall had begun. The water disappeared as rapidly as it had risen, and soon the boats, whose passing to and fro between the rows of tall houses made the Queen City a modern Venice, grated against the cobble stones, where before they had glided as silently as if in mid-river.

Jasper Irving had lately come to Cincinnati, and one of the finest pieces of writing that had ever appeared in the city press, even in its palmiest days, was the result of the happy thought of the city editor of the Morning Sun to send the new, dreamy-eyed reporter to look up the flooded districts. The sporting editor exchanged a significant smile with the woman reporter, as they noticed sheet after sheet, covered with fine, even writing, pile up before the new man, who had sat for a full hour with his feet on the desk, watching the curls of smoke rising from his Havana, while the city editor began to scowl, as his eyes noticed the hands of the clock creeping into the night. When the copy was finally turned in, and his eyes caught the opening paragraphs, the frown began to fade, and as he handed the sheets, without an editorial correction or erasure, to the boy, the woman caught the quick glance he threw toward the chair occupied by the new reporter, and she knew a rival had appeared. Jasper Irving was wise, and did not follow up his success with an immediate second attempt, but contented himself with concise, almost brusque, reports, with nothing hinting of the pen that had portrayed that night's scene on the river front when the treacherous water began to creep and crawl up higher and higher, while white-faced men and women had looked on helplessly.

"Is there no more color in your box, Mr. Irving?" asked the woman reporter of him, as she laid down the paper one afternoon, pointing significantly to his account of a fire.

He glanced toward her from the pencil he was sharpening, and, overlooking the shadow of triumph in her bright eyes, half sighed as he noticed the face's hard expression.

"One quickly wearies one's readers with coloring, Miss Maraytt," he said, in reply.

"Not when the master hand applies it," she said, and the mockery, fine as the edge of a blade of grass, did not escape his ear.

"I see you are past-mistress in the art of flattery," he said, with a smile whose magnetism the woman felt herself resenting.

"Let me correct," she said, bending her black head with mock humility; "the more difficult accomplishment of telling the truth."

"Difficult?" he asked, and for the first time in the fortnight he had been in the office he found himself scrutinizing her face. She allowed surprise to show in her black eyes and a cynical smile to alter the expression of her mouth.

"What more difficult?" she then asked.

"To understand a woman," he said, slowly; for the liquid eyes and the face, which despite certain hard lines was very fair, denied the implied assertion they were other than truthful. The woman laughed softly, and as she drew up her fur collar, rose, saying:

"Now for the afternoon at Mrs. Belmot's!"

As the door closed behind her ample skirts, Mr. Irving turned to one of the younger men, who had been an interested listener.

"That's Miss Maraytt!" said he to Mr. Irving, twirling his cane in reckless indifference to the low-hanging

electric jets. "An all-round newspaper man. No specialty. Interviews political leaders and writes poetry, ferrets out secrets and invents stories for the children's page. A good woman, but with as much faith in mankind or womankind as I have in the merits of the musical entertainment I'm to attend this evening."

An hour later Jasper Irving slipped his sketchbook into his pocket, and taking his hat and coat left the office. He had thought some over what Miss Marayttt had said; some over what the Young Reporter had said; and a great deal on general principles and the conditions of one's environment; all of which resulted in the determination to use his gift for the betterment of himself, for the irreligious invariably drift into self-absorption. His walk led toward the lower part of the city, where the subsiding of the water showed the wrecks that had been made, and the debris dislodged from the strong arms of the river made the scene even more distressing. Before his door, broom in hand, was Larry Dugan, while on the steps stood Lucy, with a hose, directing a stream of water over the mud-covered pavement. Further up a cart and horse toiled over the slippery streets, and on the curbstone stood a child watching a couple of English sparrows fighting for possession of a crumb of bread. It was a typical sketch, but as the artist-reporter was finding his book Lucy turned her head, and the exquisite face, with its framing of gold hair, caught his attention for something better than a picture for a newspaper. Obeying his gentlemanly instinct, he was turning away, when the plank on which he stood slipped from under his weight, throwing him forward heavily. He was on his feet in an instant, but in falling his temple had struck the curbstone, and a stream of blood was pouring over his face and clothes. Larry Dugan assisted him to their humble home, and while the mother staunched the blood Lucy hastened to pour a glass of brandy for the stranger. Mr. Irving soon pulled himself together, and as he drank the liquor thoughts of what Miss Marayttt would say when he returned to the office with a piece of court-plaster on his brow were followed by admiring ones of the fair girl before him, the simple turning of whose head had been the cause of his disaster. Under Mrs. Dugan's ministering fingers the blood soon ceased flowing, and her assurance that the cut was slight was confirmed by a glance in a convenient mirror. At the Pilot's cordial invitation he rested in the cheerful room for a while, and soon learned all there was to know about the old boatman and his family. Mr. Irving was not so communicative, until he discovered that long and frequent visits to New Orleans, the city of his birth, had made his host familiar with the place, and that he knew personally, or through hearsay, many friends, parted from years before. Love of his old home, which he had thought dead with the better and higher emotions of his nature, awoke under the mellow tones of the Irishman, whose words brought back the quiet streets, the sunshine and the reposeful, happy life of the Southern city.

Ten years had passed since he had turned forever, as he said, from his birthplace. A whim of fortune had sent him, the last representative of one of the oldest English families of New Orleans, from a place well out of the reach of poverty down to her portals, and the natural gifts of the young society man, hitherto regarded as mere accomplishments, were the only friends the proud spirit would permit him to turn to for assistance. A man at twenty-five ill brooks beginning at the bottom of the ladder, yet, with a settled determination to succeed, Jasper Irving started out on his life's work. He had wisdom enough to realize that the literary and artistic

gifts he possessed would make a fairly good and useful running team, but that it was utterly out of the question to expect them, singly, or together, to bring him more than a comfortable competence and an ephemeral fame. In the small Southern town where he took up newspaper work he was easily a literary and artistic lion. Recognition came more slowly in the larger city where he later worked, but he had studied his profession during those ten years as men must study who would secure even standing room in this rushing world. By a stroke of fortune he had gotten on the staff of the Morning Sun, Cincinnati's latest venture in journalism. Dreamy-eyed though he was, he saw indications which proclaimed it to be a failure, and knew that sooner or later a change would be necessary. Hence it became his purpose to forge ahead, prove his capability, and go in first with the new re-organization. Miss Maraytt's well-veiled mockery and the knowledge that the woman herself and all in the office considered her the first member of the staff had put him on his mettle, and there was born the determination to prove his superiority. Yet, sitting in the front room of Pilot Dugan's tenement home, with the chat of New Orleans bringing back the old, careless life of the slow-moving, pleasure-loving town, he found himself asking if it were worth while, this impetuous rush, so foreign to his nature. In ten years he had saved enough to enable him to live comfortably in the South. One of his father's plantations might be redeemed, and enough would still remain to allow him much of the enjoyments of easeful living.

"I'd rather live in New Orleans than any place in America!" said Mr. Dugan, out of a silence.

"So would I!" exclaimed the younger man, but his brow grew red at thus unwittingly voicing to a stranger a sentiment which he had never before admitted to himself.

"And I would, too," continued the Pilot, "if it wasn't for the graveyard."

"The graveyard?" repeated Jasper Irving.

"We have six little babies buried there, sir," put in Mrs. Dugan, softly, "and it would seem heartless to go so far away from them."

Then, the first time in many a day, Jasper Irving thought of his dead, stowed away in the city's white cemeteries or lying in the neglected, weed-grown graveyard on his father's plantation. His head drooped forward for a second. As he lifted his eyes they met Lucy Dugan's, shining out from under her white brow like violets from an overshadowing lily, and their womanly comprehension and sympathy lingered with him and cheered him for days after in the rush and press of his daily work. Gradually, however, they were forgotten, or were pushed aside from newer interests, not the least of which was that Miss Maraytt, bright, cynical, but, when she wished, companionable, was awakening. A friendly instinct warned him against placing any trust in her words. It would detect for him the fine mockery that ran through her not too frequently bestowed praise of his achievements, while her utter lack of faith revolted his higher and better self; for however sceptical a man may be, he is not prepared to find that quality in a woman. Yet the charm of her personality, the subtle influence of her mind, were unquestioned, and he found himself fast falling under their spell.

CHAPTER III.

Holy Week came late in April that year, but the weather had not lost the brusqueness of March. A boisterous wind awoke with Good Friday, and where the corners offered no obstruction it swept clean the streets, to the discomfiture of the passersby. Jasper

Irving, following in the disconnected procession winding along Third Street toward the east, found himself regretting the piety of his unknown companions that necessitated the journey he was making under such disagreeable conditions. It was not, of course, in his contract for the afternoon's work of writing up for the Sunday edition the Good Friday pilgrimage up Mount Adams that he should accompany the pilgrims. Had he asked for instructions, he would have been told to take the car up the Incline, and survey the scene from the iron railing surrounding the stone-flagged yard of the Immaculate Church. But Jasper Irving had his own idea of how his work should be done to give out its truest ring, and the illustration of this method made him to mingle with the crowd, representing every class of people, which, in the teeth of the storm, wended its long, toilsome way over the route embraced in the pilgrimage.

When the Young Reporter had learned Mr. Irving's destination that afternoon, he leaned his head against the back of his chair, and, with the grace of a cavalier of old accepting his lady's favor, lifted his freshly lighted cigarette to his lips, and after inhaling its first deadly draught, said:

"Got some more of Miss Maraytt's work, eh, Irving? For three years she's treated the readers of the Sun on Easter Sunday to a description of that annual excursion. The first year the old man sent me. I stood on the top of the hill for an hour, trying to get something to write about, but all I saw was a crowd of people climbing up steps. I came back and told the old man fiction writing wasn't my line. Miss Maraytt was just going out to see about a fire somewhere below Broadway, so he told us to exchange assignments. By Jove! if she didn't run two columns and a half, and you wouldn't want to find anything lighter, more picturesque. That she didn't exhaust the subject she has proven by her subsequent articles on it. That's what comes from being a genius!" and he lazily re-lighted his cigarette.

Jasper Irving had reached that stage when anything Miss Maraytt did interested him, although he just then would not have admitted the fact, even to himself. He now looked from his companion's face toward the desk where she sat, her black head bent over the paper across which her shapely white hand passed quickly, the pen seeming scarcely able to give expression to the thoughts crowding to its point from the quick, active brain. He watched her intently for a few minutes, then rose and took his hat and coat. As he passed into the editor's office, she raised her head, and answered his remark with one of her enigmatical smiles. When he re-appeared, the Young Reporter, leaning against the doorpost, was talking to her, while she re-arranged her scattered papers. Outside the reporters' room Mr. Irving paused to button his coat, and as he was on the point of descending the stairs from behind the closed door there came to him the flicker of Miss Maraytt's laugh when it was most mocking, and a sudden warmth rose to his brow, for he felt it was directed against himself. He thrust his hands into his pockets, and for one instant decided to retrace his steps and tell the laughing woman he cared nothing for her jests; then he smiled sardonically at the thought, and, running down the steel steps, was soon out in the wind-swept streets. Five minutes later he was in the public library, bending intently over the files of the Morning Sun of the past three years, and as he finished his close reading of Miss Maraytt's account of the Good Friday Pilgrimage up the Mount Adams steps, he admitted the Young Reporter was a fairly competent judge of journalism at its highest literary standard. The faith-

fulness of description, the exquisite touches, the suggestions of bygone traditional sentiments, were charming; but the biting, sceptical tone made him turn away with a sense of smarting disappointment. It was as if she had held a soap-bubble in the palm of her hand, and after pointing out the delicacy of its prismatic coloring, the transparency of its polished surface, the harmony of its curved lines, just when admiration was highest had blown it into nothingness. A respecter of creeds, if not a religious man, he was not, however, so much concerned that Miss Marayttt's covert insinuations made the hundreds of Catholics who prayed up the steps a set of fools, as he was that she should be so inartistic, that she should thus destroy her own work under her readers' eyes.

"She is no poet," he thought, turning away, "for she has no appreciation of the beauty of belief."

It was near three o'clock when Jasper Irving, with the silent group in whose wake he had followed up the steep ascent, found himself at the flight of wooden steps that connects this part of Third Street with Mount Adams, whose abrupt height flanks the city on the east. Two flights of steps lead from this point to the Church of the Immaculata, the terminal point of the pilgrimage, and though the second is the Sancta Scala proper, the first is frequently included by the devout. Every step of the hundred scaling the cliff held its line of silent, praying people, and Mr. Irving realized, had he desired to do otherwise, his only hope of reaching the top of the hill by this route was to fall in and move along with the crowd, pausing as it did on each step the length of time required to breathe a "Hail Mary." He had not lived twenty-five years in New Orleans without knowing something of Catholic belief, but as he was moved on with the crowd he thought he had never before witnessed such an intensity of devotion. Corpus Christi and May Day processions were piety poetically expressed, and though Holy Week solemnities he had often seen religiously performed, yet he thought them less impressive with birds' song overhead and roses nodding on every passing breeze. Here, on either side, ran up the rocky cliff, with not a sign of green on the few scraggy shrubs, while the wind that swept the dust into his eyes tossed the sullen gray clouds like rudderless barks on a troubled sea. The intense, if not tragic, look on the faces of the people around him impressed itself on his sensitive mind—those lined, haggard faces of the old, with hollow, hopeless eyes staring out of sunken sockets; the pinched, careworn faces of the young, with the fire of youth already fading from their all too brilliant eyes; these told one story, the story of the poor whose only stay under the ills that press them to the earth is faith in Christ and His promises. He, who became like unto them, Who bore their infirmities, alone can uplift them. Take away faith in Him, mock it down as Miss Marayttt would do, what is there left to save them from courting extinction? Jasper Irving had had his own moments of desolation, when, had he not his mind's rich storehouse to fall back upon, he knew he had not had the courage to face the future years; what must such moments be to the man at his elbow, glad, perhaps, to get work in a rag factory, and the whole of whose mental activities centred on the problem of making a meal for one suffice for the needs of five. He was conscious of a certain irritation against Miss Marayttt as he watched the man's face, deeply furrowed, though his years could scarcely exceed forty, yet illumined with a patience the portrayal of which on their martyrs' countenances has made some artists immortal. One hand held a wooden rosary, the other

clasped the chubby fingers of a little boy, whose attempts at devotion were praiseworthy, considering the many sources of distraction the scene afforded. Irving's next companion on the step was a young girl, whose eyes wore the same long-suffering expression. On her arm an old man leaned, the rough wind tossing his snow-white hair, and lifting the threadbare coat from his shrunken frame. Before them was a woman, poorly clad against the chill of the day, carrying in her arms a baby, which woke at intervals to cry low and piteously. In marked contrast to this picture of womanhood was the lady beside her, clad in deep mourning of the richest material. Further up was a scattering of well dressed young men, while the sombre hue of the line of pilgrims was brightened by many a gay Easter bonnet. Slowly they moved up the wooden stairs, slowly crossed the stretch of street that makes a terrace of the hill, and then began to mount the steeper and second flight approaching the small, gray-walled Church of the Immaculata, which tops the cliff where it rises almost precipitously from the banks of the river. When the last step was passed, with the others he crossed the flagged yard, and stood while they knelt before the tall black cross placed near the walls of the church. Lifting up his eyes, he saw on the transfix beam the consoling phrase, "Ruhe Deine Seele," and he stood looking on the words long after the others had departed.

"Rest thy soul!" he sighed, as he turned away, and "Rest thy soul!" he reflected as he sat in the box-like office of the Passionist Monastery, a few yards distant, awaiting the arrival of the Father to whom he had come for some information regarding the history of the hill-top and the origin of the devotion he had never until that day witnessed. Jasper Irving could never quite accustom himself to the interviewer's work. His high-strung nature revolted against an undertaking, the accomplishment of which depended solely on the good will of another, and the almost brutal frankness of asking questions was naturally repugnant to a man of his temperament. These unpleasantries, however, were obviated in the interview which followed with the good priest, who entertained him for half an hour with the history of the growth of the church on the hill, and on the very spot where ex-President Adams, invited hither to preside at the laying of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory, predicted that where the beacon light of Science had thus been lifted, Superstition, as represented by the Romish cross, should never rear its head. But the prophecy of the great statesman, who by such an expression of narrowness proved himself a little soul, was soon blown to naught when the solid walls of the cross-tipped Church of the Immaculata rose from the cliff directly opposite, and when, a little later, the old Observatory passed into the hands of the Passionist Fathers.

(To be continued.)

THE COISTA GANN KOUN.

A TALE OF THE "KINGDOM" OF KERRY.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon).

This tale has nothing to do with the banshee, neither has it to deal with the phooka, the enchanted horse of the mountains, or the "good people" that dwell in fairy *raths*. It is a fearsome and unholy thing to meet the banshee or the phooka in the deep glens, when black night hangs heavy on the drowsy fields; but more terrible is the fate of the belated traveler overtaken on his lonely way by the hollow-sounding *Coista-gann-koun*.

The Coista-gann-koun, or "coach-without-heads," is a terrible phantom, seen and heard only on the darkest and dreariest nights, rolling along the least frequented roads. Within it are the lately interred bodies of murderers and others whose crimes have been so great that their bodies are not permitted to rest, even in the grave, but are incessantly changed from churchyard to churchyard. And with this grisly horror my story has to do.

Meehul Dhu O'Gara was the noblest specimen of manhood it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He stood six feet four to an inch, and his limbs were rounded and strong as the flawless mountain ash—like Phaudrigh of the poet:

O Phaudrigh Crohore was the broth of a boy,
An' he stood six feet eight;
An' his arm was as thick as another man's thigh—
It's Phaudrigh was great!"

His face was a pleasure to look upon—so comely, yet devoid of all weakness, changeful as his native hills and skies, now tender and soft, now stern and fierce, like high Mangerton when a thundercloud lowers on its crest.

His hair was black and glossy like the raven's breast, and that was why he was called *Meehul Dhu*—"Dark Michael" O'Gara.

Meehul Dhu hadn't a soul belonging to him except his younger brother Connor, and they held at lease a farm on the hillside, which they managed with great skill and industry. Connor was slight and fair, and the people, who all speak Irish in these parts, called him Connor *Buidhe*—"yellow Connor" O'Gara, for his hair was like the furze blossom when summer's heat strikes the hills into gold.

It was known to all that Meehul Dhu loved Connor with a love to which there were no bounds, and the people yet talked of a scene that occurred the day the great hurling match came off between the men of the two counties at Ballyellis Bridge. The O'Gara brothers were amongst the chosen champions that upheld the glory of Kerry, and when the contest was at its fiercest Connor Buidhe was thrown with such malicious violence by one of the Clare men as to be stunned for some moments. Meehul Dhu plainly thought him killed, and rushing upon the unfortunate aggressor, lifted him bodily in his powerful arms, and literally hurled him against the ground, where he lay unconscious, bleeding from the nose and ears.

You could have heard a pin drop for the stillness in that big crowd, when he who had never before been known to use aught but gentle words swore in a voice choked with passion that the next man who harmed Con-

nor he would rend limb from limb and crush him as he would a worm. Then Meehul carried his brother off the field, and the great hurling match came to an abrupt finish.

The hillside farm which the two brothers tilled was so improved by their incessant care that it was a pleasure to the eyes to look on it, and on account of their respectability and many estimable qualities—not the least being their renown as great athletes—they were looked up to and loved by all the neighboring people.

But there is an exception to every rule, and every one knew that the "dark" Mocklers of Kilmacoliver were no well-wishers of the O'Garas. There were some even that went so far as to say that the Mocklers would be glad to see the shamrocks growing over young Connor's head, all because old Peter Gahan, the wealthy owner of the Beech farm, who hadn't chick or child of his own, had been heard to declare one day in his cups that young Connor O'Gara was the only one of his relations he had any regard for, and when his—Peter Gahan's—will came to be drawn up he intended letting this be known to all whom it might concern. "But the black fellow," he added, alluding to Meehul, "will never cross himself with a half-crown of mine." Strange to say, he hated the elder brother as cordially as he liked the younger—ever since one day when Peter wanted to fight half a dozen Clare men by himself, and Meehul, to save him from getting killed, had to sling him on his shoulders and carry him "holus bolus" home—the old man kicking all the way. He never forgave this insult to his dignity.

Now, being themselves as nearly connected with the owner of the Beech farm as were the O'Garas, the Mockler brothers, especially Red Shaun, never after this missed an occasion of showing their hatred of Connor Buidhe, openly accusing him of trying to influence the old man and circumvent themselves. Doubtless they would long ago have used violence against him, but for fear of the strong hand of his redoubtable elder brother. Red Shaun had been often heard giving utterance to terrible threats, and it was a well-known fact that he bore the worst character of any man in the county. He was a man of herculean strength and build, and his whole person had something forbidding and sinister in its appearance. Two or three travelers had been found murdered and robbed in the hills, and though the guilt was brought home to nobody, rumor had it that Red Shaun could tell more about their fate than any other person. But no man was found bold enough to even hint such a thing in the presence of Red Shaun, and these whisperings only made him the more feared and shunned by his neighbors.

The night of the last fair of Ballyellis will long be remembered among the hills of Kerry, for on that night occurred the "great storm," the most terrific ever known in these parts within the memory of the oldest. The wind had been boisterous all day, but towards evening the sky grew black with sudden eclipse, the lightning blazed luridly among the hills, flinging out to view now one wild, misty peak, now another, and rain fell, swelling the streams till they became mighty torrents, bellowing amid the cliffs.

Meehul Dhu and Connor O'Gara had been to the fair that day, and disposed very advantageously of their stock. Friends in the town tried to prevail on them to rest there over night, but the home affection of the brothers was proof against these entreaties, and they set out in the teeth of the storm. After all, they were mountaineers; battling the gales was no new experience to them. And so they made their way home slowly and

steadily against the blast, with never a word, except when Meehul's powerful voice fitfully broke out in the sweet, sorrowful measure of the *"Pastheen Fionn."* About half-way, at a turn of the road, where a high stone wall gave them partial shelter, they stopped, and here Meehul Dhu spoke for the first time. A cottage was close by, and a light in the window gleamed invitingly.

"Connor Buidhe," said Meehul, in the Gaelic tongue, "I will go in and put fire in the pipe for the long road stretching before us."

"Go, Meehul," replied Connor Buidhe. "I will be waiting here for you."

Meehul hesitated. "Come with me, Connor," he said. "Why should you stay alone in all this blackness that is upon us?"

But Connor shook his head, saying, "I will wait here."

The elder brother entered the cottage. It happened that it was old Seamus Brien and his wife Nancy who owned the cottage. They had been servants of the O'Gara family long years past, and so at Meehul's salutation of "God and Mary with ye this night," they jumped up in high delight, and gave him a hearty *Cead mille failthe.*

"It's a heavy night you're traveling, to be sure,—the Lord between us and all harm," said old Seamus, and Nancy ran to get a chair for the visitor, wiping the dust off with her apron before she asked him to sit down.

But Meehul Dhu declined to sit, and bending over the fire he put a spark of the *grisagh* (live coals) into his pipe. Now, while he was doing this, there came a strange lull in the storm outside, and a heavy, hollow, unearthly sound was heard passing and dying in the distance. Seamus Brien and Nancy started violently and made the Holy Sign on their foreheads.

"The Cross of Christ about us," said Seamus, "'tis the Coista-gann-koun."

Meehul Dhu put his pipe in his pocket and hurriedly turned to go out. But the old man held him back.

"Mother of God, Meehul O'Gara, if you value your body and soul don't go out from our door to-night with those frightful things abroad."

But O'Gara shook him off, and there was a harsh and unnatural ring in his voice.

"Dhar dhia," he burst out, "don't stop me. Connor Buidhe is abroad," and he went out into the night.

A double darkness struck the eyes of Meehul Dhu as he strained them for a glimpse of his brother's form. He could not see Connor near the old wall where he had left him, and thought it was the firelight still in his eyes that hindered his vision, but as he strode up and down a terrible fear came creeping into the very marrow of his bones. He raised his strong voice in a cry, and it rang through the din of the tempest: "Connor Buidhe, Connor, *ma vrahar*; Connor, my brother!" But the wind howled amain, and no brother answered his cry. The heart grew heavy and sick within the breast of Meehul Dhu. His lips moved in a half-formed prayer, "Holy Mary, Mother of God." Turning, he re-entered the cottage.

Seamus Brien and Nancy were standing in the middle of the floor, the wide look of fear in their eyes. "My brother," said Meehul Dhu, "he is not there." His eyes had the look of a dumb animal in mortal fear and pain. Seamus Brien took hold of one of his hands, but said never a word. Nancy, his wife, knelt down on the floor and began saying her beads, and between whiles they heard her mutter, tremulously, "the *coista-gann-koun.*" But soon the vague terror left the eyes of Meehul Dhu. His face set hard

and strong as one of the granite boulders of Sliav-Aiken.

"God of mercy, you wouldn't follow *it*," gasped Seamus Brian, rightly interpreting that look. But Meehul Dhu was already casting off his coat and shoes, and Nancy, arising, took some holy water and sprinkled it over him, saying, "We cannot keep him; it is God's holy will."

With a bound Meehul Dhu was out into the darkness on his terrible quest. As a swift and powerful runner there wasn't a man to compare with him in all the four provinces, and to-night a terrible race indeed was before him—not with a creature of flesh and blood, but, as he thought, with the terrible Coista-gann-koun, whose very name had often before made him tremble. But the thought of Connor, his brother, in the power of that fearful thing was as surging fever in his veins to urge him ahead. Swiftly and strongly along the dark mountain road he sped, his eyes straining ahead through the blackness. Great cliffs towered on either side, adding to the gloom, and jagged pieces of rock, dislodged by the heavy rains, cut and bruised his flying feet.

Onward he rushed as one that felt them not. He was thinking of Connor borne away to a terrible fate by that monstrous and formless thing, and as he ran he prayed to God that he might know what to do in the supreme moment of trial, that his heart might not fail, but that he might have courage to bear his brother from the very jaws of hell if need should be. Courage and trust in God he knew were what he most needed, lest the chill of fear should unman him.

Meanwhile, he ran as man never ran before. A thousand threatening voices seemed to scream in his ears; his face was whipped and cut as if invisible demons were lashing him, or was it but the low branches of the overhanging trees striking him in his swift course? The blood from his torn face and the rain, entering his mouth and nostrils, more than once checking his breath, threatened to smother him, but his great strength and enduring powers stood him in good stead. He knew that beyond the next winding the road ran for a couple of miles as straight as an arrow's flight, and here he hoped to come upon the object of his search. At the end of this stretch of road was the old churchyard of Ballytarsney, shunned by all when night shadows closed over it. He must overtake the phantom before it arrived there. The thought sent a new fire burning in his veins. At last, and to him it seemed an age, he gained the turn of the road. But the storm, now unobstructed, rushed fiercely against him, and this was the supreme trial of his strength. Near at hand he heard the river raging madly on its swift course down into the deep valley. And now Meehul Dhu had left behind him about half of the straight stretch of road, when suddenly his heart leaped in his bosom, and then seemed to stand still! The blood rushed to his temples, and he swayed drunkenly on his course. His eyes had momentarily distinguished a great black shape looming just ahead. It was the fearful *coista-gann-koun* at last! Now, there was never yet alive a braver man than Meehul Dhu O'Gara. But supernatural terrors will overwhelm the staunchest of mortal hearts. All the terrible tales he had heard since childhood about this awful spectre crowded now into his imagination, and the wild, desolate surroundings exaggerated them a hundred-fold, till his strong purpose was on the point of faltering. But he had prayed to Heaven for aid in this moment of trial, and his prayer had not been made in vain. Again the thought of his brother's peril came to his mind, and on the instant all unmanly hesitation was forever ban-

ished.. On he sped, and now he was stronger and swifter than ever before. Gradually nearer and nearer he drew to the phantom, until he was running in its very shadow as it were. A few more giant strides brought him up to the black, moving thing, and at last Meehul Dhu, in a blind, uncertain way, put out his hand to touch it. As he did so, a sudden revulsion of feeling came upon him like an electric shock. Thank God! it was something solid and material like himself he touched, nothing shadowy or ghostly.

Supernatural terrors faded away on the instant, and other thoughts and fears came in their place. He peered ahead; four great horses were drawing the huge coach at their best speed, straining violently, as though it contained a heavy burden. He was surprised to hear no crunching of the wheels or pounding of the horses' hoofs, and on better view discovered that the hoofs of the horses and the tires of the wheels were heavily muffled to deaden the sound.

In an instant it all flashed on him. This was a diabolical plan of Red Shaun Mockler to get rid of Connor Buidhe, and at the same time escape all suspicion himself. It would be reported in awestruck whispers how young Connor had been snatched away the night of the storm by the *Coista-gann-koun*, and nobody could deny the story. A mad rage rose in the breast of O'Gara, but he calmed himself, for now he knew he had need of caution above all things. He knew not how many desperate ruffians were within the coach. They were already intent on a murder, and his life would be worth little should he fall into their hands. The driver had his head wraped up in some sort of disguise, doubtless to prevent anyone from seeing that he was not truly the headless driver of the phantom coach he was personating, and he was busy urging on the lagging horses, so he noticed naught of what passed behind the coach. Meehul bent low, passed the side window, and came alongside the unsuspecting man. A bound brought him up behind the horses. The disguise of the driver was torn from his head, the grasp of a giant was on his throat. The ruffian's face grew purple and black, his tongue stuck out, and soon his struggles ceased. If he should not die he would be sore enough when he recovered to make him forswear all midnight drives forevermore. O'Gara lowered the insensible body as gently as might be by the side of the coach, and dropped it on the ground. Meanwhile, the horses had continued their course, and the fact that there was no front window in the coach, as well as the darkness of the night, had prevented his movement from being observed by the occupants. He then flung the disguise of the driver about his own head, and took the reins in his hands. The laboring horses sped on, and he had leisure to think. He knew his brother was in the coach, with a guard of desperate ruffians bent on his murder. What if they had already made away with Connor. The thought sickened him, but he nerved himself to bide his time and hope for the best. And now they left the wide level road, the way became narrower, and bending trees increased the blackness of the night. On emerging from this shade into partial light he saw they were nearing the old churchyard, so dreaded by nightly travelers. The coach was already passing it, when a window was let down, and a rough voice said, "Stop! This is the place."

Meehul Dhu pulled on the reins, and the horses came to a stand. Four men got out of the coach, and amongst them he distinguished the burly form of Red Shaun. They took with them spades and shovels, and entered immediately the old churchyard. O'Gara's blood ran cold, and then

rage took possession of him. The ruffians plainly intended to bury his brother, and doubtless to bury him alive! With God's help, that would never be! The covering on his face and shoulders he knew completely disguised him from the conspirators. Three other men had got out and stood at one side of the coach, awaiting the return of their accomplices. One of them said, in a grumbling tone, that "he had given them a nasty drive," and Meehul muttered something unintelligible in reply. Then he slipped to the other side of the coach and noiselessly opened the door. Connor Buidhe lay inside, bound hand and foot, his mouth gagged. With a pocket knife Meehul cut the cords, whispering as he did so, "It is I—Meehul; be ready to run for life." The men on the other side of the coach had now evidently begun to be suspicious. One of them came peering into the coach. The clenched fist of Meehul Dhu struck his face like a sledge hammer, and the man fell in his tracks. A leap from the coach, another blow, and one more ruffian was biting the ground. The third fled, shouting to his friends in the graveyard. Meehul Dhu caught Connor by the hand. "Run now for your life," he said; for already he heard the cries of Red Shaun and his companions, and knew that without doubt they were all well armed; besides, Connor was still weak from the rough usage he had received and his awful ordeal in the coach. Meehul, therefore, saw their only chance of safety lay in flight. A short distance ahead was a stone bridge, through which the swollen river rushed with great impetuosity. Towards this bridge they ran. But Connor's strength was failing, and the pursuers gained at every step.

"We must take to the river," said Meehul; "'tis our only chance."

Now, I have heard it said that Kerry never saw a bolder or stronger swimmer than Meehul O'Gara. When Brian Gilmartin's hooker went down miles and miles off Beare Head, the only man to reach shore alive was Meehul, and he had to swim from dawn to dark to do it.

The two brothers plunged into the river, and the mad torrent swept them swiftly away. With all his skill and strength Meehul found it no easy task to support the weaker Connor, and at the same time avoid the rocks and whirlpools. Looking back once, he saw that of all their pursuers only Red Shaun had the courage to plunge in and follow. For at least a mile the torrent swept them down, till at last, by a desperate effort, Meehul Dhu freed himself from the current's clutch, and, grasping an overhanging bough, dragged the almost insensible Connor to land.

Another moment and they saw Red Shaun Mockler sweeping down towards them. As he saw them he gave a shout of defiance, and struggled to gain the point where the brothers had landed. But, with a great cry of rage, Meehul Dhu sprang in to meet him. They encountered in midstream, and clutching each other in a mad embrace, immediately sank. Some distance ahead they came to the surface again, struggling fearfully. Connor saw Meehul strike his enemy a terrible blow on the face, and then they were lost to his view.

Connor Buidhe waited a long time there by the river side. He was bruised and stunned, and scarcely knew what had happened. He wondered vaguely if it were not all a fearsome dream, or had his noble brother really delivered him that night from fiends in human shape, only to be swallowed up himself and drowned in the angry waters. Would he ever see his brother alive again, or only his poor drowned body far away on the river banks. Gradually the smarting

of his bruises brought him to his full senses. Rising painfully, he dragged himself along the bank in the direction of the sweeping waters. He called as loud as he could his brother's name, and fancied he heard an answering shout in the distance; but it might have been only one of the thousand voices of the torrent. Eagerly and anxiously he looked ahead, and then his heart swelled with an overpowering joy. He saw the tall form of Meehul Dhu approaching. The brothers met without a word. They only caught each other's hands, and looked long into each other's eyes.

The face of Meehul Dhu was haggard and pale as death, but his voice had the ring of true love triumphant in it when at last he spoke: "Connor *buidhe, astoir*," said he, "God is good; we will be going home."

And hand in hand the brothers went home through the night!

Two days afterwards the people found the body of Red Shaun Mockler, many miles away from the scene of his last fight. It was swollen and distorted—a fearful thing to see, and they crossed themselves, saying that "luck or grace never came of playing at the game of the black angel."

The night he was buried the *coista-gann-koun* was heard by no less than five reliable persons, and it rolled towards the haunted churchyard of Ballytarsna.

Of course, every one knew that it was no mock phantom this time, but the Headless Coach beyond question.

THE BROOK SONG.

BY W. TYLER OLCOTT.

Through a meadow of green and waving grass,
Where laughing lasses the light rakes ply,
There trips a brook from a deep glade springing,
With sweet voice singing a lullaby.

And this song of slumber goes softly stealing
A drowsy feeling that floats away,
To steep the eyes of the weary reaper,
The tired scythe-sweeper, at noon of day.

In the shadow of some huge hay-stack yellow,
An idle fellow, I love to lie,
And let my fancy go idly playing,
With fleece-clouds straying, 'cross azure sky.

Then borne on the wings of the brook-song, tender,
On wings as slender as butterflies',
I seem to float in the dream-land regions,
'Mid countless legions of smiles and sighs.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE AND PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

The writer was visiting Great Britain when the Congress of the United States declared war against Spain on behalf of the oppressed people of Cuba. The general attitude of the British press toward the belligerents at that time was neutral; but many papers predicted, with apparent satisfaction, that the Spanish fleets would be very likely to pulverize the American navy in short order, and would probaby collect tribute from our Atlantic sea-board cities at the muzzles of their guns. In a little while, however, after it was seen that the whole American people were stripping for the fight, with almost as much unanimity as they exhibited in the Venezuelan dispute with England, a change of sentiment became apparent. The British press, with few exceptions, patted the American people on the back—so to speak—declaring that, Anglo-Saxons as they were, they were sure to win, and that they had the best wishes and unbounded sympathy of the mother Anglo-Saxon country.

Simultaneously with this sudden outburst of warm sympathy, most of the Berlin, Vienna, Paris and St. Petersburg correspondents of the London press discovered that the great powers of Europe were secretly plotting to form a European combination for the purpose of interfering in the war on the side of Spain. Incidentally, they telegraphed extracts from the newspapers of the respective countries which savored of hostility to the United States, and indicated that England's adhesion was the one thing required to make the coalition complete and formidable. The inference to be drawn was of course quite clear—if England joined the plotters who had been exposed by the shrewd British newspaper men, the United States would have a hard road to travel.

At this juncture Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of the Tory government stepped to the front as the exponent of the British view of the situation. He declared that his country would remain perfectly neutral under existing circumstances, and would not join any anti-American coalition, and that his sympathy and that of the British people were entirely with the Americans. Not only to that length was he prepared to go, but he proposed an alliance should be entered into between Great Britain and the United States. Americans hailed his proposition with great applause, according to the reports published in the London press at the time; the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" had become a secondary matter to Americans, compared with "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen." Such were the reports carefully and advisedly cabled to Europe. Mr. Chamberlain became intoxicated with the meretricious response to his proposal for an Anglo-American alliance. The American Tories who opposed the war for Cuba had joined him in singing "Rule Britannia," and he mistook their voice—probably a case of self-delusion—for that of the masses of the American people. The Irish Nationalist members of Parliament told him he was laboring under a delusion; that the United States would make no alliance with Great Britain while a per-

The McKinley Homestead at Conagher, Dervock, Antrim.

petual coercion act was suspended over Ireland; while Home Rule was denied; while Britain plundered Ireland of at least $12,500,000 yearly, according to the report of the royal commission appointed by Mr. Gladstone to inquire into the financial relations between the two countries.

They told him, or, rather, they told the people of England, that the intervention of the United States in Cuba was for the specific object of securing to the Cubans Home Rule, and putting an end forever to Spanish outrages in that island, and that it was grotesquely absurd to expect any alliance between such a chivalrous and humanitarian nation and Great Britain. "Ireland blocks the way," they said. "The Irish in America are on guard."

Mr. Chamberlain, who hates the Irish as intensely as they hate him, assailed the Irish members with a vituperation in which he is an adept, declaring that their opposition and the opposition of those whom they assumed to represent would only serve to strengthen and hasten the grand solidity of the Anglo-Saxon race, which had been destined to rule the civilized world. Thus the matter stood; thus it stands at the present moment; the alliance has not been formed, and it is not likely to be for some generations to come, at least.

Let me observe here that if any alliance were at all practicable under present conditions, either a formal alliance by treaty or even what might be termed a healthy mutual understanding, amounting to national friendship, Mr. Chamberlain was the very worst and weakest man to propose it on behalf of Great Britain. He heavily handicapped the matter with his record of bitterness and partisanship since he broke with Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule bill in 1886. He was practically omnipotent as a colleague of Mr. Gladstone; he has been impotent since his secession. An able but wretched partisan, distrusted by the Tories, despised by the Liberals, and hated by the Irish Nationalists, he can bring no strength, but rather weakness, to any cause, which requires the broad, comprehensive grasp of the statesman.

While he was attacking the Irish members and challenging the antagonism of the Irish race in America to his alliance business, nine out of every ten of the Irish in Ireland were engaged in making preparation to celebrate the centenary of the rebellion of 1798, and the race in America, mindful of the same event, were pressing their services by tens of thousands upon President McKinley to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. The Irish throughout the world were recalling to mind the blood shed and the innumerable outrages to which their ancestors were subjected by the British government a hundred years ago, outrages so deep and infamous that those perpetrated under Spanish rule in Cuba were mild and trivial by way of comparison. Mr. Chamberlain's challenge was more far-reaching than he probably intended. It may be he was not aware that President McKinley himself is descended from an Irish family which rendered good service to the Irish cause, and one member of which, at least, sealed his devotion to it with his blood in 1798. But so it is.

Let us glance briefly at the progenitors of President McKinley and their entrance into Ireland. When James I., who was a Scotchman (son of Mary Stuart) ascended the throne of England (1603), he declared by royal proclamation that the people of six counties in the province of Ulster were rebels to his authority, and their lands were confiscated. These lands he parceled out among his Scotch favorites and their Scotch followers for various considerations. In the new settlement of these counties, it was specifically stipulated in the letters patent of the King which conveyed the title that no part of the land so conveyed should be sold, assigned or

THE MCKINLEY ESTATE.

transferred in any way, or farmed on lease, except to Protestants and by Protestants only. What the King had robbed the rightful owners of should be consistently retained for all time in pious Protestant hands. At this time, and under these conditions, the ancestors of President McKinley entered Ireland, settling down to the cultivation of a farm on an estate a short distance from Coleraine, in the county of Antrim.

During the confusion of 1641 and the Cromwellian period the family suffered annoyance and privation, but managed to keep hold of the farm. After the revolution which placed William III. on the throne, the McKinleys, who were Presbyterian in religion, suffered at the hands of the Ascendancy party—the state church party; but only in a trivial degree as compared with the Catholics, who were not even legally tolerated as subjects. The growing of wool and its manufacture into cloth were two of the most important industries in Ireland toward the close of the seventeenth century, and in these occupations the McKinley family was chiefly engaged. The business, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country up to 1690 and for some years afterwards, was flourishing; the home market was not only supplied with home manufactured cloth of Irish wool, but in foreign markets, as France, Spain and the Netherlands, the Irish woollen manufacturers were able to undersell the English. The Irish controlled the home market to begin with, and then they reached out after the foreign market. President McKinley's protective tariff ideas and his view in reference to the home market are probably a share of the hereditary equipment coming down from his ancestors.

But the Irish engaged in the woollen business, in the raising of sheep, or the manufacture of cloth, although they were to a man Protestant—that is, Episcopalian and Presbyterian—were not to be permitted to compete with England in open market. The Protestant Irishman had liberty to place both feet on the Catholic's neck in those dark days, a liberty which he exercised without limit, as the Catholic Penal Code abundantly testifies; but he must not presume to consider himself on an equality with a Protestant Englishman in reference to any industrial enterprise or undertaking.

Hence, the English Parliament, in 1699, made a law which prohibited all export of Irish woollen cloth to any country except to England and Wales; but already it had prohibitive duties which prevented the export of such cloth to these two countries. The passage of this law meant two things. It absolutely closed the foreign market to Irish woollen cloth, and it obliged the Irish wool raiser to send his wool to England to be manufactured; but even this was hampered by a provision that all Irish wool must enter England only through the port of Barnstable. In like manner the Irish linen business and all other industries which came into competition with similar ones in England were wiped out. The Irish Parliament, which the state church Protestants worked, had no power except a permissive one granted by England. It was therefore worked solely to rob the Catholics of any little property that might have escaped confiscation, and to trample out every vestige of manhood among them.

By this means the industries of the Irish Protestants were destroyed. They were taught the bitter lesson that they were only Irishmen after all. As John Philpot Curran, addressing an assemblage of Irish Protestants three quarters of a century after the time of which I have been speaking, said: "Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their (Catholic) fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the

The Burial Place of the McKinleys, at Conagher.

punishment of their vice and of their folly." As a consequence of the destruction of the industries, misery and destitution prevailed. The trampled Catholics fled, chiefly to the continent of Europe, but quite a number sought refuge in the American colonies, where their children were heard from in the Revolution. But most of the Irish Presbyterians fled to the colonies, settling in large numbers in Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas and New Hampshire.

In one year (1728) according to Primate Boulter of the State Church, who was an ingrained bigot, 3,100 Protestants emigrated to America from the province of Ulster alone. They brought with them bitterness and hatred to the power which drove them from their homes. They sowed both in the minds of their children, and the harvest was gathered wherever the men of the Pennsylvania line or of the New Hampshire levies or the Virginia riflemen met Briton or Hessian, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. James and William McKinley left the old home in Antrim with this exodus, which continued up to the time of the Revolution. James McKinley was the father of David McKinley, who fought the British as a matter of course in 1776-7-8. This David, who was born in York County, Pennsylvania, May 16, 1755, was the great-grandfather of President McKinley. Among many other children, David had a son, James, born Sept. 19, 1783, who was the President's grandfather, James being the father of William McKinley, senior, who was the President's father.

David, the great-grandfather, with some of his descendants, removed from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1814, where he died August 8, 1840. William McKinley, Sr., was born in Pennsylvania, November 15, 1807. The President was born in Ohio, January 29, 1843.

But the old home of the McKinleys in Antrim was not deserted. The Irish peasant holds on to his natal rooftree with a tenacity unparalleled among the races. The McKinleys were no exception to the rule; they have held on to theirs up to a comparatively recent period. Let us glance at the old Irish home of the forefathers of the President. We can reach it by train on the Belfast and Northern Counties R. R. We get off the train at the little village of Dervock, which can boast of a population of nearly three hundred souls, and then a short walk or ride by jaunting car will bring us to the district or township of Conagher, where stands at the present hour, in a state of good preservation, the old homestead of the family. It is simply a quiet country place, with picturesque surroundings.

Conagher is close to the western boundary of County Antrim, where it is washed by the tidal water of the estuary of the river Foyle. Nearly directly opposite, across the mouth of the river, the town of Moville is discernible in the sunlight, the stopping place for the Anchor and Allan line steamships plying between Glasgow and North American ports. Up the river, about twelve miles away, the beautiful city of Derry stands, with its streets rising in terraces one above the other to the summit of the hill, proud of its ancient walls which the 'prentice boys manned successfully against James II. over two hundred years ago. As the crow flies, Conagher is about twenty-five miles from Belfast, and by rail from Dublin about one hundred and sixty miles. The McKinley farm-house is a substantial and fairly comfortable structure of one story, with thatched roof, superior to the average occupied by Irish tenant farmers.

Now, after an examination of the house and its surroundings, we will drive over in the jaunting car to the charming country town of Coleraine, a few miles away, famed in song for some damsel called "Kitty," who broke a pitcher in the neighborhood,

Illustrations from
"The Sketch," London.

THE PLACE AT COLERAINE WHERE MCKINLEY AND OTHER REBELS WERE HANGED.

which remarkable event has been preserved by the poet in the song beginning:

"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
Miss Kitty she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain."

Coleraine has a population of nearly seven thousand people. In the main square of the town, which is represented in the accompanying picture, a gallows was erected by the British authorities in 1798, upon which many of the Irish Nationalists of that time and vicinity suffered death. Among these was Francis McKinley of Conagher, Dervock, the most promising representative of the family in Ireland. He was an active member of the United Irishmen's Society, whose purpose it was to sever the connection between Ireland and Great Britain, by force of arms if necessary, and to establish a free and independent government on Irish soil. On this square he was strangled to death because he was a United Irishman—an Irish rebel to British rule.

Some flabby headed writers in the United States have discovered a singular race in Ireland, which they designate by the term Scotch-Irish, a term which is practically unheard of in Ireland, even in Ulster. Some of the political campaign literature issued prior to the presidential election in 1896 grandiloquently portrayed President McKinley as one of this unique race. The McKinleys in Ireland do not thus describe themselves. Francis, who suffered death one hundred years ago on this square of Coleraine, and other members of his family, were proud of the appellation United Irishmen, without any admixture.

After the execution, the remains of Francis were secured by his friends, and buried in the ancient graveyard of Derrykeighan, where a plain stone tells the story of how he laid down his life for his country. During the centenary celebrations of '98 in Ireland the grave of Francis McKinley, close by the ruins of the old church in Derrykeighan graveyard, was not forgotten, and it was also remembered with pride by the simple country folk in the mother country, that one of the Conagher family occupied the most exalted position on earth—the presidency of the United States.

An era of peace and amity between the civilized nations is very likely to be brought about by the diffusion of education and the inculcation of charity, forbearance and good will. But Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is not the sort of missionary who is calculated to hasten the coming of that day. The great, dead "Grand Old Man," Gladstone, with his gigantic, moral nature, could have done so. But Joseph Chamberlain — ugh! His alliance proposal was still-born, notwithstanding the efforts of Tories on both sides of the Atlantic to give it a semblance of life.

DRIFTWOOD.

PROCESSION CONVEYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WOLFE TONE STATUE.

THE WOLFE TONE MEMORIAL.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

On the 15th of August of this year the first corner-stone of the national monument to perpetuate the name and fame of Theobald Wolfe Tone was laid in the capital city of Ireland. A vast multitude of the Irish race was present, including representatives from many foreign lands. The people stood with bowed and uncovered heads while that stone was adjusted on the place designed for it. They performed an act of love, reverence and homage to the memory of the man who typified in the most exalted sense the genius of their nation in its long and bloody struggle against desperate odds.

The man whose memory was thus honored by the Irish nation on the 15th of August died in a felon's prison cell, one hundred years ago, within rifle shot distance of the place where his monument will stand in the city of his birth. His struggle was a failure, stamped out in rivers of blood. Two generations have passed away since then, success has not yet been achieved, but the national struggle has continued under various forms. The true meaning, therefore, the inner significance, of the monument to Tone, is this: it is symbolic of the contest that must continue until the aspirations of the Irish people are satisfied. It is not only a memorial to the dead, but a sign of the resolution of the living. Tone was selected from among the many prominent '98 leaders as the one who best represented by his personal character and his life

work that union among all Irishmen, regardless of creed, which is essential, not only to success, but to the highest development in national achievement.

He was born in the darkest time of his country's dismal history. Molyneaux, Swift, Lucas—all the chroniclers of the eighteenth century—attest the fact. The Catholics of Ireland were trampled in the dust, and the Presbyterians barely tolerated by the handful of State Church Protestants who ruled and robbed the island with England's permission. Of the wretched condition of the people at that time Mr. Goldwin Smith says:

"The mass of the people were socially and economically in a state the most deplorable, perhaps, which history records as having existed in any civilized nation. * * * The Irish gentry were probably the very worst upper class with which a country was ever afflicted. Their habits grew beyond measure brutal and reckless. Their drunkenness, their blasphemy, their ferocious duelling, left the squires of England far behind. * * * Over the Roman Catholic poor on their estaes these 'vermin of the kingdom,' as Arthur Young calls them, exercised a tyranny, compared with which the arbitrary rule of the old chiefs over their clans was probably a parental authority, used with beneficence and justly repaid by gratitude and affection."

Such was the condition of the people when Tone was born. As he grew to manhood, his young mind revolted against the travesty of government which fostered and maintained such conditions. Fired with enthusiasm by the oratory of Grattan, Flood, Plunket and their colleagues of the national minority in the Irish House of Commons, he resolved to devote his whole energy, and life itself if necessary, to the removal of the grievances which his country suffered. His

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

LORD MAYOR DANIEL TALLON.
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, COMMEMORATION OF '98, DUBLIN.

first step was to join the Society of United Irishmen, which represented the democratic idea of the age. Engendered by the American Revolution, inspired by the first great efforts of the French Revolution, the democratic idea developed in the midst of an enthusiasm of which our calmer time can form but little conception.

Tone, who was a Protestant, had demonstrated as early as 1791 that reform was hopeless if the sympathies of the mass of the people were not engaged in pressing for a repeal of the Catholic Penal Code —a question which was soon afterwards taken up by prominent Ulster Presbyterians, liberal Protestants and such public spirited Catholics as remained in Ireland. In consequence, a United Irish Society was formed first in Belfast, and another in Dublin. Persons of every form of religious belief were admitted to membership, who pledged themselves to labor to secure a community of rights and a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of all religious persuasions.

The greatest grievance, as set forth by the United Irishmen from the very start, was that they had no national government, but were ruled by

aliens and their servants, through corruption. The chief object with which they set out was to effect a radical reform of the Irish legislature by constitutional methods, on the basis of civil and religious liberty. They worked upon these lines for some years, until the authorities attacked the society, proclaimed it as illegal, and arrested and prosecuted some of its members. Then it was obliged perforce to become a secret society on a military footing, and developed along more radical lines.

Coincident with this purely political move the Catholics bestirred themselves for a redress of their grievances as Catholics, and a Catholic committee was appointed to formulate their desires. They published a digest of the Penal laws in plain, simple language, which was circulated extensively among their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and elected Wolfe Tone as secretary. They held a convention in Dublin, at which they asked for a complete repeal of the obnoxious laws; adopted an address to the King in London, containing their wishes, and appointed delegates to lay it before the King.

Tone, as secretary, accompanied the delegation to London. Instead of proceeding thither direct, they went by the way of Belfast, at Tone's suggestion. The northern capital in those days was a great centre of liberal national sentiment. There the volunteers who stood behind Grattan in 1782 had their biggest battalions; there the first branch of the United Irish Society took root. When the Catholic embassy, guided by its Protestant secretary, reached the city, a marvelous occurrence took place—marvelous, indeed, contrasted with that city's later history. The Catholic delegates were publicly welcomed by the principal Protestant inhabitants, while crowds cheered them along the streets, and at their departure the Protestant populace took the horses from their carriages and drew them through the city, amid the greatest enthusiasm. The Catholics responded with deep delight, and pledged themselves and their constituents to maintain the fraternal union which was the strength, honor and glory of Ireland. The seed that Tone and his co-laborers had sown already gave promise of an abundant harvest; the principles of the United Irishmen had taken root, and were flourishing. Alas, the simoon blast was then being prepared by Pitt and Castlereagh to scorch and shrivel harvest and root. But the end is not yet.

The history of the United Irishmen is the history of the Irish nation at the close of the last century, on the broad lines of true nationhood—not Catholic, nor Protestant, but both together in equality of rights and community of interest. The central figure in that history is Theobald Wolfe Tone. He was one of the principal organizers of the movement; his was the genius which secured the organizing of three expeditions by the French Directory to aid his country's cause. His autobiography, not written for the eye of the world, but fortunately preserved for it, is a model of literary genius and advanced patriotism.

Tone was the great apostle of union among Irishmen. All the energy of his powerful mind was directed to that object. England had carefully and persistently fostered religious discord among the people. "Divide and conquer" has been the sum total of her statecraft in Ireland. No matter how the division was accomplished, no matter what heart-burnings, outrage and bloodshed flowed from it, consequences were not considered as long as the end was attained. So it was in the time of Charles I. His lord deputy in Ireland, Strafford, lauded the benefits to be derived from "emulations fomented underhand" between

Catholics and Protestants. Just a century later Primate Boulter, one of the Irish garrison rulers, lamented that a certain occurrence which had taken place "unites Protestants and Papists, and if that reconciliation takes place, farewell to English influence in Ireland."

In Tone's time, on the 12th of December, 1792, Westmoreland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, writing to Dundas, is deeply grieved over the extension of a spirit of conciliation towards Catholics on the part of Irish Protestants, but hoped they might be aroused by "a big word from England of her determination to support the Protestant establishment." Instances of similar import might be multiplied almost without limit. In our own day we have seen members of the Queen's Privy Council arousing the Orangemen of Belfast to oppose Home Rule by inflammatory appeals to religious passions, and Lord Randolph Churchill inciting them to resist it, even by force of arms.

To combat Ireland's unscrupulous enemy by a united people was Tone's purpose. And although he failed, his effort was not all failure. True, the United Irish Society which led the rebellion of 1798 was crushed, but the lesson it taught remains. Of the leading members of that society forty-nine were Protestants of the Established Church, forty-five were Presbyterians, and forty-two Catholics. Of these leaders, over ten per cent. of the Protestants were executed, over eleven per cent. of the Presbyterians, and over twenty-eight per cent. of the Catholics. Thirteen Presbyterian ministers were accused of complicity in the rebellion, of whom three were executed, and of the fourteen priests accused six were executed.

Since then, every national effort has combined in a measure Protestants and Catholics, despite governmental labors to keep them apart. Gladstone alone, among all English statesmen, in his later days recognized this fact with approval. Hence the Home Rule bill. The work of Tone has produced, and will continue to produce, good fruit. The enormous procession through the streets of Dublin, the host of men and women standing reverently around the spot in Stephens Green where his monument will be erected, shows that the soul of Wolfe Tone is marching on.

BURNS.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

Drip, drip, from gray-black eaves
The globes of raindrops fall;
Caw! caw! the swart rooks call,
And wing across bleak, fallow ways.
The wind whirls dun autumnal leaves
Athwart the sad, grim days.

Sleep, sleep, while Ayr runs by,
And harebells gleam with dew.
The little mouse creeps down to you,
The violets nestle on your breast;
And the braes of Doon hum drowsily
A lullaby of rest.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF ROME BY THE PIEDMONTESE, IN 1870.

BY REV. BENJ. J. KEILEY, V.G.

Twenty-eight years have elapsed since the forcible occupation of Rome by the army of Victor Emmanuel, under the command of Generals Cadoma and Bixio.

Recently one of these generals has died, and he has since stood before a Judge whose decisions are not swayed by "exigency" or the "legitimate aspirations of the nation." Too little is said, too little thought, of the far-reaching and entirely deplorable results of the act of September 20th, 1870. It was an unmixed evil, if such things be in this world. No other judgment may be passed thereon by right-thinking men who believe in honesty and the sanctity of plighted faith.

History, it is well said, but repeats itself, and the men who bared their breasts and made their bodies a living wall against the rising tide of barbarian invasion, and the men who, with deathless devotion and quenchless faith, followed their gallant leaders in the rescue of ground hallowed by the sacred footprints of our Lord, had eager rivals in the gallant few who at Mentana and Castelfidardo and Porta Pia sought in vain to stem the tide of Piedmontese invasion of the territory of the most virtuous as well as the most august of European sovereigns, Pius IX.

One of the many deplorable results of the so-called Reformation was the practical acceptance by the world of two maxims, and their almost universal application to questions of public policy: "Might makes right," "The end justifies the means." Consequently there is thought to be a vast difference between the ruffian who attacks and robs the chance passerby, and the king who, with armed men, and under the plea of satisfying "national aspirations" or yielding to public exigencies, invades the territory of a weak neighbor, overthrows his armies and annexes his lands. The first, branded as an enemy to society, is sentenced to a prison where he must do hard work; the other is hailed as a benefactor to his race, and dwells in luxury in a magnificent palace, and when he dies is perhaps buried in a temple dedicated to the service and worship of the God of justice and right.

The public cares very little now—it cared as little twenty-eight years ago—that Victor Emmanuel broke his plighted word in invading the States of the Church. The world laughs to-day—it laughed then—when Victor Emmanuel wrote to Pius IX. a letter commencing with these words: "With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the loyalty of a king, with the feelings of an Italian," etc. For the world knew that the king had the *might*, though the old Pope had the *right*. The world smiled at the simplicity of Pius IX., who wrote in reply: "It is not a letter worthy of an affectionate son, who glories in the profession of the Catholic Religion, and who prides himself on the due observance of kingly faith." I can well imagine the brutal Roman soldiers, the first victors of the Emmanuel, smiling as they recalled how Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.

Twenty years ago, nearly, I wrote the following words of the so-called King of Italy. I change not a word to-day. They were true then. Time has only convinced me that I yielded not to prejudice or animosity. "Victor Emmanuel's name is linked with

infamous treachery. He fomented disturbances in the kingdom of his friend, the King of Naples. He paid spies to report the secrets of that court. He bribed the soldiers and officers of the Neapolitan government, and whilst preserving the most friendly diplomatic relations with the court of Naples, he was supplying money and arms to be used in overthrowing the throne of that king. He used the infamous brigand, Garibaldi, as a catspaw, and then disowned and disavowed him. He protested openly against that brigand's raid on the Roman states, and secretly permitted officials of his own army to have the necessary leave of absence to accompany the expedition, and at its close retake their places in the sub-Alpine ranks. He vaunted himself a Catholic, and begged the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, while there was ascending to Heaven against him the cry of persecuted religious, imprisoned priests and gentle Sisters expelled from their cloisters. He caused to be verified in the Eternal City in our time the words of the prophet: '*The ways of Sion mourn, because there are none that come to the solemn feast; all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh, her virgins are in affliction, and she is oppressed with bitterness.*'"

Twenty-eight years have passed since the *moral means* (which Victor Emmanuel solemnly stated should only be employed by his government) of Cadorna's bayonets and Bixio's bombs opened a way through the walls of Rome for the entrance of the Piedmontese troops. Has the condition of Rome been improved? Are her people happier? Is the burden of taxation lighter? No honest man can answer these questions in the affirmative. What wondrous changes has not history recorded in other lands during these twenty-seven years! It is the fool who has said there is no God. The world shrugs its shoulders and smiles when one talks of Providence, and with superior knowledge talks serenly of *coincidences*. Well, let us not quarrel. It was a *coincidence*, when the brutal tyrant, Napoleon, seized the sacred person of Pius VII., and laughed to scorn the excommunication of the Pope, boldly asking if any one thought the idle threat of the old Pope would make the muskets fall from his soldiers' hands; it was, I repeat, merely a coincidence when history tells of the dreadful march from Moscow, where the chilling cold froze the hands of the brave Frenchmen, and the muskets fell from hands no longer able to hold them. It was merely a coincidence that the day the French soldiers left the States of the Church the Prussians gained a victory over the French. It was a coincidence that when the French government connived at, or, rather, approved of, the theft of the northern provinces of the States of the Church by the Piedmontese, that same France in a few years lost two of her fairest provinces. It was a coincidence that when Italy, which owed everything to France, basely betrayed her and formed alliance with her deadliest enemy, gaining for such treachery an open way to Rome, she should meet in far-off Abyssinia men who, if report be true, were armed with the identical muskets once carried by the men who vainly sought to repel the dastardly invasion of sacred rights. It was something more than a mere coincidence, however, for it was an act of sublime Christian charity, eminently worthy of the Vicar of Him who forgave all, that in the dark day of Italy's defeat and dishonor the immediate successor of Pius IX. interceded with the victorious Menelek for the vanquished and captured subjects of Victor Emmanuel's son and successor. It was a coincidence that the man of "blood and iron," the burly and despotic chancellor of the new-born German

Empire, who waged bitter war against the Church, vowing that he would never go to Canossa, became in our day the veriest dog in the manger in the imperial politics of Germany.

But a truce to moralizing, to which I have been led by coming across a diary which I kept eight and twenty years ago when I was a student of the American College at Rome. We were spending our vacation at Albano, a little village some eight miles from Rome, in the Villa Fausti, for an admirable custom obtains in Rome of keeping the young men destined for the priesthood under judicious yet relaxed discipline during the month of vacation. Our spiritual exercises went on as in the city, but walks through the country took the place of our daily tramp to the Propaganda and the class lectures there.

Of course my opportunities for securing very accurate information were limited, and some things which appealed to a young man of twenty-three might not now be deemed of much importance by a man of fifty. Yet, such as they are, I transcribe them. I trust they may at least interest my old classmates, the memory of whom I treasure as a dear reminiscence. They are laboring on the missions in all parts of our common country as zealous and devoted priests. Some have died. I would wish this trifle, which I trust, please God, further to supplement by some account of Rome under the sub-Alpine king, to serve as a tribute to their worth and my love for all of them.

And now I open the pages of my diary.

1870. Sept. 12th—To-day, during the after-dinner recreation in the garden, B. said that Dr. Chatard told some of the first *camerata* of the possibility of our having to go back to Rome. He says that there are a great many reports out about the Italians having crossed the frontier, and the Pope intending to leave Rome. Some of the boys say the Propaganda will not be allowed to reopen, and we may have to return to the States.

After recreation, while the usual *siesta* was being taken, C. M. and I discussed the situation. What does it all mean, anyhow? We made up our minds that we would have to wait for something more definite. I could not help laughing when M. proposed the practical difficulty of getting clothes for this journey. We all of us gave away our *civil* dress when we adopted the college costume, and knee breeches, etc., would not do. The bell rang for beads as usual, and after beads I went to the rector's room to purchase a stamp for an American letter, and he told me to keep the letter and mail it in Rome! What he meant I do not know. but as he seemed worried I did not ask him, but felt sure we were on the eve of a hurried return to Rome.

At a little after four our prefect came into the recreation room, and announced: "Eight minutes to pack and get ready to go into Rome. Take in your pockets what you can; but take nothing which will incommode you in walking." Such a hurrying to and fro! I took all I could pack in my little valise, and all of us being ready, in a few minutes we marched out the gate of the villa and took the hot, dusty road to the station. I wonder if this means the last sight of Albano for us. Maybe we will be forced to leave Rome! I invested ten soldi in securing a diminutive Italian to carry my valise, and so unencumbered I trudged the couple of miles to the station. We passed the Scotch boys on the road. We always find them with their rector, Dr. Grant. They seem to form a happy family. They are only a handful. Well, I suppose it's the mustard seed. How the sun poured down its beams on us, and the dust was so penetrating! We must

have presented a queer sight to the chance passerby.

Several trains passed us going to Rome; but they were filled with gensdarmes, and we waited patiently as we might until about seven o'clock, when we got aboard and started for Rome and—possibly home! Our train went very slowly, and we were very glad when we reached the station at 8.45, and took up our march for the College. It seemed strange to find ourselves on the streets at so late an hour, and perhaps it may have been fancy, but people who passed gave another look at us. What will all this come to? We reached the college about nine, and found that we were not expected, and consequently the commissary department was taxed to its utmost limit to provide supper for a hungry crowd. Meanwhile our prefect told us we could "mix" with the other *camerata*. It seemed so strange to me when I arrived in Rome last November to find that the students only met after dinner, and the rest of the time each *camerata* or division had a special room for evening indoor recreation, where no one who did not belong to the *camerata* could intrude; hence we enjoyed what the students called a "mix."

At last the bell sounded, and we went down to the refectory and had supper at ten. We were allowed a little time for recreation, and then had night prayers, and went to bed at eleven.

Tuesday, Sept. 13th—Had a long sleep this morning. The hot sun yesterday has made me feel very uncomfortable, and after going down stairs I had to return and lie down. The boys went out for a walk, and they tell of soldiers and breastworks. There is a good deal of excitement in the city anyhow. I took no breakfast and no dinner, and at night Beppino brought me a glass of water and a plate of soup. I wonder if the fall from the window of Bep, the soup, and the water would do any harm.

Wednesday, Sept. 14th—Had the first cup of tea this morning since I left Baltimore eleven months ago. They told me it was tea, and I suppose I must take the servant's word for it; but as the Italians are not tea drinkers, I am not certain that this decoction *was* tea.

Rumors are yet in the air of shelling and attack, and as the students came back from the walk to-day they reported having seen the Italians on Monte Mario, just a little outside of Rome. They saw the Holy Father in St. Peter's, praying. A rumor comes to us that the Prussian ambassador at Florence has come to Rome in the interest of the Piedmontese freebooters, asking the Pope not to resist the invading Piedmontese troops. [There seems little doubt that Bismarck purchased Italy's neutrality in the war which Prussia waged against France by arranging for the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese army, and assuring Victor Emmanuel that no one should interfere with his larceny.]

Soldiers are constantly passing through the streets, but I fear that the well-known leniency of the Holy Father in permitting all sorts of ruffians from North Italy to assemble in Rome will tell against him. What a wondrously successful career of lying, plundering and hypocrisy has been the lot of this Sardinian bully, Victor Emmanuel! Yet he must miss his political creator, Count Cavour.

Thursday, Sept. 15th—The anxieties and rumors of these days had a strange interruption to-day. Cardinal Barnabó married our organist, Fiorentini, in the college church this morning. I did not witness the ceremony, nor did I hear the bride's name. The groom's father, who is our teacher of plain chant, and is a great favorite with all of us, seemed in high feather. He is a great Papalino, and

was once a great singer at St. Mary Major's, and even now has a fine voice. I suspect we like him a great deal more than his talents and virtues, great as they are, would require, for the reason that when we do not care to sing we can easily get the old gentleman off the lesson by asking some questions of Pio Nono and his singing. Prof. Fiorentini never tires talking of the Holy Father's magnificent voice, and I fear never thinks of the tricks we play on him.

Luigi, one of our servants, left Rome before we came in from Albano. We hear he has gone to America. Anyhow, we miss him just now, because our laundry supplies are not on hand. The prefect gave us positive assurance this morning that clean shirts *were coming*. Again there are rumors of shelling the city. These rumors remind me of our gullible Yankee friends during our Civil War, who so eagerly listened to the marvelous stories told by "intelligent contrabands," as our romance-loving darkies were called.

Friday, Sept. 16th—An Italian officer came into the city under a flag of truce yesterday with a demand for the surrender of Rome. I am reminded so often here of the scenes of five years ago in old Petersburg, when rumors of attacks and bombardment by Grant were as thick as autumn leaves. To-day, as usual, the rumor market is well supplied.

We had a long walk to-day; tried to get into the Piazza del Popolo, but were prevented by the guards. The cosmopolitan character of Rome was forcibly brought to my mind as I passed down the Babuino at seeing the variety of foreign flags flying from the houses on the Piazza di Spagna and Babuino.

This evening we walked in the direction of the Gate of St. Paul, and came across the Zouave encampment, where we spent a very pleasant hour. I met a curious character there—of course, he was an Irishman—who, I discovered, was from New Orleans. I asked him how he got to Rome, and his reply amused as well as edified me: "I was working," said he, "in the custom house in New Orleans when the war came on, and when the people down there got out of the Union I got out of my job. I was mad with them, and I made up my mind I would run away and join the Federal army. I did so, and the first thing I knew they sent our command up to Virginia, and after tramping around there in the mud and briers, at last we got into a real down fight at a place called Malvern Hill. The rebels were firing at us, and we were lying down, just taking it and saying nothing, which I did not like, when suddenly the command came from somebody to charge. I got up in a hurry, for I was mad, and fixing my bayonet I started running towards the rebels, and I *never stopped that same running until I landed in Libbey prison, Richmond, that same afternoon!* It was God's mercy I was not killed. When I was exchanged the war was well-nigh over, and anyhow I had enough of fighting. Well, I did not get along very well, and, God forgive me, I did not behave myself. I was pretty careless about my duties as a Catholic, and so went from bad to worse. But the Lord had an eye on me, and at last brought me to my senses, and I said to myself that I had been pretty bad for a long time, and now I had better do something for my soul. And of a sudden it came to me that if I could only lay down my life for the Holy Father I would be doing a service for our Lord, and maybe He would forget the past. And so, glory be to God, I'm here." I do not know whether old Fitzpatrick of the Pope's Zouaves be dead or alive. If he still lives, may God prosper him and his; if he be dead, may his soul have long since found peace and rest, for asssuredly a nobler heart never beat than that of

this simple old Irishman, who did deeds worthy of imperishable fame, and only thought he was doing his duty. The stuff of a Crusader was in him, and no purer knight or braver man rode in the train of Godfrey or the Lion Hearted.

Saturday, Sept. 17th—This evening's paper publishes the text of Genl. Kanzler's reply to the demand for the surender of Rome: "I have received your excellency's request that your troops should enter Rome. His Holiness desires to see Rome occupied by his own troops, not those of another sovereign. However, I have the honor to answer that I am determined to resist with all the means at my disposal, as both honor and duty demand." Viva Pio Nono! Viva Kanzler!

We walked in the Quirinal gardens this morning. We hear of the Piedmontese cavalry making occasional dashes at the gates. To-day Mr. Salt and some others sent the following petition through the Rector to the Pope.

Most Holy Father.

The following students of the American College, United States, of their own accord beg to offer their services to your Holiness, that you may be pleased to make use of them in the army during the siege of the city, in protecting the sacred rights of the Holy Roman Church.

It was signed by the following students: William Salt, John O'Sullivan, Francis Gardner, Louis Hostlot, Daniel Jones, Francis McCarthy, Henry Zimmer, William Harty, Andrew Hynes, Patrick Cassidy, James McGeveran, Benjamin Keiley and Joseph O'Keefe.

The demand made on Genl. Kanzler to surrender Rome was not the first one, it seems. On the morning of the 10th Count Ponza di San Martino came to Rome, the bearer of the following letter from the Piedmontese king:

"Most Holy Father,—With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the loyalty of a king, with the feelings of an Italian, I address myself once more, as I have done before, to the heart of your Holiness. A storm full of danger threatens Europe. Under cover of the war which is desolating the centre of the Continent, the party of cosmopolitan revolution is gaining in boldness and audacity, and is preparing, especially in Italy and in the provinces under the government of your Holiness, to deliver a final blow at the Monarchy and the Papacy.

"I know, most Holy Father, that the greatness of your soul is such that it will never give way to the greatness of events; but I, a Catholic and Italian King, and as such the responsible guardian—by the disposition of Divine Providence, and by the will of the nation—of the destinies of all Italians, feel it my duty to take on myself, in face of Europe and the Catholic world, the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula, and the security of the Holy See.

"Besides, most Holy Father, the state of feeling among the populations governed by your Holiness, and the presence among them of foreign troops come from various places, and with various intentions, constitute a hotbed of agitation and evident dangers for all. Chance and the effervescence of passion may lead to acts of violence, and to an effusion of blood, which it is my duty and yours, most Holy Father, to avoid and prevent.

"I see the inevitable necessity, for the security of Italy and the Holy See, that my troops, already posted to guard the frontier, should advance and occupy such positions as may be requisite for the security of your Holiness and the maintenance of order.

"Your Holiness will not, I hope, see any act of hostility in this measure of precaution.

"My Government and my forces will confine themselves solely to the duty of guardians of the rights of the Roman people and the inviolability of the Sovereign Pontiff and his spiritual authority, with the independence of the Holy See—things quite compatible with one another.

"If your Holiness, as I do not doubt, and as your sacred character and your goodness of heart give me the right to hope, be inspired by a desire equal to my own, to avoid all conflict, and to escape the peril of violence, you could arrange with Count Ponza di San Martino, the bearer of this letter, who is furnished with the in-

structions deemed opportune by my Government, the means which appear best fitted to conduce to that end.

"Your holiness will permit me yet to hope that the present moment, as solemn for Italy as for the Church and for the Papacy, will render active that spirit of benevolence which has never been extinguished in your heart towards that land which is also your country, and the sentiments of conciliation which I have always studied with indefatigable perseverance to carry into action, in order that, while satisfying the national aspirations, the Chief of Catholicism, surrounded by the devotion of the Italian peoples, should preserve upon the banks of the Tiber a position glorious and independent of all human sovereignty.

"Your Holiness, in freeing Rome from foreign troops, in removing the constant peril of its becoming a battle-field of revolutionary parties, will have accomplished a marvelous work, given peace to the Church and shown to Europe, horrified by the terrors of war, how it is possible to gain great battles and to win immortal victories by an act of justice and by one single word of affection.

"I beg your Holiness to bestow upon me the Apostolic Benediction, and I renew to your Holiness the expression of my profound respect. — Your Holiness's most humble, most obedient and most devoted son, Victor Emmanuel."

"Florence, Sept. 8."

It is said that the Holy Father threw it unopened on the table, saying: *"There is my answer. I have no other for those who ask me to betray my most sacred rights and my honor."*

The Piedmontese envoy talked of soldiers crossing the frontier. Pilate said of old: "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and I have power to release thee."

The Holy Father cut short the interview with the Piedmontese envoy, saying: "My cause and the cause of this city are in the hands of God." Pius IX. then sent for Genl. Kanzler, who is in command of the forces in Rome, and said: "I have given my answer, General; they offered me five days in which to consider, but I settled the matter in five minutes. Take all measures for the defence, and the most holy Mary will help us."

The hypocritical letter of the Piedmontese king was, however, answered by the Pope. How a king calling himself a Catholic could read unmoved such a letter from the Vicar of our Lord astonishes me. Yet Victor Emmanuel will go to the end of his tether, and then—ah, *then* will come the day of God.

"To the King, Victor Emmanuel:

"Your Majesty—The Count Ponza di San Martino has put into my hands a letter which your Majesty has been pleased to address to me, but it is not a letter worthy of an affectionate son, who glories in the profession of the Catholic Religion and who prides himself on the observance of kingly faith. I do not wish to enter into the details of the letter itself, because I would not renew the grief which its first perusal caused me. I adore my God, who has suffered your Majesty to add to the bitterness of the latter days of my life. In conclusion I cannot admit the demands advanced in your letter, nor can I give any adhesion to the principles contained in it. I once more pray to the Lord, and I place my cause in His hands, because it is wholly His. I pray Him that He would grant abundant graces to your Majesty; that He would deliver you from all dangers, and bestow on you those favors of which you have need.—From the Vatican,

"Pius Papa IX.

"Sept. 11th, 1870."

Sunday, Sept. 18th — Charles O'Keeffe received deaconship to-day, and officiated at the High Mass. A little demonstration was made by the Piedmontese cavalry in the direction of Porta Pia, and a few shots were fired; none of the Pope's men were hurt, however, though a poor woman was wounded.

This evening we walked to Porta Pia. We had quite a little chat with some of the Zouaves, and they all seemed anxious for a brush with the Piedmontese.

This evening we received definite news from the petition to the Holy Father for permission to enter the army. The Rector took it over to the Propaganda and gave it to Cardinal Barnabó, prefect of Propaganda. The old Cardinal said it was a matter he

could not settle, and he would take it to the Holy Father. And this evening came the answer of Pio Nono:

"Benedicat vos Deus et det vobis semper gratiam et fortitudinem praeliandi praelia Ejus.

"Pius P. P. IX."

"May God bless you and give you always grace and strength to fight His battles. Pius IX."

Monday, Sept. 19th—We walked over to St. John Lateran this morning, and found breastworks thrown up there; from there we went to the Pretorian camp, and had a look at some Piedmontese cavalry. I could not help recalling to-day a similar occurrence when I had my first view of the dreaded Federals on the occasion of General Kautz's wild and attempted capture of Petersburg, just before the investment of that gallant little city by General Grant. We looked at the cavalry of Kautz with about the same curiosity that I peered at these Piedmontese raiders to-day. I hope the same success will crown one as the other, for Kautz's cavalry, after losing valuable time, was dispersed by a shell which fell uncomfortably near them as they halted on the banks of Lieutenant Run. This afternoon we climbed to the top of Monte Testaccio and had a view of a Piedmontese battery. It seems that a kind of armistice has been declared, in order to see if Pius IX. will not permit these marauders from the north to come into the city.

Sept. 20th, Tuesday—This morning I was awakened about five o'clock by the sound of shelling. Well I remember how it sounds from our war experience in Virginia. We had meditation and Mass at usual hours, though I suppose we were all of us thinking more of the dull booming of the cannon than of our prayers. Breakfast was an exciting time, since we could hear no definite news. We are ordered to keep away from the windows, but it is hard to enforce such an order.

9.45—The Rector sends us word to prepare lint for the wounded. So the attack has been made, and the Piedmontese burglars are thundering at our gates. I have never seen such suppression of excitement. Our exercises go on as usual. The firing ceased before noon.

About noon a company of Zouaves came running down the street in front of our college, and despite all injunctions to stay away, nearly all of us ran to the window. They seemd to be awaiting an attack, but there must be some mistake. While we were straining our eyes to see more, the college bell rang for spiritual reading, and we quietly marched down stairs. What a lesson, it seems to me, was conveyed therein! Rome may fall, and all attendant evils may come in its train, but the routine of daily exercises goes on quietly and regularly! We are insignificant parts, mayhap, yet parts of that tremendous machinery which must ever work until time be no more. After examen and dinner we came back up stairs. Everything seemed quiet.

There is tremendous cheering over towards the Corso, but we can see nothing.

The Piedmontese have entered through the breach made at Porta Pia. The Holy Father, in order to avoid shedding of blood, caused the white flag to be hoisted, and Rome, the capital of Christendom, has become the prey of the Sardinian burglar.

Dr. Smith, O. S. B., has come into the college, and says his monastery was struck several times by the Piedmontese shells.

I cannot think what will be the last act in this tragedy.

January 1st, 1871—More than three months have now elapsed since the occupation of Rome. On the very day that Pius IX. wrote his reply to the hypocritical letter of the Piedmon-

tese king, the *Gazzetta Uffiziale* of Florence had this announcement: "The king, upon the proposition of the council of ministers, has this day issued his commands to the army to enter the Roman Provinces." The Franco-Prussian war had practically ended at Sedan on the 2nd of September. On the 31st day of July, 1870, Visconti-Venosta, minister of foreign affairs in the Italian cabinet, solemnly declared in the House that, France being at war with Prussia, he did not deem it generous to make any demand regarding Rome, much less to make any attempt at its occupation; but that Italy would all the more jealously observe the condition of the Italian-French pact of Sept. 15th, 1864, "of not attacking, but, if need be, of defending against any assault, the Roman territory." On the 2nd day of August, 1870, the French minister of foreign affairs notified the Italian cabinet of the withdrawal of the French troops from Civita Vecchia, and added: "We count with entire confidence on the vigilant firmness of the Italian cabinet in defending the territory of the Pope." On the 4th of August, 1870, Visconti-Venosta replied: "The government, in so far as it is concerned, will conform itself exactly to the obligations imposed on it by the stipulations of Sept. 16, 1864." On the 19th of August, 1870, in the Chamber of Deputies, this letter of Visconti-Venosta was violently assailed by the Deputy Mancini, and the members of the left cried out that it was a *betrayal, treason,* and the like. Visconti-Venosta rose to defend his action. He said: "Gentlemen, this obligation (of abstaining from, as well as restraining, any attack on Roman territory), even though it were not binding on us by reason of this treaty, would be a strict obligation by reason of the common rights of nations and the political relations of peoples. The French government," he concluded, "and Europe would have believed that we wished to take advantage of the difficulties of France, and that we wished by a false and ungenerous pretext to seize the first opportunity, when we found no force opposing us, to surrender our liberal policy, as though it was merely assumed." A month passed by, and Visconti-Venosta took advantage of the defeat of France and violently assailed the territory of the Pope.

When the Italian French treaty of 1864 was being discussed in the Italian chambers, Alfonso Lamarmora, then President of the cabinet of Victor Emmanuel, on the 7th of November wrote to Constantine Nigra, the Italian minister at Paris: "The cabinet of the king has the will, and knows it has the means of faithfully carrying out this treaty (of not assailing the Pope's territory, and of not permitting it to be attacked). Yet Alfonso Lamarmora was the first military governor of the States of the Church, six years after, when his king took advantage of France's defeat to perjure himself and break his plighted word!

And thus, after repeated protestations of good faith, after solemnly promising that they would never attack the territory of the Pope, the Piedmontese government seized the opportunity afforded by the defeat of the French, and sent sixty thousand men, under Generals Cadorna and Bixio, to occupy Rome. The first resistance was met at Civita Castellana, where 200 Papal soldiers held the place for nearly three hours against 12,000 of the marauders. At five o'clock on the morning of the 20th the bombardment of Rome commenced. The Holy Father had said Mass that morning at seven, and at the end of Mass the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was sung. A little after ten, serious breaches having been made in the wall at Porta Pia, and several buildings having been struck and some destroyed, Pius IX. gave orders that

Rome should be surrendered. The day before its capitulation, the Holy Father wrote to General Kanzler, and in his letter said: "As far as regards the duration of the defense, I feel it my duty to command that this shall only consist in such a protest as shall testify to the violence done to us, and nothing more. In other words, that negotiations for surrender shall be opened as soon as a breach shall have been made." The soldiers of the Pope wept when the signal was given them to lay down their arms. There were 60,000 of the Piedmontese freebooters, and 9,500 of the Holy Father's troops.

On the next day, the Pontifical troops were assembled on the square of St. Peter's, and there was seen at a window of the Vatican the venerable face and figure of Pius IX., who gave his last blessing to his faithful men. They passed through files of the Piedmontese marauders, laid down their arms, and thus passed away into history the noblest body of men ever banded together in support of right. More priceless heritage of honor was never transmitted from father to son than the glorious boast in later days: "My father was a Papal Zouave."

Accompanying the Piedmontese marauders was a camp following of ruffians of every description, who, naturally enough, were attracted to the Piedmontese camp, and for several days all kinds of crimes were committed and even murder perpetrated. Some of the wounded soldiers of the Pope were attacked and murdered.

Twenty-three years ago Pius IX. was an exile at Gaeta, and the revolutionary brigands held Rome. On the 28th of December, 1848, the father of Victor Emmanuel, then King of Sardinia, sent an embassy to salute the Pope, and offer him a home at Nice, and to protest against the occupation of Rome. Pius IX. declined the invitation, saying: "My confidence in the Sardinian government has been much lessened since I knew of her secretly sending agents to Rome to have an understanding with the revolutionists." The hypocrisy of the father found an echo in the duplicity of the son.

An attempt has been made by the Piedmontese marauders to justify their action in the eyes of the world by appealing to popular suffrage, and so, on Sunday, October 2nd, we had what they called a plebiscite. The *de facto* authorities decided on the formula to be voted, as follows: "We desire union with the kingdom of Italy, under the constitutional monarchical government of King Victor Emmanuel and his successors." The official return of the voting was made public the next day, and was: Ayes, 40,805. Noes, 46. There was no special reason why they selected this number for the majority vote, and I have never been able to find out whether it was by accident or designedly that it was chosen. The haste with which our new masters are seeking to justify to the world their infamies has made them overlook a few facts. There were in Rome on the 2nd day of last October 65,000 legal voters. Now, it is an indisputable fact that in the election held on October 2nd among the voters were: 1st, All the camp followers of the Piedmontese marauders; 2nd, hundreds of government employes, who were given leave of absence to go to Rome to vote; 3rd, hundreds who were under age; 4th, many foreigners in Rome, who not only voted, but, as they subsequently admitted, voted repeatedly. It is a perfectly safe estimate to declare that two-thirds of the people did not vote. They should have made the votes in favor of annexation at least 75,000. [A further evidence of the rascality of these Roman returning boards was afforded nine months afterwards, when an address of loyalty to the Holy Father and of protest against the usurpations of the Piedmontese

marauders was presented to Pius IX. by Prince Chigi. It contained the signatures of 27,161 Roman citizens who were voters.]

The *Unità Cattolica* of Turin has been making some investigations on the subject of plebiscites, and I find the following in *The Tablet* (London), translated from the *Unità:*

"Of course we know that it existed B. C. amongst the Republicans of pagan Rome and Athens; but its first appearance since the Christian era must be put Anno Domini 32, when the genuine formula of the plebiscite was enunciated by a Galantuomo named Pontius Pilate. He said, addressing the multitude: 'Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus who is called Christ?' And the multitude had been wrought upon beforehand. Saint Matthew tells us (chapter 27.) 'The chief priests and the elders persuaded the people that they should ask Barabbas and destroy Jesus.' Thus it ever is in plebiscites. The people do not express their own wishes but the wishes of certain wicked men who influence them, and prevail on them to choose the worst part. Thus, when the question was put, the Jewish people answered and said, 'Not this man, but Barabbas!' Barabbas means in Syro-Chaldaie 'the son of disorder,' and the Jewish plebiscite preferred him to our Blessed Lord, because disorder is both the invariable cause and the inevitable result of plebiscites. Will any man dare to say that Jesus was guilty and Barabbas innocent because the plebiscite declared so? No; plebiscites prove nothing. Wrong is wrong, though millions should affirm it right by universal suffrage. Barabbas could not be saved from infamy by the acclamations of the Jews. His name has come down the ages with the stigma attached to it: 'Now Barabbas was a robber.'"

We are now under a royal lieutenant, General Alfonso Lamarmora. The Piedmontese king has not yet come, though the city council announces his arrival as fixed for Tuesday, January 2nd. Confiscation, insults and outrages are becoming daily happenings. Our classes were resumed as usual at the Propaganda.

* * * *

My diary and notes end here, for though I find many entries afterwards they concern the story of Rome under the rule of the Piedmontese marauders. Of this I may yet write some further account.

I am not surprised when I hear ignorant Catholics talk against the temporal power of the Pope; and of course I am not surprised when I see the position which most Protestants assume on this question. I need not feel nor express surprise that *liberal* Catholics question its propriety or fear to speak openly in its defence, for a liberal Catholic is a greater enemy to the Church than a prejudiced Protestant, and only his cowardice prevents him from becoming a schismatic, as the plea of invincible ignorance saves him from heresy, perhaps.

The Catholic view of this question is well expressed by the late Cardinal Manning: "Do not think me fanatical or blind or senseless if I affirm that the temporal power is not ended yet; but that the Roman question is only now once more begun. We have had to repeat even to weariness that some five and forty Popes before now have either never set foot in Rome, or have been driven out of it. Nine times they have been driven out by Roman factions; times without number by invaders. Why not, then, a forty-sixth time? Pius VI., Pius VII., were prisoners. Why not Pius IX? Pius IX. has been already once in exile. Why not a second time? Nine times the city of Rome has been held by usurpers. Why not a tenth? Seven times Rome has been besieged. Why not an eighth? Twice it has been nearly destroyed, and once so utterly desolate that for forty days, we are told, nothing human breathed in it, and no cry was heard but the foxes on the Aventine. Warfare, suffering, wandering, weakness, with imperishable vitality and invincible power is the lot and the history of the Pontiffs, and Rome shares their destiny. There has nothing happened now that has not happened, and that often, before; the end that has often been predicted has

not come, why should it now? Men are always saying, 'Now, at last, is the end.' But the end is not yet."

No one should be a better judge in this matter than the one who is so vitally interested and has practical experience of the difficulties of the position—the Pope. His voice is heard with reverence and submission. On the eve of the so-called plebiscite, Pius IX. addressed the Cardinals, and in the course of his remarks said:

"We, who, although unworthy and undeserving, exercise the power of the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth, and who are the Pastor over the whole House of Israel, find ourselves now *practically wanting that freedom which is absolutely indispensable to us in order to govern the Church of God, and to maintain its rights.* * * * * We are deprived of the necessary and speedy way, as well as of the free faculty of treating the affairs which the Vicar of Jesus Christ and common Father of the Faithful, to whom His children come from all parts of the world, must treat and administer."

Rome has spoken. The case is ended.

TOO LATE.

BY EMMA PLATT GUYTON.

We quarreled over some trifle,
My dearest friend and I;
And I did not try to stifle
The hot words in reply.

And so she left me in silence,
Till with shame my cheeks flushed red;
Yet still I held defiance,
Though I wished the words unsaid.

That night I tossed in slumber;
My dreams were all awry;
Each long hour I could number
Till dawn lit up the sky.

Then from my radiant bowers,
All in the morning's glow,
I plucked the sweetest flowers,
That so my friend should know

I loved her and repented
The hasty words I said—
Her pale lips ne'er dissented,
For my flowers graced the dead.

GUNNING.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

October and November are pre-eminently the sportsman's months. The air is crisp and invigorating, and the mere passing through woods and fields is an inspiration in itself. No skies are more charmingly blue than those of autumn, and no landscape can vie with the changing garb of the hillsides in October and November. Quail whistle to one another across the fields, woodcock hide among the branches and in the thickets, here the tracks of grouse and rabbits are clearly imprinted on the soft approach to a brook or spring, and there a squirrel darts up a tree, and perhaps a 'coon flattens himself to an almost invisible shadow against the bark of some upper limb. In solitary places tracks of foxes are occasionally met with, and in the outskirts of swamps and marshes, and along river banks are "fresh" signs of muskrats and perhaps even of mink

The true sportsman hunts for the sake of hunting. He may desire choice bits of game for his table, and such trophies of his prowess as antlers and claws and shaggy furs for preservation; but primarily he seeks the sport of the chase, the exhilaration of a long tramp through the forest or open country, the exercise of his coolness, strength and skill, the enjoyment of the numerous strange and amusing incidents which characterize every hunt, and then the excitement of the moment when the game is in sight.

Enjoyed in moderation, gunning is a sport of the most salutary character. It "tones up" the schoolboy and the business man and the man of sedentary habits. Even the fatigue of a long tramp is counteracted by a certain invigorating excitement, which is sure to react favorably upon the sportsman. His eyes and ears are trained to greater clearness, and his hands to greater accuracy. Common objects acquire new significance as he approaches them from an unaccustomed point of view; and almost unconsciously his thoughts rise above the ruts of everyday life under the benign influence of the woods and fields.

The gun, of course, should be a breech-loader, for already the muzzle-loader has become a weapon of the past. There are many patterns produced by reputable makers, and at prices to suit varying purses. A good single twist barrel can be had for $15 (and a double barrel for $25 to $50. These prices are for guns thoroughly well made and safe. Never buy except of a responsible dealer, and never buy because a gun is advertised to be sold for one-fifth its value. A gun, almost more than anything else, should be reliable.

Shooting in the United States is now confined chiefly to the wild game birds of the country. In certain localities various four-footed creatures still exist, which are proper objects of pursuit; but for every one of these that can be shot there are a hundred and perhaps a thousand birds to lure the sportsman to the fields and marshes. For these birds, consisting chiefly of woodcock, quail, ruffled grouse (partridge), pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), and an occasional duck, the 12-bore gun is the proper choice.

THE THRESHING FLOOR.

BY J. J. KENNEALY.

Oh, threshing floor, loved haunt of old,
From paths pursued in vain
Returned, I listen where the flails
Long since beat out the grain.

Here stood the gray-roofed barn, with doors
Wide open, west and east;
Here with the last high-loaded wain
We held the autumn feast;

And here we danced the harvest dance—
Strong youths and maidens gay;
The robins, guests in orchard boughs,
Sang us their parting lay.

When now the locust choir was mute
In meadows lately mown,
And silence fallen among the boughs
Whence every bird had flown,

The elders, many an evening hour,
In riddle shook the grain;
The chaff before the west wind flew
O'er fallows blown amain.

The dark pine forest barred the moon,
As o'er the hill she peeped,
Upon whose yellow, sloping side
Our full-eared sheaf we reaped.

Again the crimson strews the mould,
And purple steeps the air;
Afar, and all ungathered, hangs
The ripe autumnal pear;

But never fall the beechen flails
Upon the sheafèd corn—
Oh, gladness of that early dream,
Revisit fields forlorn!

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, Bishop of Hartford, the newly elected president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, was born in Ireland in September, 1839. He came to this country when he was eight years old, and settled in Norwalk, Conn., where he went to school. He entered St. Thomas' College, Bardstown, Ky., and pursued a course of philosophy and theology in Montreal and in Troy, N. Y.

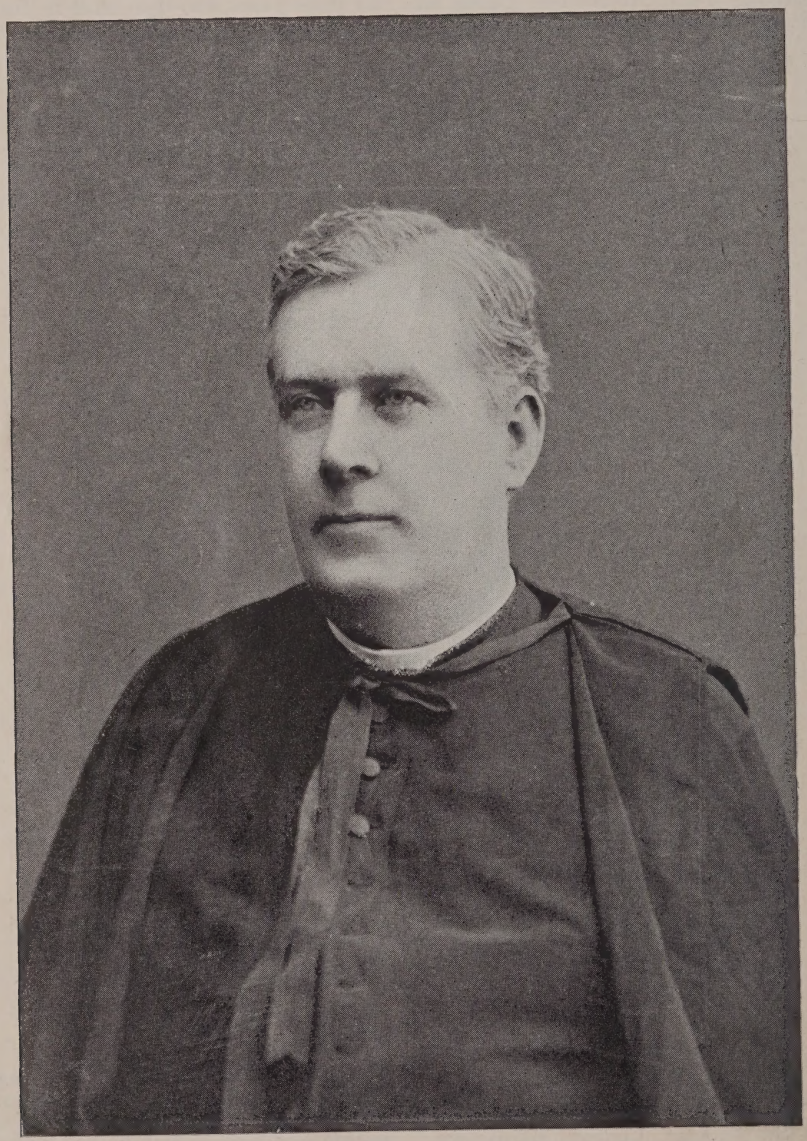
He entered the priesthood in 1867, at Providence, R. I., where he remained for six years as rector and chancellor of the Cathedral. From Providence he went to New London, Conn., where he remained Hartford he remained six years and six months. He built St. Peter's College, in addition to the school. From Hartford he went to New Britain in 1883. During his pastorate at New Britain he had many successful missions.

Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, Bishop of Hartford.

Late in 1893 he was made Bishop of Hartford, succeeding the late Bishop McMahon. There was a fitness in Mgr. Tierney's selection for the presidency of the national organization. For the state over which his jurisdiction extends was the first one of the whole country to form a state or diocesan union, which it did on

August 1, 1876. The Connecticut societies have always been numerous and active in the cause, and they will naturally show themselves stronger and more active now that their chief pastor is the head of the national union.

Bishop Tierney, ever since he attained the dignity of the purple, has administered the pledge to all the candidates who have presented themselves to him for confirmation, and it is said that he has given the pledge to more than 10,000 children during the first four years of his episcopal orders. He maintains that if children are kept from the use of intoxicants until they become of age, the habit will remain with most of them during their life time.



MONSIGNOR THOMAS MAGENNIS.

Word has been received from Rome at the Church of St. Thomas in Jamaica Plain

that Mgr. Magennis has been appointed by decree of the Pope a domestic prelate. This is a distinctive honor, Mgr. Magennis being the only domestic prelate in the Diocese of Boston. Mgr. Griffin of Worcester is the other only domestic prelate in New England.

This honor follows in the train of many recognitions by the Pope of Mgr. Magennis' services to the Church in Boston. It was in 1896 that he was made domestic chamberlain to the Pope, thereby receiving the title of monsignor. In the Pope's, as in other households, there are degrees of dignity. One of the highest has been conferred upon Mgr. Magennis by decree of the Pope himself, in making him a domestic prelate.

This new position was given him by reason of his talents, his literary attainments, and the especial love and esteem which the Pope entertains for him. The masterly work he has done in the parish of which he is the pastor was also recognized in the message.

JUDGE JOHN WILLEY WILLIS.

Mgr. Magennis was born in Lowell, March 7, 1842. In his childhood he moved with his parents to Worcester, where he received his early education in the public schools. After graduating from the Worcester High School he entered Holy Cross College, but completed his course

MRS. ISABELLE O'KEEFE.

in the College of Montreal. He afterward entered the Seminary of Montreal, where he was ordained a priest, Dec. 22, 1866. He was first appointed assistant priest at St. Joseph's Church, Roxbur·· where he labored until made pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, in 1868. He built the present church, in which Mass was first said on Christmas morning, 1869. He also built St. Theresa's Church in West Roxbury, and was the first to start the present parish church in Roslindale, where his name is held in veneration by the residents of that district.

In 1873 Fr. Magennis first brought the Sisters of St. Joseph to the Diocese of Boston, and in the same year opened the parochial school which bears the name of Leo XIII. He was selected by the Archbishop to read a paper, representing the Catholic clergy, before the legislative committee on education a few years ago when the parochial school question was up for discussion. He is now also engaged in establishing a Catholic home for deaf and dumb children.

Mgr. Magennis is an examiner of the clergy, and also a permanent rector. He is the beloved of his people, whom he has faithfully served, and of his brother priests, who rejoice in his new honors and dignities.

John Willey Willis was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 13, 1854. He entered the upper primary department of the Jefferson School, and passed through all successive grades of the public school system of St. Paul, graduating at the head of his class in the High School in June, 1873. Later, in the year 1873, and during a portion of the year 1874, he attended the State University and Macalester College. At the last named institution he pursued an extensive course of study in the ancient classics, under the special care and instruction of that eminent scholar, Rev. Edward D. Neill, D. D.

Leaving Macalester, Mr. Willis was duly matriculated as a sophomore at Dartmouth College. He was graduated with high honor in the year 1877. In the year 1880 he was created by his alma mater a Master of Arts. October 18, 1879, he was examined for admission to the bar before the Supreme Court, and was duly admitted to practice as an attorney and counselor-at-law. During the years 1881 and 1882, Mr. Willis was a member of the board of education of the city of Saint Paul. In the year 1883, he was unanimously nominated by the Democratic State Convention for the office of attorney-general of Minnesota. During the political campaign which followed, he made an extended canvass of the State, delivering public addresses in all the principal cities and towns. Although he received a very large and flattering vote, he was defeated, in company with all his associates on the Democratic State ticket. In the year 1888 Mr. Willis was appointed by Hon. Andrew R. McGill a member of the State Board of Corrections and Charities.

On the 8th of November, 1892, Mr. Willis was elected one of the judges of the District Court for the second judicial district of the state of Minnesota. His term of office extends for six years from the 1st of January, 1893. During his term of service on the bench Judge Willis has attracted widespread public attention by his decision upholding the constitutionality of the statute providing for the construction of a State Elevator; also by his decision declaring the "Ticket Scalper License Law" unconstitutional, upon the ground that it created a privileged class, and by his instructons to the grand jury of Ramsey county to enforce strictly the statute forbidding the employment of child labor.

Judge Willis is a member of the societies known as the "Sons of the Revolution"

and "Sons of the American Revolution," being entitled to such membership by reason of the military services of his great-grandfather, Sylvanus Willis, and other ancestors, upon the patriot side in the war of the American revolution. He was received into the Church by Archbishop Ireland, Christmas, 1884.

Mrs. Isabelle O'Keeffe is a Catholic young woman of culture and charm, who has just been installed upon the Chicago School Board. Her career is linked with both the public schools and the press, while she enjoys the unique distinction of having passed through every phase of school life in Chicago.

A Chicago girl, born and bred, never having been away from the city for more than two or three months at a time in all her life, that life has been like an open book to citizens, and what a good book it is is again proved by her recent election to this important civic office.

Mrs. O'Keeffe is the daughter of Charles H. Kelly, sister of Rev. Edwin A. Kelly of St. Cecelia's parish, and wife of P. J. O'Keeffe, himself a writer for the eastern magazines and papers, and a zealous advocate of liberty of thought and act, as it behooves an Irish patriot to be, and one who has lain in jail, accused of sedition, rather than moderate his opinion.

His young wife has not suffered obliteration through domesticity. Her literary tendencies have been encouraged and fostered. For three years she was on the staff of the Chicago Herald, and for three other years with the Chronicle. She has traveled nearly all over the United States, and has taken one trip to Europe. She has written for magazines and for syndicates, mainly on educational topics, which are her hobby, as she laughingly confesses. She was president of the Catholic Woman's League for three years, and was also first vice-president of the Chicago press league. She is fond of society, and society is fond of her. She has one small daughter, and is a devoted mother. She is all this, and remains still a young and a pretty woman, full of ambitions and energy.

SERENADE.

BY HORACE WILLIAM DRESSER.

Aglow bent the sun for the sorrowful bliss—
The pain and the joy of a lover's last kiss;
And, passing from view o'er an unknown abyss,
He left but a semblance—a lonely lost ray.
And darkness came silently over the seas,
And stilled were the songs of the birds in the trees,
And soft was the whisper of wandering breeze,
And the light of the fast-fleeting day.

In flowery meadows I gathered perfume;
I pilfered light slumber from poppies in bloom;
And from a dream-fairy, half-hid in the gloom
Of shadowy twilight, I stole a sweet dream.
These tokens of love, little bird in thy nest,
These tokens I bring thee, to soothe thee to rest;
And mine is the song of the wind from the west,
Set to music of murmuring stream.

WINONA.

BY ANNA M. JOHNSTON.

(Continued.)

"I hate her," hissed the voice of Seotah. "I have hated her ever since the first night she came back, and all the people crowded in to look at her white face, her big eyes and her fine clothes. Rain-in-the-Face loved me till he saw her, and now he never looks at me."

"But our sister doesn't care for him. Marie wouldn't marry an Indian," said Minatonka.

"Maybe she wouldn't marry him, but if she takes him away from *me* what difference does that make? I saw them meet on the path to the river this morning. He looked grand with his eagle crest and his new green blanket, and rings *so* big in his ears," making a loop with her fingers to indicate the size of these articles of adornment. "I thought he meant to carry her off then from the way he looked at her. I could have killed her," she declared, with the inconsistent fury of a jealous woman. "If Rain-in-the-Face doesn't marry me I *will* kill her, and tear the heart out of her white body, for it will be all her fault. Why did she come to make trouble for me? She is not an Indian. You know our father always loved her more than all the rest of us together, but *that* wasn't enough, she must come back here and steal away my lover. O! O!" and the unhappy girl tore her hair and beat her breast in the extremity of her anguish, but her paraxoysm of frenzy suddenly ceased, and Minatonka uttered a scream, for Marie stood before them.

"What is this you say, Seotah? You would kill me! me, your sister. *You* would tear *my* heart out!"

Seotah cast down her eyes in sullen silence. Her frame was still convulsed by the violence of her emotions.

Marie continued, "You say I am not an Indian. I say I am Indian enough not to fear death, but I do not choose to be murdered, least of all by my own sister. Listen; if I had not been very much of an Indian my person and my life would not now be in danger. I *would* come home because I loved you all very much, and longed to see you again. Papa did not wish it, but I would not listen to him, and now you talk of killing me. Shame! You think I would take your lover away from you. No; on the contrary, I will help you to win him back again. I shall dress you for the corn dance to-morrow, and you shall have my necklace and bracelets for your own. You will be the prettiest girl there. Rain-in-the-Face will see it, and he will love you better than ever before."

The girl's head had been drooping lower and lower while Marie talked. At these words she buried her face in her hands, and the tempest of passion found vent in a flood of tears. When her sobs had died away, she said brokenly. "I—know—I—am—wicked, but—I—couldn't—help—it. I—was so—happy—before—you—came. I thought—it—was—all—your—fault. I—am—sorry. I will love you now, and—I—will—learn—your—ways—if you—will teach me."

"And I, too," said Minatonka.

Marie had won. The sisters embraced one another, and all three entered the lodge to the surprise and delight of their father.

The corn dance was celebrated by the entire tribe next day. The medicine men conjured the evil spirits that they should not send a blight on the precious grain. Then the maidens, with linked hand, danced about it in a circle, repeating an incantation to insure an abundant harvest. Seotah so

far outshone the other maidens on this occasion that the fickle Rain-in-the-Face was quite dazzled by her charms, and his ardor was kindled anew. She returned home, light-hearted and happy once more.

After this Marie devoted the morning hours to the instruction of her sisters and other young girls who were desirous of learning the lore of the pale-faces. Then, accompanied by her father, she would go for a ride over the plains or a row on the river.

But this life palled upon her daily. The enforced activity of it could not still the growing hunger of the girl for civilized society. Except for the companionship of her father, which was of the heart entirely, and not of the intellect, she was utterly alone. The uncleanly young squaws repelled her, while the uncouth antics of the bedizened young braves who sought to gain favor in her eyes, excited unutterable disgust. Her never-failing solace in her loneliness was in her music. In the long summer twilights she would sit on the rude veranda with her guitar and play and sing to barbarous ears the songs which had often charmed a cultivated audience. Tho' she struggled against it, the sorrowful conviction was forcing itself more and more upon her that she could not long endure such a life. Her repugnance to it augmented daily.

So she wrote to the Reverend Mother at St. Louis, confessing her disappointment, and begging the privilege of returning to the beloved old convent, to live and die a sister of the *Sacre Cœur*. "You see, dear Mother," so she wrote, "that the vocation from which I ungratefully fled in the city has found me in the wilderness. How mysterious and yet how sweet are the ways of Providence."

CHAPTER VI.

One pleasant morning in early September there was intense excitement in the village. An event occurred before which even Indian stoicism gave way. A steamboat from below had landed at Keha Paha three companies of soldiers in spick and span blue uniforms, with shining brass buttons and glittering accoutrements. Scarcely was this cargo landed, when another and yet another boat arrived, with more troops and hundreds of beautiful horses.

The incensed savages understood too well the meaning of this sudden arrival. Never before had the masterful troops of the government set foot on the wide domain of the Sioux nation, and their presence now (unheralded and unexpected), meaning no less than subjugation or death to them, roused their fierce passions to fury, which was in no wise allayed by the defiant air of the troops, as they moved briskly about under the command of a young lieutenant, laying out the camp, the site of which had been selected by a superior officer, and pitching their tents with a contemptuous disregard of the savages, who eyed them with looks of sullen hate. The commander of the expedition, a short, stocky man, with a florid complexion, open countenance and bold, bright eyes, had been sent out to establish the military department of the Upper Missouri, for the double purpose of protecting immigrants and bringing the tribes of the Northwest into subjection.

The present force belonged to the third cavalry, Colonel Floyd in command. They had seen hard service in the Civil War, and later against the Arapahoes and Comanches, and they had need now of all their courage and hard-won experience to cope with the able and wily foe against whom they were pitted.

The camp occupied a commanding position, scarcely a mile from Keha Paha. The work of building fortifications went on rapidly, and the white tented camp soon became a garrison,

with ugly looking cannon mounted on frowning bastions.

After the active labor of establishing the post was done time began to hang heavily on the hands of the officers. There was no news except on the bi-monthly arrival of the steamer. Routine duty was monotonous; even cards, that vice of garrison clubrooms, bored them, and they began to long for a brush with the savages, just to keep from stagnating.

None chafed at the situation more than did Captain Raymond. He had gone directly from West Point to the front, where he had borne himself so bravely that he had twice won promotion. He was every inch a soldier, but he was weary of this inglorious warfare with the savage, and he longed with a boyish intensity for a sight of his beautiful home on the Hudson.

He was pacing up and down in front of his quarters one morning when a detachment under the command of First Lieutenant Brown and Second Lieutenant Fuller rode up from a reconnoitering expedition. Dismounting, they threw the reins to an orderly, and entered the quarters. "Brown and I think we have made a strange discovery," said Lieutenant Fuller, as he removed his belt and laid aside his pistols and sabre. "As we passed through the Indian village we saw a white woman at the door of one of the lodges. She disappeared as we drew nearer, but I thought she waved her hand towards us before she vanished within the dwelling."

"Yes, I am confident she did," said Lieutenant Brown, "and as nearly as I could make out at that distance, she is young and pretty."

Raymond burst out laughing. "Of course! Quite the correct thing! Who ever heard of a damsel in distress who was not young and beautiful?" he said. "And Brown hasn't his equal in the regiment for discerning female beauty."

Brown was nettled. "Hold on, don't chaff a fellow too much till you know more about it," he retorted. "I say there *is* a white woman in that village."

"Well, we are indebted to her for a sensation, at any rate," said Raymond. "It will break up this monotony to ride a tilt for her deliverance, like knights errant of old. I shall lay the matter before Colonel Floyd this afternoon. Meanwhile, let us dine.' '

The report that a white woman was a captive among the savages, almost under the very shadow of the guns of the garrison, roused the ready interest and sympathy of Colonel Floyd. "Doubtless some poor immigrant,' he said. "Her companions were massacred, while she was reserved for a worse fate. But she shall be liberated, even if every Sioux in Dakota must be sent to the happy hunting grounds to accomplish it."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," murmured Raymond, "but why not ride over to the village and see if we can discover something definite regarding her?' '

"Agreed," answered Colonel Floyd.

Their horses were ordered, and a brisk canter of a few minutes brought them to the outskirts of the village. It was evening, and as the officers rode slowly among the lodges, with senses alert to detect any sign bearing upon their errand, they were regarded with looks of sullen ferocity by the Indians.

Suddenly the soft notes of a guitar, struck by a practiced hand, were wafted to their ears; then the air was vibrant with the exquisite strains of the *Ave Maria.* Pure, clear and melodious, it rose and floated heavenward, carrying with it all the passionate soul-yearnings of the singer, its last notes trembling and dying away in almost a sob of pain.

The ceasing of the music released the friends from the spell that had held them almost breathless. They looked in each other's faces with mystified as-

tonishment. "Exquisite! What does it mean?" exclaimed Raymond. "That she is no ordinary immigrant girl, at any rate. It seems inexplicable, but I shall endeavor to probe the mystery to-morrow." And they returned slowly to the post, the colonel in silence, Captain Raymond humming softly *"Ave Maria."*

Next morning an officer with a mounted escort rode over to the village to request a parley on urgent business with the chief. The imperious chief had been chafing with resentment ever since the establishment of a military post within what he honestly believed to be his dominions, and his haughty spirit could ill brook the sight of the soldiers, whose mission he well knew was to exterminate his race or reduce them to abject submission. But, born diplomat that he was, he dissembled his feelings, and called together his head men to consider this bold demand, whose purport they could only conjecture.

There was great diversity of opinion among the chiefs. The young men opposed the parley, desiring no meeting with the invaders, except on a bloody field. The older men, no less vindictive, but more politic, advised the holding of the parley and hearing what the white chief had to say. Their advice prevailed, and the chief, advancing to the envoys, said, pointing to the zenith, "Tell the white chief that when the sun stands there I will meet him at the council pole."

Promptly at the appointed time Colonel Floyd and Captain Raymond, with a troop of cavalry, arrived at the place of meeting in the centre of the village.

The chief and head men were already there, seated in ominous silence about the council pole, near which a fire had been kindled. From a short distance the rest of the tribe were observers of this first meeting of the hostile forces.

The officers dismounted and advanced within the dark circle around the council fire. The troops stood at guard, ready to forestall any attempt at treachery by the Indians.

The chief rose, and, coming forward with an assumption of friendliness, extended his hand with the customary salute. Each of the chiefs saluted in like manner. The pipe was lighted and passed from mouth to mouth. Then the council was ready for business. The least the Indians expected was to hear that the Great Father at Washington desired them to give up their broad hunting grounds, leave the embers of their hearths and the graves of their fathers behind them, and remove afar off to some hateful reservation. This they had deeply sworn to resist, and rather die fighting for their homes than live to crawl in abject servility at the conqueror's foot. Their fierce blood was up, and they literally panted for the fray.

The chief, through an interpreter, said: "My white brother asked for a talk. Let him speak. I listen."

Colonel Floyd said: "Chief, word has been brought to us that your people hold one of our women, a white woman, prisoner among you. I am come to ask you to release her, that she may be restored to her people."

When this was interpreted to the chief his dusky face glowed with anger. "Your people lie. They have forked tongues. There is no white woman among us," he exclaimed.

"But," returned Colonel Floyd, "it must be true. Though I have not seen her myself, I heard her singing last evening, and that is sufficient proof. No Indian woman sings like that."

This being translated, the grim features of the chief relaxed, as though he suddenly comprehended the mistake of the officers and appreciated the humor of it.

"Does the white chief think she is a white woman because she sings like

the birds in the spring time? Does he think she would sing like them if she were not free as they are?" he asked, significantly. "I thought we had met to speak of matters of importance, and I find it is only a question concerning a woman," and he scowled in deep disgust that an affair that seemed to promise an excuse for the immediate opening of war, should have had for its sole aim so trivial a thing as the liberty of one of the despised sex.

Dismissing the council, he turned to Colonel Floyd, saying briefly, "Follow me," and set off for the trader's lodge, followed by a motley procession of officers, soldiers and Indians.

Colonel Floyd ordered the troops to surround the lodge lest the wily savage should play a trick upon them and remove the object of their search. The chief ordered the Indians back as they crowded pell-mell into the store at his heels. He talked earnestly with the trader, and the latter paled at his words. He turned to the officers, with alarm visibly depicted in his countenance. "Messieurs," he said, "you have made a mistake. There is no prisoner in my home. Only my own family. My wife and children. My wife is the sister of this chief."

Colonel Floyd was convinced that this was but a subterfuge, and he ordered him peremptorily to produce every inmate of his dwelling, threatening to sieze him and bring him to the post should he attempt any deception.

The command, accompanied by such a threat, threw him into an agony of apprehension. He dreaded to display his hidden pearl to the free gaze of those handsome officers, but he dared not disobey the stern order. Going to his daughter's room, he found her terrified at seeing the lodge surrounded by soldiers, and the colonel's command, which her father imparted to her, did not tend to allay her fears.

"My daughter," he said, "these men, unhappily, have seen you and heard you singing. They pretend to believe that you are a prisoner, but this is only an excuse to cloak their real designs."

"What do they intend, dear papa?" she asked, in alarm.

"To seize you and carry you off, a real prisoner, to their garrison," he answered, the tears gushing from his eyes at the thought of the outrage that he was powerless to prevent.

"Seize me!" she exclaimed. "Never! They will never take me alive to their post," and all the indomitable courage of her race flashed from her eyes and spoke in her tones. "But, papa, they would not dare to offer me such an indignity. They would be court-martialed and disgraced for ever if they should even attempt it. Let us go to them at once."

Her lofty courage raised her father's drooping spirits. With his daughter on his arm he entered the store and advanced to meet the officers. "Messieurs, permit me to presnt to you my daughter, Mademoiselle Lavelle."

A Winchester suddenly leveled in their faces would not have astonished them as much as the unexpected apparition of this beautiful girl. Both instantly doffed their hats, and bowed low.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," stammered the usually self-possessed Raymond. "There has been an awkward mistake. We received information that a white woman was detained here, and we determined to set her at liberty. Nothing was farther from our intentions than an intrusion on family privacy. But, mademoiselle, to make assurance doubly sure, will you not corroborate Monsieur Lavelle's statement?"

"Willingly," she replied. "This is my father, this my mother," turning to that grim female, who, having learned the purport of the disturbance, had followed her husband and daughter into the store, and now stood re-

garding the officers with scowling defiance. "I am in my own home, and can assure you positively that I am here of my own free will. Do I look like a pining captive?" she asked, mischievously, with a bright smile.

"Assuredly not," said Colonel Floyd. "It is a stupid blunder, which I trust you will pardon in view of our good intentions in your regard."

"Indeed, gentlemen, I sympathize with your chivalrous sentiments, and admire your courage in bearding my relative in his own den, in defence of my sex," and she smiled at the doughty warrior, who was inwardly enjoying the discomfiture of the officers. These now took their leave, and rode slowly back to the post at the head of the wondering troop.

When they were well on their way, Raymond's mirth at the ludicrous outcome of the adventure found vent in a hearty burst of laughter. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "we're a precious pair of knights errant. I can think of no comparison to fit the case but that of the booby who went out wool gathering, and came back shorn."

"I cordially agree with you," said Colonel Floyd. "It is a complete enigma, but evidently one in which we have no further excuse for meddling. I never showed the white feather before in the presence of the enemy, but what that chief and his whole tribe could not accomplish in ten years his lovely niece did in as many seconds."

At dinner Captain Raymond informed his brother officers of the mess that the expedition had been a fiasco, merely explaining that the alleged white woman was the daughter of the trader. Lieutenant Brown, who had an uncomfortable feeling of responsibility for the whole affair, looked sharply at Raymond as he gave this brief account, and on their way to the clubroom after dinner, he imparted to Fuller his belief that there was more in it than the captain had chosen to relate.

"What do you suspect?" asked Fuller.

"I don't know that I suspect anything as yet," answered Brown. "But I do know that that girl is young, pretty and white, and taking these facts with the captain's reluctance to talk, I think if we listen we'll hear something drop shortly," to which Fuller assented with a knowing wink, and sauntered off, whistling carelessly.

(To be continued.)

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH-ON-THE-WISSAHICKON.

(BY ONE OF THE ALUMNÆ.)

Time has rung out from our free land many a foul thing, many a fair one, but it is a question whether he has rung in anything more wonderful than the present, I will not say toleration, but sincere appreciation of the advantages of convent education, which now so generally prevails.

A day there was, and that not so long ago, when bigotry, carping criticism, and malicious misrepresentation beat incessantly against the cloistral doors. But the good nuns had not come from foreign homes to our inhospitable shores to be frightened by blustering Philistines; they answered insult and cavil by prayer, study and teaching; for, being "the stuff heroes are made of," opposition but made them the greater. Patiently, courageously, they did their work, and as years slowly rolled away, they gave the society Gradgrinds "facts, indisputable facts," in proof of their efficiency as educators. Facts, we know, are powerful agents, and gradually prejudice melted, and surprise and astonishment that "anything good could come out of" conventual Nazareth were succeeded by appreciation and confidence.

From North to South, from East to West, those religious educational centres have sprung up in our land; from height and from valley, by lake and by forest, the gilded cross that crowns them has become a beacon of truer liberty, a sign of more heroic courage in this "land of the free and the brave."

The last two years have seen many "Golden Jubilees" of these religious teaching orders; great prelates, zealous clergy and devoted pupils have traveled from far and near to pay homage to those, who, half a century ago, deliberately built their tabernacles, not on glorious Thabor, but on gloomy Calvary; and who, amidst a constant combination of human changes and inevitable strife, have labored for a glorious end.

Among those who in 1897 celebrated their golden-day, the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Philadelphia, whose mother-house is at Chestnut Hill, hold no insignificant place.

The order of which this is a branch had its origin in Le Puy, France, in 1650, the object of its founders—one, the great Mgr. de Maupas, almoner of Anne of Austria, and Bishop of Le Puy; the other the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Rev. J. P. Médaille, S. J. —being to carry into fruition the original idea of St. Francis de Sales in the founding of the Visitation, namely, to bring solace and comfort to the poor and suffering by means of a religious congregation devoted to the practice of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. This idea, which, as is well known, St. Francis de Sales had been obliged to relinquish, owing to the opposition he encountered, was successfully developed in the Institute of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. "This little design," as Father Médaille in his writings humbly calls it, prospered so marvelously that in less than fifteen years it had numerous establishments in the south of France.

The instruction of deaf mutes, solace of the poor, care of the incurable and sick, charge of houses of correction, prisons and hospitals, were the sublime, self-sacrificing works of the Sisters in the very infancy of their order. But the French revolutionists were not long in destroying, both by

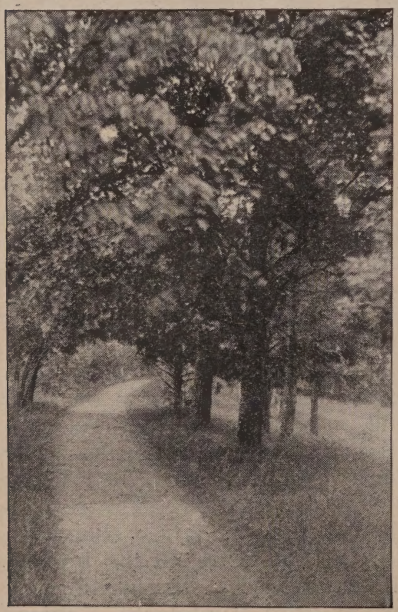
MT. ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. (Looking west.)

fire and sword, the material works of benevolence and the houses of charity and education under the care of religious. Some of the Sisters of Saint Joseph had the glory of dying for their faith and works; many were imprisoned, but the greater number returned to their families, although some houses within the mountain fastnesses of Velay and Forez kept alive the traditions of St. Joseph's religious family. As early as 1811 and 1812, as soon as Religion was allowed to raise her head on the blood-stained soil of France, the daughters of St. Joseph began to resume their former manner of life. Notable among their rejuvenated communities was that of Lyons, in which Cardinal Fesch was particularly interested. He placed it under the care of a remarkable woman, Mother St. John Fontbonne, who, during the revolution had been a confessor of the Faith, and had been deprived of the glory of martyrdom only by the death of Robespierre.

When the little "Ark" of the congregation found itself again on solid ground, in spite of poverty and danger, the tried sisterhood, in the ardor of charity, recommenced their lowly but divine occupations. The revolution had indeed wrought a change in France; it had betrayed the highest and holiest hopes. The writings of the two apostles of infidelity, Voltaire and Rousseau, had but too well borne abundant and bitter fruit. As a con-

sequence, infidelity and scepticism were rampant in the once holy land of Saint Louis. The Sisters of Saint Joseph were now called to new pastures; education was the want of the day. Never had there been an epoch that called more imperatively for a thoroughly Christian training. It was the sole hope for social regeneration and salvation, for in the school-room alone could the hydra-headed godless ideas of the day be effectually fought; so, while adhering still to the old traditionary duties of service among the sick and poor, the education of the masses was, owing to the exigencies of the times, to become henceforth the chief work of the daughters of Saint Joseph. In spite of the existing bigotry and ignorance of religion, the people were not slow to recognize the efficiency of those religious teachers, which recognition was substantially shown by their giving into the Sisters' care the principal educational institutions of Lyons, and eventually the normal school for teachers.

St Raphael's Glade — Playground.



St. Raphael's Walk.

To Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosati is due the honor of having introduced into America the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. At his invitation the first colony came from the mother-house in Lyons to his episcopal city, St. Louis, March 25th, 1836, and took up their abode in a log cabin at Carondelet, a little village outside of St. Louis.

Ten years later Rt. Rev. Bishop Francis P. Kenrick asked for some Sisters to take charge of the Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia. This charitable and educational work they entered upon May 6th, 1847. In 1848 they took charge of St. Patrick's school, Pottsville, and ever since, year by year, the scope of their work has increased, and they have earnestly striven to keep pace with modern demands for secular education, while laboring, in the first place, to impart that moral and religious training which alone can make the secular

available to the good of the family and the state.

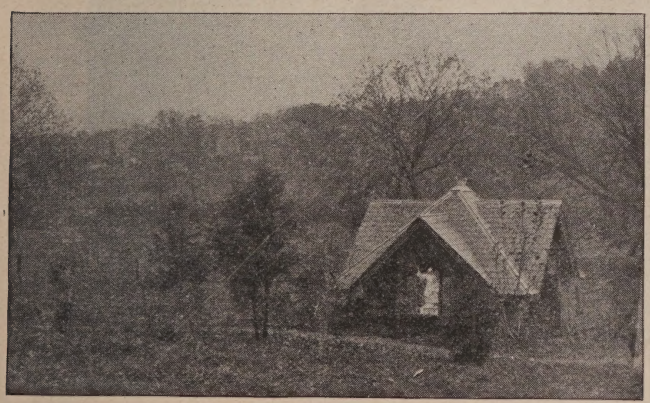
To do this effectually it became necessary to have a novitiate, wherein those who desired to devote their lives to the work of the congregation might be suitably trained. Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, of blessed memory, gave his personal attention and earnest prayer to this matter, and finally purchased, in the Sisters' name, the property of Mr. Thomas Middleton, at Chestnut Hill, of which the community took possession August 16th, 1858.

THE SISTER ISLES.

On the 21st of the same month the saintly Bishop, in presence of the Sisters, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in the house, blessed it, and in a touching and fatherly discourse to the community bade it "increase and multiply," so as to become an efficient worker in the cause of Catholic progress and education in his diocese.

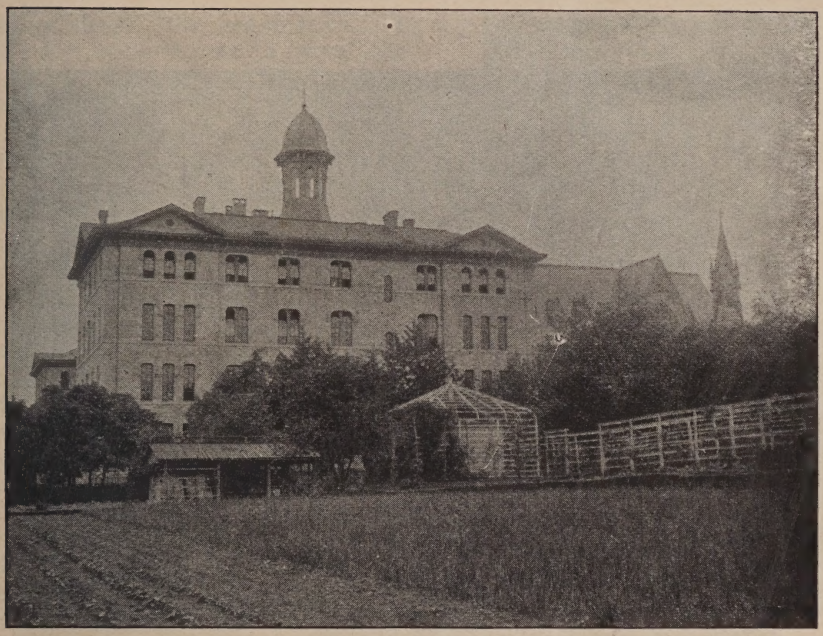
On the same day Rt. Rev. Dr. Wood, then coadjutor of Bishop Neumann, with many of the reverend clergy, visited the new establishment, and christened it "Mount St. Joseph," at the same time presenting a large sum of money to the Superior, Mother St. John Fournier, to help the Sisters meet the debt they had incurred by their purchase.

On October 4th, 1858, the Sisters opened an academy, and the house, only an ordinary dwelling, was found wholly inadequate to the requirements of the community. Many were the privations and real wants experienced by the Sisters, for prosperity was not thrust upon them. The cellar, for a considerable time, served for a refectory, from which, emerging one day, bearing evidence on face and linen of contiguity to a coal-bin, they were met by Rev. T. Kyle and Rev. H. McLoughlin, then visiting the convent. The warm, generons Irish heart of the former found more pathetic than amusing the sight of "the spouses of our Lord coming like rabbits out of a burrow," as he himself ex-



VIA ANGELORUM.

St. Joseph's Avenue. (Entrance to Grounds.)



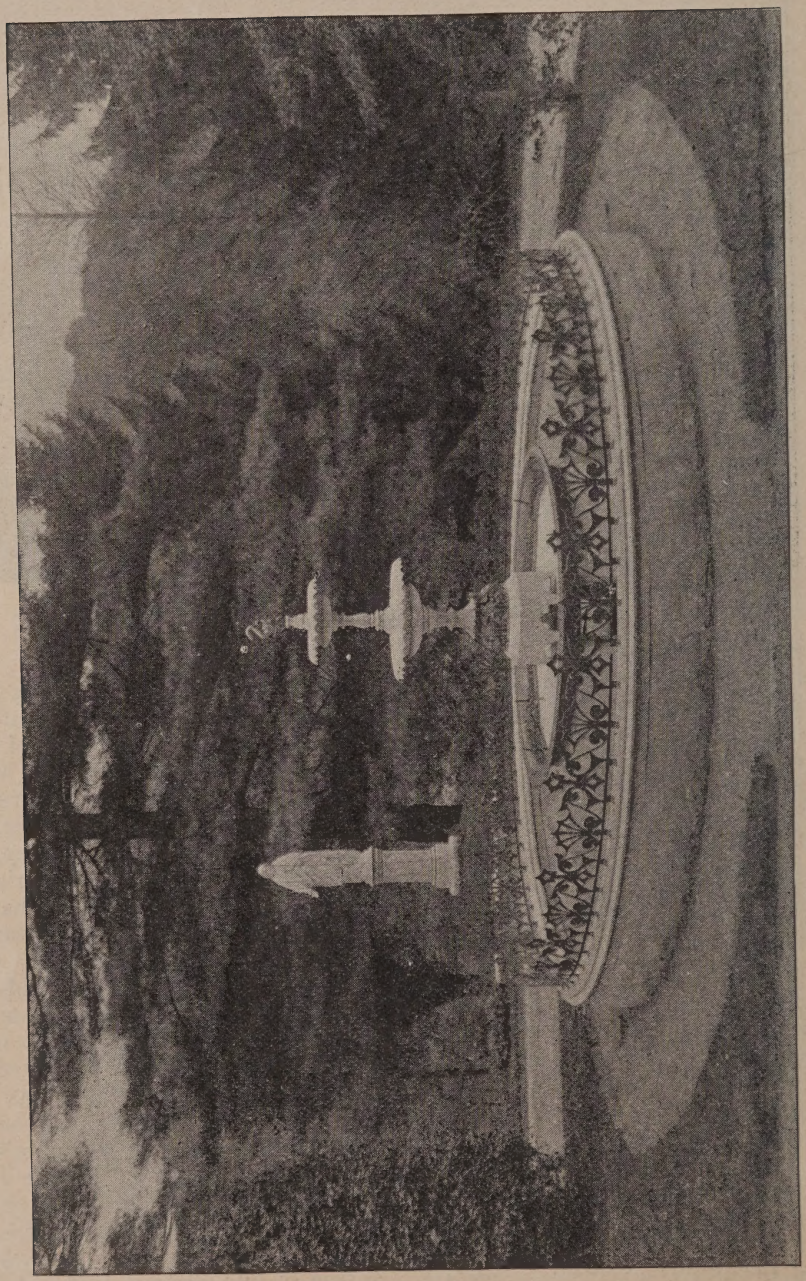
EASTERN WING. CHAPEL IN THE BACKGROUND.

pressed it. No barren sympathy was his; from church to church, from parish to parish, he went, relating what he had seen, and appealing, not in vain, to Catholic generosity. Through the exertions of this devoted and noble friend, the first addition to the convent was erected, and on St. Joseph's Day, in 1860, Bishop Wood blessed "Father Kyle's Building," a name by which it is often distinguished even to this day. This addition, however, was soon found inadequate, and on August 3rd, 1865, was laid the corner-stone of that which now constitutes the western wing of the convent.

In 1874 Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood laid the corner-stone of the present academy, to which, in 1875, the classes were transferred. This elegant and spacious building, sixty by one hundred and thirty feet, devoted to the use of the pupils exclusively, affords every convenience conducive to their health, comfort and pleasure.

To the east and north lie the novitiate, convent, chapel and lecture hall, having a combined frontage of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, with a depth of more than three hundred feet. These buildings stand on an eminence overlooking the romantic valley of the Wissahickon, above which rise the densely wooded hills that have so aptly given name to the surrounding country.

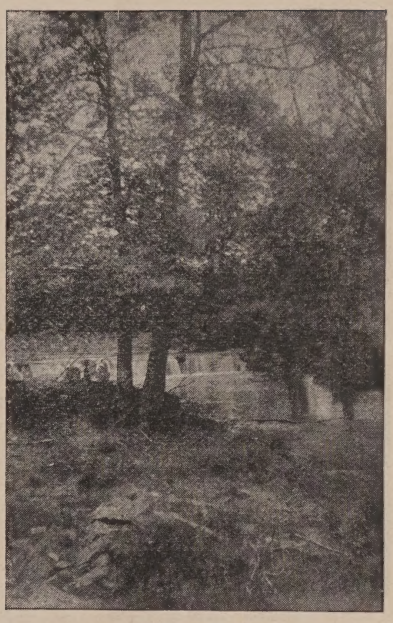
The river itself either bounds or is bounded by the Academy grounds for a considerable length, and so invests them with that peculiar charm of loveliness and tradition which has made the Wissahickon so often the theme of the artist's pencil or the poet's pen. Nowhere in its varied course is this "many-pictured stream" so tranquilly beautiful as where, through the convent grounds, it "winds about the shrine of our Blessed Lady of Lourdes," or "in and out" of "Willow Dell," binding together, as with a



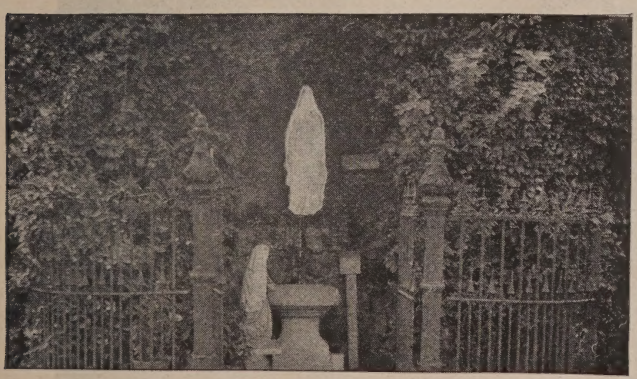
SACRED HEART FOUNTAIN.

chain of silver, "the Sister Isles," or where it "frets with many a curve" the far-reaching fields and meadows. Wooded knoll and mossy dell, waterfall and tree-surrounded lake, combine with the more artificial charms of shrines and statuary, fountain and flower-bordered walk to make Mount Saint Joseph externally a vision of beauty, perfect as a poet's dream.

To every Chestnut Hill girl the "old farm" is the Eden of her school days; in every leisure hour here she walks and chats to her heart's content. Here, under the stately elm or cool, robust pine trees, standing in clumps and in groves, scattered all about, in "the sunniest, shadiest, sleepiest fashion," she takes her well-earned rest after a hard day's battle with the stubborn and difficult books; here, too, is her taste for the beautiful cultivated, for from every spot of the sunny rendezvous the most charming views can be caught of wooded hill, crowned by architectural beauties in the form of the latest modern mansions, the cool, quiet valley skirting the Wissahickon, and the dusty road beyond, which, in the long ago, was solitary enough, but which to-day rejoices in trolley cars and bicycles without number. Its contiguity to the apple orchard, a charmed spot for every convent girl, deepens its spell. To her, as to Eve, the apple often proves a source of misfortune and trial, for when a girl strolls along "St. Raphael's Walk," absorbed in a chat with her college chum, her pocket, meanwhile, filled with such fruit as Chestnut Hill is famed for, is it to be wondered at that she sometimes becomes oblivious of the flight of time, and lets the assembly bell ring on unheeded?

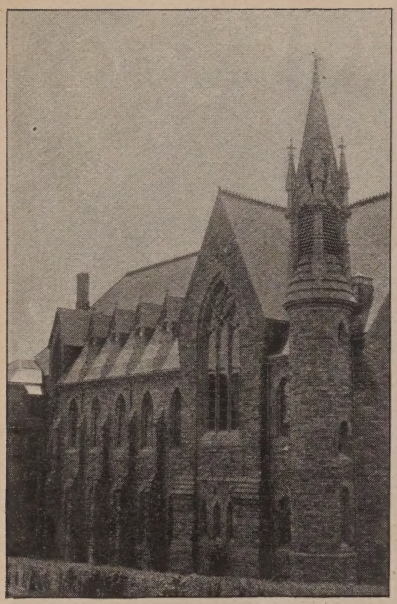


WISSAHICKON FALLS.



GROTTO OF LOURDES.

The "Chapel of Saint Joseph's Joys and Sorrows" stands in the very heart of the old place, and a unique and beautiful conception it is; while a small grotto of Lourdes — not the principal one, which is in a dell on the banks of the Wissahickon — marks the boundary line of the pupils' walk. To give but a show of



EASTERN VIEW OF CHAPEL.

justice to every little shrine and niche which dots the beautiful enclosure would carry our article far beyond its allotted limit, but the convent graveyard, the Sisters' last resting place, cannot be passed without at least a comment. This "God's Acre" is a picture that speaks to the heart, with its pleasant, green sward and exquisite bordering of brilliant colored coleus. Here the sun shines as cheerfully as on the abodes of the living, bringing out all the blessed little hillocks of green, with their headstones of pure white marble, all alike save the centre tomb, where rests Mother St. John Fournier, the first Superioress of the convent, and the one to the right, that of Mother Mary John Kieran, second Superioress, one of the most beautiful, joyous and affectionate souls that God has ever made.

At the upper end of the cemetery there has been erected a fac-simile of the *Santa Casa* or Holy House of Loretto, which enshrines a unique relic, the *Iconastasi*, or reredos, which, from 1810 to 1896, enshrined the altar in the Holy House itself, and which, on

CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

the erection of a marble one in its place for the Sixth Centenary, was sent to the Sisters at Chestnut Hill, duly authenticated, and bringing as its dowry the act of affiliation to the original sanctuary and a participation in all the privileges granted to it by the Holy See.

In grateful commemoration of the Sisters' Golden Jubilee the Associated Alumnae of Mount Saint Joseph have erected the altar that stands in this new "Nazareth," thus so identifying themselves with the community as never to be forgotten in the special devotions which cluster around this blessed fac-simile of the *first* house of Saint Joseph, wherein dwelt the glorious "Earthly Trinity."

Yet it must not be thought that the greatest beauty of Mt. St. Joseph lies in its external charms. No, its crowning glory is, as it should be, the Chapel of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart, the "Heart of the Convent," whence every artery that beats in work or play or study draws its blessed impulse, and to which, in the oft-recurring visit, each sends back its tide of tender thought and loving praise and prayer.

It is a temple so grandly massive in external form, so artistically beautiful in internal adornment, that, viewing it, one involuntarily exclaims: "This was not meant for man, but for God." Description cannot do it justice; yet, while silent as to its material loveliness, we would fain note one charm that renders even its intrinsic sacredness more touching. I allude to the fact that, from floor to ceiling, from altar to organ, everything employed for use, worship or ornament, is a monument of gratitude. To quote the words of the dedication sermon: "The very stones of the chapel speak, the windows are eloquent, the pews are sermons, the chaste and exquisite altar and its adornments are a perpetual exhortation, expressing the beauty of gratitude, the appreciation and affection of grateful hearts; for the donors—parents, pupils, friends—have inscribed here, not only an eloquent panegyric of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, but an undying testimony of their own generosity and high-minded appreciation of the benefits of Catholic education.

COMPENSATION.

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN.

If you have missed the goal toward which you yearned,
Of this be sure: The goal has not been earned.
Who weeps at "Fortune's frowns" invites defeat,
Who rails at Fate, but mocks his own retreat
And, yielding, proves his great unworthiness,
For failure never yet deserved success.
Men may be false, but man is ever true,
And man to man still metes his honest due.
To every worthy name is given renown,
On every royal brow is placed a crown.
The world is jealous, but the world is just,
And gold is bought with gold, and dust with dust.

In Dark Places.

While traveling the other day, the train passed through a long tunnel. The day was beautiful, sunshine and splendor were everywhere; all of a sudden we were plunged into darkness. The trainmen after a little lighted a single lamp in the far end of the car; but its rays did little to dispel the gloom. A weird, unpleasant twilight reigned, and we all felt eager for the returning light of day. Conversation was hushed, and our eyes were strained towards the front of the car to catch the first sign of approaching sunlight. When it came, what a cheery feeling it brought with it! Now we were ready to talk to our companions once more. The glad return of day restored us all to comfort and happiness.

Quite like this are many of the places we meet in this life. I do not suppose there is any one that has no dark hours. Some have fewer than others, as they possess dispositions which enable them to look upon the bright side of things. A happy disposition this, and one we may all strive for most earnestly. But to us all come days when the sun shines but dimly. We hardly know that it shines at all at times. We are at a loss which way to turn. The way is hedged up and full of gloom, so far as we can see.

What, then, shall we do? What is there better to do than to bow the head and wait until the light comes again? I fancy that some of the most serious thoughts which came to us during the journey described were those which filled our souls while passing through that dark tunnel. Did you ever think of it that sometimes, when you lie awake at night, when all is still, and earth is wrapped in slumber, the sweetest, purest, most holy thoughts of your life come to you? And often when the day comes again, with its hurry and care, you wish you could bring to mind the beautiful thoughts of the still night now past and gone.

I think God gives us the dark places of life so that we may come nearer to Him and think more about His greatness, love and mercy. He brings the sunshine back again; we may be sure of it. Then, too, He is with us in the shadow as well as in the sunlight.

Our little one stands at the doorway leading into a dark room, and calls back:

"Will anything hurt me, mamma?"

"No, darling; nothing will harm you," comes back the reassuring message; and straight into the dark goes the child, made brave by the mother's words. Would that we might all have this unwavering confidence in Him who sends us away into the darkness sometimes. Stronger than any earthly friend is He. At the other end of the gloomy tunnel the light is surely shining.—E. L. Vincent in New York Observer.

The Wheel as an Aid to Health.

No method, device or mechanical contrivance has been or will be so conducive to physical development as our "silent steed," the bicycle. One of America's prominent physicians speaks of the bicycle as the "great calisthenic of the world." An eminent physician has gone so far as to say that "not in two hundred years has there been any one thing that has so benefited the human race." It has been said that the wheel develops only the muscles of the arms and legs, but this is not true; the whole muscular system improves under its influence. If properly indulged in there is no exercise that causes such a general invigoration and development of the different muscles and parts of the body. If used in moderation, better respiration, better heart action, better physical development in every way results. It banishes aches and pains, brightens the intellect, and makes better men and women, physically and mentally; and upon these conditions of our citizens depends the success of the nation. It builds up a vigorous constitution, a condition which tends to keep the individual free from pains and disease.

To just what extent a person can use the wheel without abusing it will depend largely upon the individual. Individuals differ; some are naturally weak and delicate; others are strong and healthy. No rule can be laid down that will govern all cases. Providing there is no organic trouble with the heart and lungs, any ex-

ercise short of fatigue will probably be healthful. If there be any question concerning the amount of exercise that a person can indulge in without deleterious effect, it would be money well spent to consult some able physician who can make a thorough physical examination of the heart, lungs, et cetera, and thus be able to give intelligent advice.

Bicycling is an exercise which may be indulged in by persons of nearly every age, and by nearly every class. Of course there are two extremes, the very young and the very old. It is ridiculous and absurd to think of placing a very young child on a wheel. It has recently been stated that Alabama claimed the youngest bicyclist, a little girl three years old, who rides a safety 14 inches high. Such toleration by the parents needs no comment.

It is believed that girls at ten and boys at eight are about the earliest periods that they should be permitted to ride the bicycle, and then under restriction, because of the occasional unmatured condition of bones, organs, heart, et cetera. The tricycle will do up to that age. The great trouble is that it is difficult to regulate the use of the wheel in such young children; in fact, it is difficult to regulate the wheel in some children at any age.—The Physician and Surgeon.

Baby's Table Manners.

A father (whoe many olive branches do such credit to early training as to render him authority in that direction), says a writer in Table Talk, declares that when a child can eat at the family table in a civilized manner he regards it as half educated. While this may be an extreme view, his method of gaining the important point is so practical and simple that it is worthy thoughtful consideration at least. It demands that as soon as the youngest member of the household is allowed to feed itself it should appear at one meal each day, and this preferably breakfast or luncheon, to avoid the emergency of guests. His judgment banishes the spoon as a hindrance to neatness, and substitutes from the first the little fork and the silver "push," a late and great convenience of baby service. The food is carefully cut and placed on a pretty, delicate plate before the tot, who soon learns to carry the dainty morsels to its rosy mouth with great ease and certainty. After a few trials any failure in this, either from frolic or carelessness, means instant exile to the nursery. The use of the silver cup with handle is taught in the same manner, and also the utility of the napkin at meals, etc. A baby treated with this ceremoy soon feels the dignity and importance of its position, and behaves accordingly.

Simple Remedies for the Household.

By Eliza R. Parker.

In every household there should be a medicine chest, well supplied with simple household remedies, strips of soft cotton, a bundle of old linen, a few ready prepared mustard plasters, a bag of flax seed and slippery elm, with a bottle of camphor, witch hazel, arnica, alcohol, vaseline and other similar articles likely to be needed in emergencies. A box of capsules, a bowl of sugar, with spoons of different sizes, should also be on hand for giving medicine. A small alcohol or gas heater and a hot water bag are indispensable additions to the medicine chest, as there are few pains which may not be relieved by an application of hot water.

Croup may be relieved by soaking the feet in hot water, rubbing the chest with turpentine and grease, and giving alum and honey, castor oil and molasses, sugar and butter melted together, or onion syrup; all are excellent remedies.

Earache common to children may be stopped by dipping a piece of cotton in sweet oil and laudanum and putting it in the ear.

For burns and scalds the injured parts should be at once protected from contact with the air, by covering them with a mixture of flour and lard, grated raw potato, linseed oil, or powdered borax moistened with cold water.

A liniment of sweet oil, laudanum and powdered borax, equal parts, is good for knocks and bruises. An excellent remedy for soreness, stiffness of the joints, or rheumatism is composed of three tablespoons each of turpentine and vinegar added to the whites of two eggs.

The inhalation of hot water to which a few drops of iodine are added will soothe a bronchitis cough.

Hot water is a never failing remedy for colic, convulsions, headache and cramps.

Hot lemonade will break up a cold. For a black eye apply a cloth wrung out of very warm water to which a little powdered borax has been added.

Vomiting may be checked by giving a tablespoonful of black mustard seed in hot water, and applying a spice plaster to the stomach.

Powdered alum and borax, equal parts, put in the tooth form a simple and harmless remedy for toothache. Blackberry wine, blackberry cordial, or tea made of the roots of blackberry or raspberry plants, will cure summer complaint in children.

In reply to enquiries we beg to state that "Helbeck of Bannisdale" is published by McMillan & Co., New York. Price, $2.00.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Symbols of Our Lady..

Significance of the Various Emblems with Which the Blessed Virgin is Surrounded.

Beneath her feet is the crescent moon, the emblem of perpetual virginity; over her head the rays of the sun, betokening light and wisdom.

The star is often embroidered upon her veil or mantle—Star of the Sea being one interpretation of her Jewish name, Miriam. When she is crowned with twelve stars the allusion is to the text of the Apocalypse: "A woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

The lily is the general emblem of purity; this is why the Florentines have chosen it for their municipal flower, the Blessed Virgin being their patroness.

The rose is the symbol of love and beauty, hence especially Mary's flower:

Herself a rose, who bore the Rose—
She bore the Rose and felt its thorn,
All loveliness new-born
Took on her bosom its repose
And slept and woke there night and morn.

So sings Christina Rossetti.

The well always full, the fountain forever sealed, the tower of David, the temple of Solomon—these are symbols borrowed from the Canticles.

The globe, as an emblem of sovereignty, was often placed in the hands of the Christ-Child. The serpent under his Mother's feet was because of the words: "She shall crush thy head." The apple in her hand designated her as the second Eve. The pomegranate, if she held it, signified hope. One dove symbolized the Holy Spirit; seven His seven gifts.—Ave Maria.

The Golden Rule.

Here is a story for the Don't Care little folks. There may be a selfish Willie even among Donahoe's young people.

Willie came down to breakfast when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast; and usually mamma called him, so as to have them nice. But this time she said: "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him."

When he did get down everything was cold.

"Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming-oven, Katy?" he asked, in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old, fried griddles stone cold."

"'Deed, and I shouldn't, thin!" said Katy. "But a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yerself."

This was Willie's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles.

"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while.

"Gone for a ride," said Katy.

"Without me?" cried Willie, choking.

"Sure, yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you. You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red-hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less.

After a long time he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase.

"I want one in my buttonhole," said Willie, wistfully, eying the creamy, fragrant buds.

"Yes," said mamma, sweetly. "It would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment.

Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then, carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh, the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day. "I wonder what my little Willie would like?"

After dinner mamma sat down and read "What Will He Do with It?" Willie knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear 'way down to the bottomest place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, almost always mamma read to him, and who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone?

All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book, and looked at Willie sorrowfully.

"Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said, gently.

Bounce! It was only Willie. But people who aren't used to boys might have thought a cannon ball had struck them, or something.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Willie, squeezing her tightly. "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"Oh, because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint, and gave him some candy, with two or three of her best kisses.

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Willie on her neck. "Wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—Selected.

Nicknames of States.

Curious Customs Established in Early Days—Indian Names Full of Meaning.

The Household Realm has collected the nicknames by which many of the States became known in their early history, and has published them alphabetically, as follows:

Badger State—Wisconsin; so called from the animal of that name, which was common there.
Bay State—Massachusetts, which was originally called the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.
Bayou State—Mississippi, from the numerous bayous or creeks of that State.
Bear State—Arkansas, from the bears that infest its forests.
Blue Grass State—Kentucky, the famous blue-grass region.
Blue Hen State—Delaware.
Buckeye State—Ohio, from the tree called buckeye, which is native to that region.
Centennial State—Colorado, which was admitted to the Union in 1876, the centennial year.
Central State—Kansas, from its central position geographically.
Chinook State—Washington.
Corncracker State—Kentucky.
Creole State—Louisiana.
Dark and Bloody Ground—Kentucky, referring, probably, to the bloody battles fought there.
Diamond State—Delaware.
Empire State—New York.
Evergreen State—Washington; so called from its evergreen forests.
Excelsior State—New York, from the motto on the State seal.
Freestone State—Connecticut.
Garden of the West—Kansas.
Golden State—California; the origin of the name is obvious.
Golden Wheat State—Dakota.
Gopher State—Minnesota.
Granite State—New Hampshire.
Green Mountain State—Vermont.
Hawkeye State—Iowa, from an Indian chief of that name.
Hoosier State—Indiana.
Keystone State—Pennsylvania; so called from its being the central one of the original thirteen States.
Lake State—Michigan.
Land of the Shining Mountains—Montana.
Land of Steady Habits, also called the Nutmeg State—Connecticut.
Land of the Bee—Utah.
Little Rhody—Rhode Island.
Lone Star State—Texas; the flag of Texas, as an independent State, displayed but one star.
Lumber or Pine Tree State—Maine.
North Star State—Minnesota, whose seal bears the motto: "L'etoile du Nord" ("The Star of the North").
Old Dominion—Virginia.

Some of the States, Territories and cities having Indian names are given thus:

Alabama—Here we rest.
Chattanooga—The "Hawk's Nest."
Chickamauga—The river of death.
Conneticut—Long river.
Dakota—Allied.
Idaho—Gem of the Mountains.
Illinois—River of men.
Iowa—Drowsy ones.
Kansas—Smoky water.
Kentucky—Dark and bloody ground.
Mariposa—Butterfly river.
Massachusetts—The place of great hills.
Michigan—Great lake.
Minnehaha—Laughing water.
Minnesota—Cloudy water.
Mississippi—Father of waters.
Missouri—Muddy water.
Nebraska—Water valley.
Ohio—Beautiful.
Tennessee—River of the big bend.
Wisconsin—Wild, rushing torrent.
Wyoming—An extensive plain.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Blk., Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

"Historian" inquires: 1 What are the principal events in the life of Leo XIII. up to the time he was made Pope? 2 Is it true that Leo has abandoned hopes of seeing the temporal power restored? 3 When Leo dies, who is likely to succeed him, and how is the election of a new Pope conducted? 4 What is a consistory, a conclave? 5 Can you give me some idea of the Vatican? 6 What were the Papal States?

1 Vincent Joachim Pecchi (now Leo XIII.)was born in the neighborhood of Carpineto, in the States of the Church, on March 2, 1810. He was ordained priest December 23, 1837. Soon he was domestic prelate to Gregory XVI. Benevento, in the kingdom of Naples, belonged to the Papal States. It was overrun with brigands and smugglers. To this place Mgr. Pecci was sent to reform abuses and establish respect for the laws. His success was speedy and permanent. Returning from this mission, he was sent as delegate to Perugia, in Umbria. In 1843, he was appointed archbishop of Damietta, in partibus, and sent as Nuncio to Brussels. The skill in statesmanship which Leo has manifested was in evidence during Archbishop Pecci's stay at Brussels. He won plaudits and encomiums from all. In 1846 he was appointed to the see of Perugia, and he remained in charge of his diocese, a faithful shepherd to his flock, for more than thirty years. In devotion and in study he was all unconsciously preparing himself against the day when the Universal Church should need his soul of strength.

He was made cardinal on December 19, 1853, and in September, 1877, he was appointed by Pious IX. as cardinal camerlengo. On the death of Pius, February 7, 1878, Cardinal Pecci, as camerlengo, was charged with the funeral services. At the conclusion of the sad rites, which according to established rule last for ten days, Cardinal Pecci prepared for the conclave of cardinals who were to elect the new Pope. The conclave met February 18, 1878. On the 19th the cardinals proceeded to ballot. On the 20th, and on the third ballot, Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope, having received forty-four out of sixty-two cast. This was more than the requisite two-thirds. He took the name of Leo XIII. His election took place March 3, 1878.

2 No, indeed. His words and his conduct have always indicated the reverse. He feels to-day, as he has always felt, that the Church must be independent of all temporal sovereignties, and that the Head of the Church must be the subject of no prince, but himself a temporal as well as a spiritual ruler. And all Catholics hold firmly and religiously to this belief. In justice, what was taken from the Church should be restored, but this is not a world where justice rules. Leo, in a recent letter, to the bishops of Italy, has set forth his views on the question of his temporal power. We have not the text at hand, but the spirit of it we have expressed in saying that the Pope demands his independence of all temporal sovereigns, that he may deal with all his children of the world, free and unhampered, and that as a ruler he may govern the Church of Christ, dealing as a sovereign with the sovereigns of earth. Less than this he can never be content with.

3 The successor of Leo has been so frequently named by the daily papers, that we can scarcely dare to offer one of our own. Then as so many of the sure (so the papers said) successors of Leo have disappointed their admirers by leaving this world, our choice might do the same. Somehow, we are inclined to leave it all to Providence, and humbly confess that we don't know whom the Cardinals will choose. But this we know, that they are men of God, that they will vote for the interests of the Church, and that they are not the sordid and ambitious politicians which some journalists paint for the delectation of their readers. The new Pope will be chosen by the Cardinals, who, after Mass and Holy Communion, shall retire from the world and all communication from outside, shall be alone with their consciences and their God, and shall act with the sense of the vast responsibility entrusted to them.

4. Consistory, as it is used in the Church to-day, signifies the highest ecclesiastical court, which is made up of the Cardinals only, and which meets in the Vatican, under the Pope as president, to deal with such important affairs as the appointment of Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, etc. The private councils which the Pope can call when he so wills have also been named consistories.

Conclave means the assembly of Cardinals who have gathered together to elect a Pope. It means also the place of their assemblage. In the year 1178, at the Lateran Council, Pope Alexander III. decreed that the election of the Sovereign Pontiff should pertain to all the Cardinals, and to them alone, and that a two-thirds vote of the Cardinals taking part in the election should elect the Pope. By this decree great good has re-

sulted to the Church, removing the turbulence of the populace and the virulence of temporal rulers as elements in the Pope's election. At the Council of Lyons, in 1274, the use of the secret conclave was introduced by Gregory X. With other changes and additions, the laws now in use were perfected in 1740, under Clement XII. The Cardinals in conclave meet in a single room, having but one door, which is securely locked. Even to the very food that is conveyed through a window or a turning box, the utmost process of investigation is carried out, lest any communication be brought in from the outer world.

5. The Palace of the Vatican in Rome is one of the great points of resort for visitors. Besides being the residence of the Pope, it is remarkable for its library, its museum, and its collections of ancient and of modern art.

Many of the Popes, dating from the close of the Middle Ages, have so adorned and embellished this palace as to make it unrivaled. It is credited with having many thousands of apartments. Some of these are of remarkable beauty. In this regard stands first the Sistine Chapel, decorated by the great Michael Angelo. The painting of the ceiling in this chapel was begun by Michael Angelo in 1508, and completed in 1510. The subjects of the frescoes were taken from the book of Genesis, while between these and the representations of our Saviour's genealogy were vast figures of prophets and sibyls. Angelo's grand painting of the Last Judgment for the altar of the Sistine Chapel was completed in 1541. Worthy of especial mention are the chapels of San Lorenzo, the Pauline Chapel, the Sala Regia, the galleries and halls bearing the immortal touches of Raphael, Giulio Romano, and their disciples. The library, always attractive because of its extent, beautiful proportions and decorations, has been made of inestimable value by Leo XIII., who has opened its manuscripts and documents to the scholars of the world. The museum possesses pagan and Christian antiquities, paintings, statuary, bronzes, medals, vases, and other objects of art.

6. The Papal States included the territory in Central Italy over which the Pope ruled as temporal sovereign. These States extended in an irregular direction from the river Po on the north to Naples on the South; from the Gulf of Venice and Naples on the east to Modena, Tuscany and the Tyrrhenian sea on the west. Benevento and Pontecorvo, though outside this district and in the kingdom of Naples, were under the Pope's sovereignty. Of his territory the Church was despoiled by Victor Emmanuel in 1870. Pius IX. protested, and lived his remaining years a prisoner at the Vatican; Leo XIII. has not ceased to protest against the usurpation of the patrimony of St. Peter, and to demand "our restoration to that condition in which the councils of the Divine Wisdom first placed the Roman bishops." "We are not moved," he says, "to demand this restoration by ambition, or the desire of dominion; but by our office, and by the religious oaths which bind us; and because this principality is necessary to preserve the full liberty of the spiritual power, and it is most clear that, in the question of the temporal principality of the Apostolic See, the cause of the public good and the safety of society are involved. Hence, we cannot omit, because of our office, by which we are bound to defend the rights of the Holy Church, to renew and confirm by these our letters all the declarations and protests which our predecessor of holy memory, Pius IX., published and reiterated against the occupation of his civil principality, and against the violation of the rights of the Roman Church."

"Convert" writes us to complain of lack of sympathy and help from Catholics towards those who are desirous of entering the Church, as well as towards those who have entered. She says that, as in her own case, where there is a practical estrangement from friends, and even the members of one's own family, there is a craving for a sustaining word from Catholics. She finds much lacking, also, as regards social life among Catholics.

Well, we are trying to change all that. And while Catholics are really pleased with the coming home of each convert to the old Mother Church, there is much reserve manifested in some quarters to the stranger. Yet we can assure our correspondent that if she will not imagine too much coldness, if she will make herself at home, she will find the lack of kindness and of helpfulness to be only apparent. She will find a genuine welcome. We would bespeak from our Catholic readers a word of encouragement, and a deed of kindness towards those who, as in our writer's case, find estrangement at home and coldness in their new surroundings. As to the social life, Catholics in this country have, to a very great extent, been struggling for existence, and so far the opportunities for the leisure and culture needful to social life have been few. But we are coming to the front, and in the good fellowship and Christian charity that should enter into any life that is worth living we intend to be not laggards.

"Omega" writes: A gentleman, traveling in the Holy Land, writes, among other things, of a visit to the churches of the city of Jerusalem. He states that he visited the Church of St. James, "the brother of our Lord." This has very much surprised me. A Catholic man, to whom I expressed my surprise, told me that James was the brother of our Lord.

Consult the Scripture itself, and from its words and the usages of the Jewish people in the time of our Lord, learn for yourself the meaning of the words, "the brothers and sisters" of Jesus. It does not require the letter of a nineteenth century traveler to tell us that James was called the brother of our Lord; but it does require the testimony of your faith and the intelligence of the very words of the Scripture to make you grasp the meaning of that word "brother." It means a near relation, and not a brother, as one having the same father and mother. James was the son of Mary, who was the sister or cousin of Mary, the ever Blessed Virgin. And this Mary, the mother of James, was wife to Cleophas. Mary, the mother of Jesus, had no child but the one conceived in her by the power of the Holy Ghost. That is your Catholic faith, and the "Catholic" friend who told you otherwise is a detestable Catholic. Whether it be ignorance, stupidity, want of faith or of morality that has led him into such a statement, he is villainous. Read for yourself St. John, xix., 25: "Now, there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother and his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene"; and Matthew, xxv., 55, 56: "And there were many women afar off, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him, among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of the sons of Zebedee." Is it not already evident to you that Mary Cleophas, the sister of Mary the mother of Jesus, and Mary, the mother of James and Joseph, are one and the same person?

Read again Matthew, xiii, 55, 56: "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude, and his sisters are they not all with us?" Likewise, Mark, vi., 3: "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joseph, and Jude, and Simon? Are not also his sisters with us? And they were scandalized in regard of him." Shall you also be scandalized in regard of him? Or shall you think of him as the "carpenters' son"? Faith, faith, faith; the Catholic Church will not deceive you, nor lead you astray. The Virgin Mary had no child but Jesus. It is the usage of Scripture to call near relatives brothers and sisters.

A Washington correspondent writes:

"I was much pleased with your answer to 'G. C.' last month, but would like to add to it. If 'G. C.' would enlighten his own mind in regard to the conditions of the people in Catholic and Protestant countries and in Catholic and Protestant times, he might be able to enlighten the mind of his friend. When he has read Balmes, let him read 'Janssen's History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages,' a great German work, only one volume of which has been translated into English; Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation,' the works of Gosquet, the English Benedictine, and Prof. James Thorold Rogers' 'Six Centuries of Work and Labor,' and his 'History of Agriculture and of Prices.' He will then see the difference between Catholic and Protestant civilization, and their effect on the happiness of mankind.

Respectfully,

H. M. Beadle.

FAITH.

"The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of Heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds."

HOPE.

"'Of such the Kingdom':— Teach Thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine!"

Faith, Hope and Charity
from Guerin Photo,
St. Louis, Mo.
Hannerty idea.

CHARITY.

"We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man."

See "Frost Flowers."

NOVEMBER SHADOWS.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

THE RITUALISTS (who are the onl Anglicans who know or care what their formularies and principles really mean), are having an awfully rough time of it just now. A regular old wave of no-Popery has begun to flood England, the like of which has not been seen these forty years and more.

It seems that the other day a country rectory was attacked by a mob of staunch Protestant parishioners, and the pastor and his monkish curates driven to seek safety in flight. The cause of this rather pointed protest was nothing more than that the clergy insisted on remaining unmarried, living in "community," and otherwise conforming their lives to that rule of self-denial and detachment commended by the Saviour of Men. But unregenerate John Bull will have none of it. I know of nothing in the annals of brutality and bigotry to surpass the persecution of "High-Churchmen" by that body of colossal ignorance, stupidity, sensuality and mawkish pietism which goes under the name of "Evangelicalism." Illogical and untenable as we know is the position of Ritualists in the main, we cannot overlook the fact that they have fought superbly to restore to the fatuous Protestant mind some dim perception of Christian truth and Christlike living. These are men whose reading has brought them under the all-compelling influence of Catholicity. They occupy a singular position; having no foundation they strive pathetically to rear the dome of truth; without Orders, they essay to daily offer the Sacrifice; lacking authority and all support, they none the less endeavor to regulate their lives and those of their people as true priests do.

They fight valiantly, persistently. There has always been the same result. Many find their way to the Church of God; many more die witnessing to the unutterable failure of Protestantism. Anglicanism to-day is at the parting of the ways. The outbreak of the past year shows this, coming as it does so soon after Leo's declaration of the invalidity of Anglican orders. A very large and powerful body of Episcopalians will pro-

ceed (they are already gone far) along the way of latitudinarian haziness of faith, fetching up in Unitarian no-faith and cosmopolitan no-morals. The truly religious among them will return nearer and nearer to the old Catholic Mother Church. In England, for a generation or so, there will remain a more or less solid (intellectually) middle-class body who will continue to support anything in the way of religion that may be according to act of Parliament. When disestablishment comes, these people will be what most Americans are—Pagans.

THE REV. MADISON C. PETERS, the howling Dervish of A. P. A.-ism in New York, is chaplain of a regiment. He preaches to the soldiers every year in his church, and for three months the reverend blatherskite congratulates himself on having done the State some service by pointing out the dangers threatening "our beloved Republic."

He mentions many kinds of dangers, to wit, "Romanism," and "Popery," and "Catholicism," and "Priestcraft." The war broke out. His regiment went to the front. Did he go? Oh, no! He prayed over it, and "was led to believe his higher duty was at home." The skin of a sound divine is better worth saving than "our beloved Republic" when it comes to a direct issue, anyhow!

PROFESSOR HAECKEL, at the recent great gathering of gentlemen who know it all, startled the scientific world by declaring that none of us need waste any more time hunting for the Missing Link, because it had been found. What a pity! For twenty years the whole world had been searching for "It." I had almost decided to give the world the result of my own investigation. I hesitated, however, to dogmatize, because I had discovered so many claimants for the honor of being It that I could not quite decide between them.

And now comes Haeckel, not suggesting or surmising, but frantically asserting and proclaiming that none of my Missing Links is It at all! He proves to his own satisfaction that a baboon's bones, recently dug up in the South Pacific, are beyond dispute those of his own (Haeckel's) great-grandfather of several removes. That settles it! Dr. Talmage and George Francis Train and others, hitherto prime favorites, must give place to this certitude.

All right! A bishop once assured Darwin that if he would let *his* ancestors alone in the Garden of Eden, he would promise not to disturb those of the great scientist in the Zoological Gardens.

Haeckel is manifestly entitled to all the fun there is in knowing who one's folks were.

HALLOWE'EN MEMORIES.

BY REV E O'GROWNEY.

CLOWN. Was't not at Hallowmass, Master Froth?
FROTH. All hallond Eve.—Measure for Measure

Outside Ireland, the popular observance of Hallowe'en, to use the form of the word made familiar by Burns, is entirely wanting in anything of a hallowed or religious character. Even in Ireland, the religious feature is probably of recent growth—I mean the custom observed in some places of lighting candles at night-fall and "waiting" until midnight for the souls of the departed, who, if we have faith in the legend, are apt to return on this night to revisit the haunts of former life. We can easily understand how this custom arose from confounding the feast of All Souls with the beliefs, which we will refer to later, connecting the last day of October with certain spiritual beings. We have practically lost the old word Hallowmass, equivalent to (All-) Saints Mass, formerly applied to this time of the year. The word still lingers on in parts of England. Hallowtide is not so well known in Ireland as the form Halls Hollantide, a form used by Shakspeare, and equivalent probably to "hallow'n" or hallowed "tide" or time. Holl' Eve was the phrase always used in our boyhood: even in the Our Father "holla wed" was said, in three syllables, and I suspect we had but a vague idea of the meaning of the word.

To some slight extent at least, the observance of Hallowe'en has been brought to this country, and looking at the pranks and practical jokes which on each succeeding 31st of October are perpetrated in a far western Territory, in the name of the old feast, one's mind cannot help going back to the old land, and to old times, to ask what is the origin and meaning of the festivities of Hallow eve. We may take it that whatever traditions on this subject exist in the United States have come from Ireland either directly, or indirectly through Highland Scotland, which took its traditions, with its language, from Ireland.

Viewing the observance of Hallow eve as it exists even yet in the isolated parts of Ireland, we find observances of four different classes mixed up in the celebration. Some of these, as we have seen, are connected with the Souls in Purgatory, but this part of the observance is modern. One feature dates back to pre-Christian and indeed to pre-historic days. Then there are observances connected with the seasons, with sun worship, and with the invisible world as represented to the pre-Christian Gaelic mind by fairies or other invisible beings, call them nixies, pixies, elves or what you will. All these are connected with the Gaelic feast of Samhain as far back as our literature or tradition extends—say back to the second or third century before Christ. Samhain is still the Gaelic name of Hallowtide in both Ireland and Scotland.

In pre-almanac days the divisions of the year were indicated by the changes in "sun and moon, primeval ordinances," and by the recurrence of the seasons. Certain seasonal changes are so marked on the face of Nature that they have always attracted special notice, these are the Springtime, the month of May, and the end of Autumn. At one time in ancient Ireland the year was divided into Imbolc, Samh, and Gamh,

Spring, Summer and Winter; and the old glosses explain the name of the Samhain or Hallow eve festival as equivalent to End-of-summer.

In the Springtime when all is fresh and green, and gives promise of a rich future, the Anglo-Saxons worshiped Eostre, goddess of fertility. From her name we have our modern word Easter, and indeed the majority of our "non-sectarian" brethren seem bent on whittling down the great feast to an esthetic revival of the cult of the ancient goddess of their ancestors. The egg, typical of fertility, is also recognized over Europe as an emblem of Easter. But is this connection of Christian or non-Christian origin? In Ireland, for some time before Easter, the young people are busy gathering their cludog, or hidden store of eggs, to be dispatched on Easter morning. We are perhaps anticipating a little when we add that on Easter morn the sun was wont to "dance" in the heavens, if legend be trusted.

The beauty of the month of May has been for ages the theme of poets. One of the earliest Gaelic poems in existence is in praise of May, by no less a poet than Finn MacCool, whose prowess forms the subject of a large literature in prose and verse. Many European countries, notably modern Greece, have retained quaint customs in connection with their May games. In Ireland, at least until very lately, it was usual to strew flowers and fresh rushes in front of the house door, and to decorate the "May bush," the bright and fragrant whitethorn, with flowers and ribbons. In England there was the May pole, and in many countries the May Queen, a phrase to which the Church has given a beautiful and appropriate interpretation.

Finally comes the late Autumn when the crops have been gathered in from the fields. The work of the year is done, the winter is come and all may rest thankfully and enjoy the good things of the harvest. This harvest home celebration is the origin of some of our present Hallow eve customs. The bounteous dinner, the roasting of apples and nuts represent for us what the feast of Ceres was for the Romans. Twenty years ago, two of the days most noted in children's minds were "pancake night" and "colcannon day," Shrove Tuesday (locally saraft-Shrovetide) and Hallow eve. The pancake represented for us, in a mild form, the carnival of Southern Europe, itself a descendant in a way, of the pagan Saturnalia. The colcannon stood for the fruits of the earth, and not a bad type, either, to a hungry man. Piled up fresh and fragrant on a platter on the kitchen table, with a wide "well" in the centre filled with fresh butter, into which each one with patriarchal simplicity dipped his spoonful, it was a cheerful sight. Oaten bread, hard as the nether rock, was the orthodox accompaniment.

Vestiges of the pre-Christian worship of the sun may be detected in some of our surviving customs, and to a slight extent in those of Hallow eve. There is not any direct and formal reference to the sun itself, but to fire, the type of the sun in all countries where sun-worship has ever been known. In pre-Christian Ireland the great popular festival of the year was this same feast of Samhain, and the central celebration took place on the hill of Tlachtga in Meath, now the Hill of Ward, near which the present writer was born. The hill, the name of which means "the place of beauty," overlooks the richest plains of Meath and commands a view of some of the most historic places in Ireland, Tara,

Acaill or Skryne, Trim and the Boyne Valley, Teltown, Kells, the mountains of Sliabh na Caillighe, with probably the most ancient inscribed stones in Western Europe, and other famous places. Here on Samhain day the Druids lighted great fires, between which people and animals passed, that they might be rendered immune from disease or misfortune. On this day the kings and chiefs made offerings to one another, and to their deities. The people of Leinster had to give three hundred cloth suits to the King of Cashel at this feast. The great chiefs after having made their offerings at Tlachtga, assembled every third year on Tara to hold the feast of Tara, at which differences were adjusted, the annals of the provinces written up and approved, and the literary men invited to prove their ability. No doubt the feasting of these bygone days is now represented by the fun and frolic, pranks and jokes of Hallowe'en. How these have maintained themselves in Scotland and Ireland we can see by comparing what Burns says with the description of a contemporary Irish writer. In "Hallowe'en" Burns reaches an obscurity of dialectical phrase not surpassed by many Scotch writers:

She through the whins, and by the cairn
And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands meet at a burn
To dip her left sark-sleeve in, (1)
Was bent that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanced the stack (2) he faddom't thrice.
Was timmer-propt for thrawin';—

She through the yard the nearest taks,
And to the kiln she goes then, (3)
And darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.
And aye she win't and aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin',
Till something held within the pat,
Guid Lord! but she was quakin'!

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swore by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck, (4)
For it was a' but nonsense.
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
And out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

Then straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a 'throu'ther;
The very wee things, toddlin' rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
And gi'f the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them,
Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've placed them (5)
To lie that night.
--See Burns' "Hallowe'en."

Compare with this the "Midnight Court" of Brian Merriman, an Irish contemporary of Burns. We translate from the Gaelic:

None of these times was I content to sleep,
Without a stocking-full of herbs under my ears; (5)

My inner garment against the stream I drew,
Expecting to hear in my sleep the whisper of my future spouse; (1)

To sweep the stack oft I repaired, (2)
Having left some of my hair and nails under the embers;
The flail in the gable corner I placed,
And the spade beneath my pillow silently,
In the small drying kiln I put my distaff, (3)

And the thread wound off it in the lime-kiln;
Flax-seed I sowed in the middle of the street; (4)

In my straw shake down I put a head of cabbage.

The cabbage, the flax-seed, the flax, spade and flail, as well as the cornstack, all refer to the harvest festivities. The embers are all that remain of the fire worship. The

stream, at a point where different lands or roads meet, suggests as we shall see in a moment the invisible world.

Taking cabbage out of the neighbors' gardens is still a feature of Hallow eve. Diving for apples placed in a large tub of water is another. A third is somewhat connected with fire, but is, we suspect, of modern invention. A stick a foot long with an apple at one end and a lighted candle at the other is suspended by a cord tied to the middle and fastened to the beams of the ceiling. The stick is then made to spin round in a circle, while each one tries with open mouth to catch the apple in his teeth. As a rule they catch the candle.

There is a peculiar custom still in use in secluded parts of Ireland which leads us to suspect that not only on the feast of Samhain, and on May day but also at the beginning of Spring, the pagan Gael used to pass with his man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his ass, between the sacred fires. This is the custom observed on St. Brigid's day of making a large ring of rushes and causing people and animals to pass through it to avert disease. We are accustomed in Ireland to associate May day and Hallow eve with paying rent and with "flitting" or moving to a new residence, but probably these are modern institutions.

The traces of fire worship in our November customs are but few and obscure. It is far different with May. May seems to have been specially connected with the sun, being the "beginning of summer." This indeed was the meaning of the old Gaelic name of May, Ceiteamain, still used in Highland Scotland in the form Ceitinn. The modern Irish name is Bealtaine, which the old writers explain as "fire of Bel" or Baal. Whether or not this is the meaning is not quite certain, but the name seems to contain the word "fire" anyhow. On May day in Ireland no one is allowed to take fire out of the house on any pretext. Even the wayfarer cannot as on other days call in with a "God save all here" and get a coal for his pipe. To avert future evil a coal taken in a tongs is passed around, over and under, the newly calved cow. A piece of fire-colored cloth is tied round her tail. To prevent malicious persons in league with invisible powers from interfering with milk, and charming away the butter, many a careful housewife, otherwise sensible and devout, placed underneath the churn a live coal before the churning began. If the charmer succeeds nevertheless and the efforts of all failed to produce butter then, in old times, the doors were barred, a plough-chain put round the churn, and the coulter placed in the fire. Then if any person came to the door demanding entrance, that was the witch. It was thought, that if these charmers got any suitable material to work upon, they had power to remove the butter, in some mysterious way to their own milk. Hence no one was permitted to touch the fire on May day; hence also no milk was given away until a drop of water or a grain of salt had been added. In defect of other material the witch was compelled to be content with hairs of the cow picked up in the pasture, or mud dropped from the cow's hoof. After a churning had been successfully accomplished, the bean-an-tighe or housewife blessed the churn with the churn-dash. It is only a few months ago since we were interested spectators of a churning on a very small scale done in a bottle (in this way small quantities of milk can be churned splendidly) and when all was well over, and the cork drawn,

the churner peeped into the bottle and though born and reared in New York, said, "Well, God bless you, as my mother used to say." This formula of "God bless you" is also added after any remark about a person or animal to show that the speaker is well disposed towards them. Some thirty years ago we knew of a man called universally Conchobhar na sidheog, or "Conor of the Fairies," who made a living by prescribing in desperate cases of butter stealing or mysterious diseases, but with the advent of sanitary science his occupation, like Othello's, is gone.

In those days of astral bodies, Madame Blavatsky, and Theosophic Spiritualists, with seers, and so forth, on our chief streets in all the large towns of the United States, can we wonder that in secluded districts the imaginative Gael simply held to the traditions of pre-Christian times? Many a Madame Blavatsky there has been, and still is, on Irish soil, who has not to go as far as Thibet but just to the next wooded rath, or who, if she has a journey before her, has but to mount a buachallan, a reed-like plant that serves as a broomstick on such occasions, to journey to the land of Fairydom. The doors of the fairy world are particularly wide open on Samhain or Hallow eve. The folks of the mounds, for so the good people are called in Irish, sally forth to hold high revel in the neighboring fields, or to visit on ærial steeds their distant kindred. Many a legend is told at Gaelic speaking firesides of the pranks of the good people on Hallow eve. How Finnvarra and Mave, King and Queen of the Fairies of the West, residing in the Hill of Knock Maa in Galway, would go to visit the fairy folk of Leinster or Munster. How on one occasion nothing would satisfy Finnvarra but to steal a famous County Mayo tailor, with the intention of having a specially grand visiting suit instantaneously measured and made, and how the tailor catching cold while being carried by a troup of fairy cavalry through the air sneezed three times, and then exclaimed as usual Dia agu Muire linn, ague Eoin Baiste (God and Mary with us and John Baptist), and how thereupon the fairies lost all power over the tailor, who fell headlong to earth and was there found by his unbelieving spouse, who gave a different explanation of the state in which she found him. How on that night the good people are prone to stealing away healthy children leaving in their place in the cradle a wizened dwarf, or how captured persons (who for a year and a day had been detained insan mbruighin, in the fairy mound, but had refused all offers to eat and drink) were on next Hallow eve rescued by a friend, who with a blackhafted knife in his pocket, entered the rath and joining in the mazy dance carried away the lost one.

But Finnvarra and Mave are not mere mythic characters. They are not fairies, but substantial historic persons, Mave, Queen of Connacht, being the chief character of the great epic of the Gael, the Tain Bo Cuailgne, and Finnvarra her daughter. However, they became fairies at an early date for Shakspeare heard of them as such, and has enshrined Mave under the name of Queen Mab, the fair, who—

"Comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep;
Her waggon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spiders' webs;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;

Her whip, of crickets' bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray coated gnat:
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut . . . .
And in this state she gallops, night by night."

Another Shaksperean personage of Irish extraction is Puck, the pooka of Irish fairy lore, who figures in "Midsummer Night's Dream," a play the very name of which reminds us of another sun and fire festival, the summer equinox. In Ireland the policy of the early Christian church simply transferred the fires to St. John's eve. At present fires are lighted on both days, and the usual word for "bonfire" is in many places teine fheil Eoin, John's fire. In Scandinavia the nixies on this night haunt the streams and sing their sweetest music to allure people to the dangerous water-falls. All of which shows that even when the poor people worshiped sun and moon and fire they could not wholly forget the spiritual world, however meagre and distorted their ideas of it were.

What a medley of fancies suggested by Hallowe'en! But though quaint, how empty and poor they are, compared with the thoughts prompted by the feast of All Hallows, taking the words in their proper meaning.

A SUPPLICATION.

BY ADA THOMAS.

Just to walk once more in Autumn,
When the dew is on the ground,
And the early morning shadows
Are dropping all around.
Along the little path
In between the cotton rows
Where the red and purple morning glory grows.

Just to hear the silence thrill
Into music at the sound
Of the soft, sweet, sleepy note
Of a wee bird, hovering 'round.
Just to hear the crickets' chirp
Pierce the silence of it all,
Or the sudden, startled whirr
Of the quail in early fall.
Just this grant, oh, Father, dear—
The brown fields and the birds' song,
The sear leaves, the crickets' chirp,
And the heart that went along
Adown the little path
In between the cotton rows
Where the red and purple morning glory grows.

THE QUESTIONS BEFORE CONGRESS.

BY WALTER L. RAMSDELL.

With the public mind unsettled and distracted by new and grave problems, and a panic seizing upon the party in power, it is difficult to foretell the movement of public affairs through the coming session of Congress. Every large question of public policy is at present involved in a chaos of doubt and indecision. The money question is mired in a swamp of conflicting opinions, the lack of agreement being as prevalent among the friends as among the enemies of bimetallism, the rock on which the controversy splits. The question of tariff taxation, after its recent resurrection and appearance as a counter-irritant to the silver agitation, is now entombed again, and Hancock's epitaph seems more appropriate than ever to be inscribed on the slab. Restriction of immigration, which promised at one time to prove useful in the republican propaganda, has become like a hot potato in their hands, since the foreign element of the party has expressed its state of mind on the subject, and almost come to blows with the proscriptive element. The magnates of the money power have effectually extinguished whatever ambition and purpose the republicans had to deal severely with the trust and monopoly evil. Hardly any individual thoroughly knows his own mind or trusts the wisdom of his neighbor's on the subject of expansion, and the party in power is so far from being a unit on this matter that, in the face of probable adverse elections in the Congressional districts, its imperialistic and anti-imperialistic factions refuse to get together.

The treaty-making powers of the United States, the President and Senate, are not in such a state of harmonious relation and understanding as to ensure agreement when the work of the Paris Commission comes up for ratification, but even if a treaty is signed by which the Philippines come into our hands Congress will have to deal with their future disposition. Congress will have to deal with the question of Cuban government, and Porto Rico and Hawaii will be objects of its attention with a view to legislation.

A large row is likely to develop over the island question, and this I imagine will chiefly occupy the time of the coming session. Hardly any of the results of the war are calculated to excite peaceful and agreeable Congressional feeling. Already one can hear the low mutterings of the storm that will break out over the administration of the war department. Alger will hear some unpleasant things when the talk gets under way. Congressmen who are more or less responsible for Alger and what he represents will be the first to denounce him. There is political capital in it for them. With imperialism and Algerism on the tapis, Congress is likely to have a warm time of it and though the country may enjoy the

sport it will get but small satisfaction from the finish.

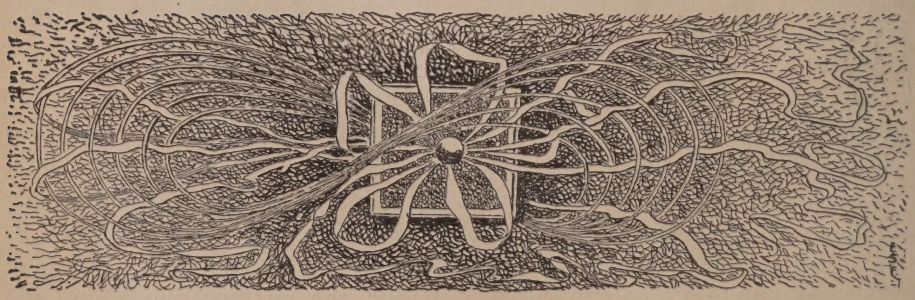
There is little reason to anticipate any action in the coming session tending to fix or change economic conditions. Monetary reform is impossible on the part of the present Congress, as it is in fact impossible until all branches of the government are pledged to the carrying out of some specific scheme which a majority of the people have approved. Tinkering with the system, attempts to amend it and conspiracies to further prostitute it to private interests, will go on, but no real reform will come to pass except as above stated.

It is beginning to be perceived by many that the best thing that can happen to President McKinley is to have a democratic majority in the Fifty-sixth Congress. He needs to be saved from his friends. By nature and training he is everything that Hanna and Alger are not, his conscience warns him against these conspirators and he would like to get rid of their domination, something which a democratic majority in Congress would effectually aid him to do. That he has little to expect from the Fifty-fifth Congress during the remainder of its existence is easy to perceive. It was not particularly disposed to accede to his wishes and consult his interest during its last session. He was forced into the war by it and it is bound to claim the credit of all that is good that has come from the war, while compelling him to bear the blame of all that is bad. If it does not embarrass his administration and contribute that which will discredit it in its last days, then all the signs fail.

REPENTANCE.

BY JOHN E. DONLEY.

From the rayless path of ignoble men,
The footsteps of a life that's spent
To God and Hope return again,
When a bleeding heart cries, "I repent."



WINONA.

BY ANNA M. JOHNSTON.

(Continued.)

Over at the commander's quarters that evening, between the whiffs of their fragrant Havanas, the two friends discussed the young girl who had furnished the occasion for their first encounter with the redskins.

"Her speech and manners would befit a princess," said Raymond.

"You seem to forget that she *is* a princess of the blood. Does she not belong to the royal family of the Dakotahs?" remarked Colonel Floyd, with a smile.

"Don't be sarcastic," said Raymond. "It seems like profanation to mention her in the same breath with those savage monsters. Whatever the mystery may be, though she is among them she is not of them. What a sensation she would create in eastern society! And there, where very Indian wears a traditional halo, inherited from Pocahontas, her blood would enhance her charms, while out here, in the West, where they are seen in all their repulsiveness, it is little less than a curse."

"True, too true," assented Colonel Floyd.

"I trust we may be able to continue the acquaintance so strangely begun. It would give a new zest to life to be able to pay an occasional visit to a charming young lady. What do you say to sending the young lady a note to ascertain if she will receive us?"

"Capital," said Raymond, "and the sooner the better. Be sure you couch your request in becoming language, and that it doesn't read like an order of the day."

"No, I'll leave the correspondence in your hands. I'm decidedly rusty in that line myself," answered the colonel, laughing.

They said "Good night," and Raymond went to his own quarters. Taking a seldom used flute from a small, brass studded chest, he seated himself at the door, and poured forth a succession of melodies, "Annie Laurie," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Home, Sweet Home," and ended with the "Ave Maria."

Over at the clubroom the game was suspended to listen to the unwonted strains, and not a heart there but some chord thrilled to memories awakened by the familiar airs. The mischievous Fuller glanced at Brown, with a comprehensive wink, and a vigorous jerk of one thumb in the direction of Raymond's quarters and the other towards the village, to which the latter responded with a knowing grin, and an "I told you so, sir."

When Raymond finished playing he lighted a cigar, but, after smoking a moment, threw it away with an impatient "Pshaw!" and retired, his mind full of the strange events of the day and the expected visit of the morrow. When at last he slept it was to dream of abducting Marie, of a wild flight, of being hotly pursued by her father and the chief, who were just about to seize him when he awoke and started up in alarm, so real seemed the illusion. He settled back on his pillow with a smile, and slept soundly till he was awakened by the reveille.

On the following morning an orderly was dispatched to the village with a note indited by Raymond, conveying Colonel Floyd's and his own compliments, and requesting the privilege of calling upon Miss Lavelle that afternoon, also expressing the hope that she had suffered no ill effects from the excitement of the previous day. He speedily returned with the coveted permission. Raymond opened the missive, and as he surveyed the delicate chirography, and scented the faint odor of violets, his

air of astonishment was comical.

Marie's hitherto colorless life had been abruptly broken into by the strange incident of the previous day, and for the greater part of the twenty-four hours that had elapsed since the unceremonious visit, she had thought of little else than the handsome, chivalrous officers who had risked so much for her sake, and she wondered in her unsophisticated little soul if she should ever see them again. "Doubtless, they regard me as a mere savage, or so near akin to one that they will never care to meet me again. They must look upon me with aversion." She sighed, and for the first time in her life, her Indian blood seemed to her a hateful thing. When lo! Just as she was deep in this slough of Despond, came a mounted courier with a message from the gentlemen, requesting the honor of calling upon her, just as though she were the finest lady in the land. She flew to her father with the note, but that worthy man was more disturbed than gratified by its contents. However, he deemed it advisable to accede to their request, but determined to keep a vigilant eye upon the officers, and meantime to remove his daughter as soon as possible from a vicinity so beset with perils. He would never breathe freely again till she was safe once more within the portals of the Sacre Couer.

To one, at least, for the next few weeks, time flew on golden pinions. Captain Raymond's infatuation for "the pretty Indian maiden," as she was called at the post, was the gossip of club and mess room. Brown and Fuller were in ecstasies of glee, and not a meal passed that a waggish pantomime, at Raymond's expense, was not enacted between them.

"Surely he'll never marry her. He'll think of the consequences before it's too late," said a brother officer, over a game of cards one evening.

"That's what a man in love never does," responded another, "And, after all, he might do worse, I'm told she is a beautiful and accomplished girl."

"Only a veneering, my dear fellow," said the first speaker. "An Indian is an Indian every time, I say. Of course frontiersmen of all kinds, ranchers, traders and cattlemen frequently marry among that class, but it will be a new departure to introduce one of them to army circles."

"They make good wives, true as steel to their husbands," said one whose own wife had furnished food for scandal at half a dozen different army posts. A covert smile passed around the group, and the subject was allowed to drop.

Captain Raymond, oblivious to gossip, continued his visits to the village, alone now, for Colonel Floyd's pressing duties had prevented his accompanying him for a fortnight past. At least that was the alleged excuse, and Raymond was too much intoxicated by his own success to suspect another motive. He sat in his quarters one evening in a happy mood, thinking upon the events of the past few weeks. How thankful he was now that he had not been sent East as he had hoped. In that case he would never have known Marie, and in not knowing her, life would have lacked an exquisite charm. When the waning moon, hanging high up in the sky was new, he had not seen her; now so large a space did she fill in his thoughts that time in his calendar, was marked only by the opportunities it afforded him of meeting her. He could hardly imagine life without her. The mere thought sent a thrill of apprehension through his frame. Life without Marie! Impossible! In that instant the scales fell from his eyes.

He knew that he loved her. He also knew, as a man of honor, that he must not go on longer in the seductively dangerous path he had been treading. One of two alternatives he must choose. He must marry her, or discontinue his attentions altogether. He winced as he thought what the latter alternative meant to him, but no breath of suspicion must be permitted to cloud the fair fame of the innocent girl. "And she is so innocent, and unprotected and lovely," he mused. "Why should I not marry her?" And he set himself seriously to consider the question.

Had it concerned himself alone, his decision would have been quickly made, but he thought of his parents, loving and tender and devoted to him, their only son, but proud, so proud of their blood and ancient lineage reaching back in an unbroken chain to Count Raymond, peer of France. Had he not heard it recounted many and many a time? He thought of his sisters, fond and true, but aristocrats to the core, and then of Marie, poor, lonely, lovely Marie. Alas for fetters of race prejudice! He could even see the horror and loathing depicted on their faces when they should learn that he had given them as daughter and sister, the niece of a bloodthirsty savage. The shock might even prove fatal to his mother, who had long been an invalid.

Then his fancy projected itself into the future, and he saw a brood of dusky children who called him "father." Heavens, what a situation! What a narrow escape! "No, no," he murmured regretfully, "it cannot be. It is doing violence to nature."

He was very much in love, but he was also a gentleman, and he reflected with deep self-condemnation on his thoughtlessness,—it was really no worse,—and decided that, painful as it would be to him, he would see Marie no more. Colonel Floyd, after a severe inward struggle had reached the same decision two weeks previously, but for widely different reasons.

Years before, he had been the victim of a shallow coquette, who had won his young heart only to cast it scornfully aside when he laid it at her feet. Saddened but not embittered by his experience, he withdrew from social life and devoted himself more and more to his profession. He had deemed himself proof against the allurements of woman, and many a fair one had sighed because he was oblivious to her charms. But his acquaintance with Marie, brief though it was, had revealed to him that the embers of passion still smouldered beneath the ashes of a dead past.

He loved the fair girl with all the strength of his great heart and noble nature, but believing her to be in love with his gay and handsome young friend, he resigned the field to his rival, finding it impossible to witness without a twinge of jealousy, the happiness of the well-matched pair in each other's society.

Marie thus found herself suddenly deprived of both her friends, and though without experience in those matters, her keen intuition divined the cause of the absence of one at least of her admirers. Though deeply wounded, she accepted the humiliation bravely. "Everything in this world is a delusion just as Pere de Smet and the sisters have so often told us," she said to herself. "My coming home has been a great disappointment, but this is the worst of all. I did think he cared for me just a little." Two tears stole out from under her lashes. She wept freely for a few minutes, then dried her eyes, and lifted her face with the air of one who puts the past resolutely behind and looks bravely into the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

After a week into which was crowded more unhappiness than Raymond had known in all his previous life, he decided that he must see Marie just once more. It was hardly good form to break off so abruptly. Marie as he often said, was a lady, and he did not wish her to think him a boor, and it would be just this once. So with a feeling of genuine admiration for himself, because of his virtuous self-abnegation, he dressed with fastidious care, and rode away in the direction of the village. When he arrived, he found Marie equipped for her daily ride. She was dressed in a riding habit of dark green cloth, which outlined her graceful figure perfectly, and the young man thought with a pang, that he had never seen her look half so lovely.

She received him with just a touch of hauteur that gave a becoming dignity to her manner, and which at once put to flight all Raymond's studied frigidity. He could only stammer an excuse concerning "urgent duties," etc., which he guiltily felt was discredited. He was conscious that the clear eyes of his companion penetrated the subterfuge and saw to the bottom of his motives. How paltry and inadequate they appeared now that he was again under the strangely subtle spell of her presence. All considerations of relatives, ancestry, and posterity vanished into nothingness. She seemed the one desirable thing in the universe, and he felt, for the moment, quite capable of renouncing civilization and joining the Sioux tribe if it were necessary to obtain her.

He begged eagerly to accompany her on her ride, and she consented. Assisting her to the saddle, he sprung lightly to his own, and they were soon galloping evenly away over the level plains. The crisp air and vigorous exercise soon banished all constraint, and both were in high good humor long ere the slanting rays of the sun warned them to turn their horses' heads homeward. As they approached the village, silence fell between them. Raymond realized that the crisis of his life had come. Marie must be his. Life would not be worth the living without her. Of her sentiments, he had no doubt. Her heart, he was certain, had never held any image save his own. As these thoughts coursed swiftly through his brain, he reached out, grasped her bridle, and bringing both horses to a full stop, he poured forth, in ardent, eloquent words his love, tendering his heart, his hand, yea, his life itself to be evermore devoted to her service.

Marie listened to his avowal, a look of pained surprise in her beautiful eyes, and when he ceased to speak, she said: "Captain Raymond, I did not expect this, I did not wish it. I am sorry, very sorry to grieve you, but I cannot accept your flattering offer."

"Don't say that," he urged. "Surely I am not disagreeable to you?"

"No, no, on the contrary, I esteem you too highly to wrong you by becoming your wife when I do not love you as I must love the man whom I could consent to marry."

He begged her not to decide hastily. He would wait—years if necessary, and she would learn to love him. Thus he pleaded, but she only shook her head, answering sadly, "I cannot." He felt that her decision was final, and in silence they reached her home. He threw himself from the saddle, and assisted her to dismount. Placing her upon the ground, he sprang upon his horse, and, striking his spurs into the animal's sides, galloped furiously away, nor drew rein

till he reached his own quarters.

Marie stood gazing after his retreating figure till it became a mere speck against the darkening sky and then vanished. A chill wind rose and swept by from the West with a mournful cadence in its deep voice. It roused her from her revery, and turning to enter the lodge, she became conscious that her face was wet with tears.

Captain Raymond's place at the mess table was vacant that evening, and he curtly declined to go to the club-room, thereby giving his brother officers a toothsome morsel of gossip.

"I'll tell you," said Brown, "Hiawatha and Minnehaha have had a spat all the same as white folks, and Hiawatha is all cut up about it."

"No, it's this way," said. Fuller "The old chief has been discouraging his attentions to a member of his family. He has issued a proclamation that the man who marries his charming niece must be a Sioux or else be adopted into the tribe, and Raymond isn't quite ready yet to put on the war paint and feathers. Hence those tears. Don't you see?" The older men laughed indulgently.

Captain Raymond opened his eyes the next morning upon a different world to that of yesterday; one in which all the coloring took its tone from his own sad thoughts. The debonnair young officer, with somewhat of the grace and brightness of boyhood still lingering lovingly about him, had disappeared in that night of anguish and in his place there stepped forth a graver, more serious man, to take up the burden of routine duty.

The officers marveled not a little at this unexpected turn in the drama. Lieutenant Cary had met the young people the previous day, far out on the prairie, and had not failed to report the circumstance, declaring that Marie was the handsomest girl he had ever seen and Raymond a deucedly lucky fellow. But why was he so glum today? By putting together facts and surmises, they hit upon the truth, or as Fuller phrased it, "Minnehaha had given Hiawatha the grand bounce."

"Pretty fastidious, I must say," said Major Wilson, "The girl who would refuse Raymond ought to die an old maid. And a half-breed too!"

"You'll forget all about that the first time you see her." said Lieutenant Cary. "I know I did."

"Not I, I'm not so susceptible as some, besides, I am a married man," returned the major laughing.

Seeking to divert his thoughts from the one absorbing topic, Raymond called at the commander's quarters one afternoon nearly a week after his last interview with Marie. Colonel Floyd looked up from the book he was perusing, and warmly greeted his young friend. "You are not looking well," said he, scanning the face of the other sharply.

"I've been a little under the weather, nothing serious, however," returned Raymond evasively.

"Have a cigar. If that doesn't help you, depend upon it, you are in a bad way," said the colonel jocularly, between the whiffs of his own fragrant weed. "By the way—how is our fair young friend Mademoiselle Lavelle? It seems an age since I saw her. It was unpardonably rude in me to break off so abruptly, but I dare say I have not been missed."

Raymond's face was crimson during those remarks. "I beg you, Colonel Floyd, never to mention that subject again. There are topics that are better left untouched even between friends."

"Pardon me, but I had no idea that it could be other than an agreeable subject to you. In fact, I have been

holding myself in readiness to give the blessing and throw the old shoe," responded the colonel lightly.

"Neither will be required in my case," said the rejected lover. Then, encouraged by the sympathy of the elder man, he revealed all, not forgetting to curse himself roundly for his vanity in supposing the girl to be in love with him, and therefore ready to grasp his offer at once. "So you perceive that it is not without cause that I ask you to say no more about my suit."

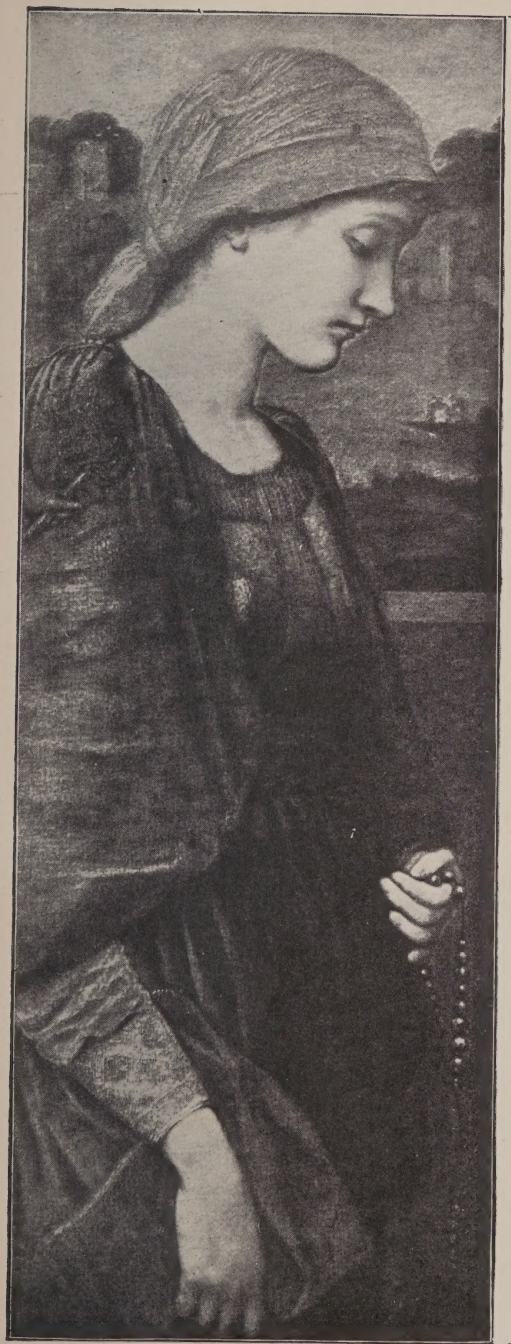
Colonel Floyd's face was shaded by his hand during this recital; when Raymond ceased speaking, he said, with visible embarrassment, "Since confession is the order of the day, I, too, have one to make. Had I not supposed the young lady to be in love with you, I, myself, would have been a suitor for her hand. As that was a misapprehension, I shall see her and put my fate to the touch ere another day be past. If she rejects me also, we can, at least, sympathize with one another."

Raymond was confounded at the revelation. "You amaze me," said he. "I never dreamed that mortal woman could move you, but Marie could charm any man's heart out of his own keeping. And God bless her artless soul, she does it without knowing it herself. If I could bear to see her the wife of any other than myself, that man would be you." He wrung the hand of his commander and withdrew.

There was an unusual stir at the trader's lodge on that bleak November afternoon, Marie was to depart on the boat that was momentarily expected, and her heart was sorrowful, and her mind troubled. Her father was to accompany her, and her mother, though grieved, offered no objection, knowing full well that her daughter's home must henceforth be far from her kindred. Her brothers and sisters were grieved, for they had grown to love their gentle sister, but the grief of the latter was assuaged by the presents of fine clothing, jewelry and trinkets which the departing one lavished upon them. She was feverishly anxious to be gone—back to the protection of her convent home. But why did she find it so hard to tear herself away from the miserable Indian encampment that she was leaving forever? She looked towards the post, and wondered if Captain Raymond or—or Colonel Floyd would have come to bid her goodbye if they had known that she was going away. She wondered what they would say when they knew she was gone. Her eyes were moist at the thought that she would never see them again. Suddenly, through the mist of tears, she saw a horseman leave the post and spur rapidly towards the village. As he drew near and nearer, she recognized in the rider, Colonel Floyd, and her pulses began to beat an accompaniment to the resounding hoof beats of the steed that was bearing him to her. In another moment he drew rein and saluted her deferentially. Marie advanced to meet him, exclaiming, "I am so glad to see you before I leave."

"Before you leave!" he echoed. "May I inquire where you are going?"

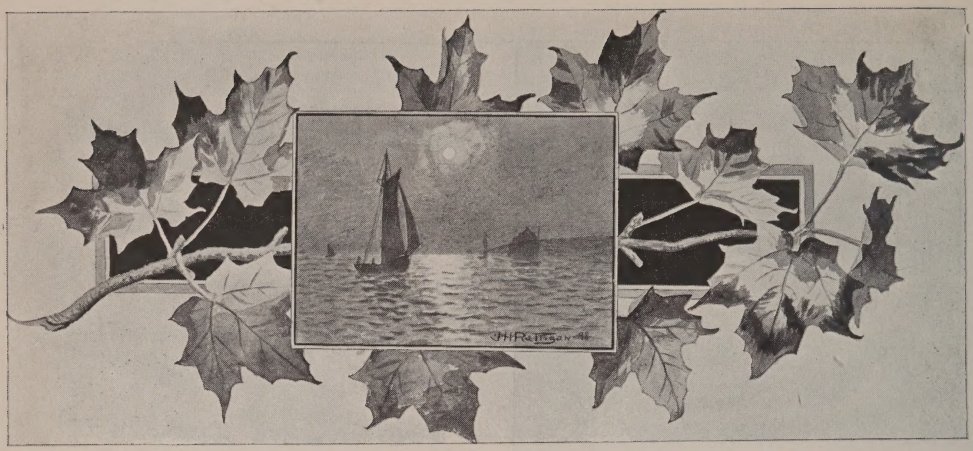
(To be continued.)



NOVEMBER.

A queenly woman, with
sad, tender eyes
Wherein lurk shadows of
the violet's hue,
Eyes grave, yet sweet with-
al, and wondrous wise,
The mirrors of a faithful
heart and true;
Linking with patient care
the golden chain
Of prayer, all jewelled o'er
with crystal tears,
That binds us to our loved
and lost again,
Changeless she stands thro'
all Time's restless years.

—Margaret D. Thorn



FROST-FLOWERS.

BY H. M. SYLVESTER.

There are in these opening days of November unmistakable touches of Nature's realism. The atmosphere is grown clearer. Things visible take on a sharper outline. It is a rare day in June accentuated with the vigor of a sharp frost here and there in the lowland, that lends to the morning air a tonic quality, setting one's nerves a-tingle with delightful anticipations of other days to come.

It is one of the economics of the round year that the seasons merge one into another so imperceptibly. From the first saucy whistle of the bluebird on the pasture fence, that first gossip-monger of the coming of springtime, that winged medley of the reddest of red earth and the bluest of blue skys, on, into the diapason of June melody, and until the heats of the summer solstice have begotten dullness and lethargy among the feathered tribe, the days have come and gone unannounced.

As the year grows, only the thrush and the catbird have not forgotten their repertoire. The lazy acquiescence of their fellows in their acceptance of the largess of the fields, as they keep to their silence and their gorging, suggests that, with them, as with some people, given plenty to eat, a desuetudinous inclination is painfully apparent. If the moral be obvious, it may be as safely asserted that Nature's epigrams are not less pungent, as an inadvertent approach to the hen-roost one of these late fall nights may prove, when Sir Mephitis takes to unsolicited patrol duty.

One has not to be told that the nights have grown cooler, and yet, the first shrill of the cricket startles one. But the nights have grown longer. The sun drops below the horizon earlier in the afternoon, and the dawn comes later in the morning. Midday makes one think of summer, and were it not for the flaming of the maples and the rustling and yellowing of the elms, one might remain deaf to the inaudible yet impassioned appeal of these silent things for sympathy. The shrill of the cricket is the signal for the lighting up of the hearth that has been cold, dusky and gray since the April days went out, when the poetry and romance of the woodland are to be written anew on

"We hear the clatter of the mill-wheel, the song of the river."

the throat of the chimney in lines of curling, leaping flame.

But one sees things these days unconsciously. A yellow blaze breaks out above the old wall, or from an opening in the rail fence, and the golden-rod is in bloom. A spray of mixed blue and white relieves the monotonous negation of the flowerless weeds by the wayside, and the heart sings the song of the frost-flower,—

"Nights of frost and days of sun;
Greens to gold and crimson run;
New to old, and old to new;
Crimson-dyed to brown and blue,—"

and even then the serial is not complete.

The October days have lessened perceptibly, and with their going have faded out the inimitable dyes in which their foliage was dipped. The alchemy of mixing the pigments of autumn coloring is a marvel of wondercraft. The depth and richness of that glory are but a memory. There is a hint of new things in the air. Instead of the swathing-bands of impalpable haze that drowned the meadow elms and patched up the ragged places along the sides of the hills, as with mystic incantations, a storm has swooped down in the night, and with the coming of morning the transition is sharp and emphatic.

To keep one's mind on things urban in these days of Nature's metamorphosing, is to encourage a discontented spirit, to clog the finer pores of sense with the vision of a dyspeptic, and to hedge one's narrowness in more closely. To go across lots, to plow a little in the old furrows, to follow the old path to the spring with the thieving blue-jays scolding one's every step, and to sip of its perennial elixir amid a patchwork of sun and shadow, to send a spatter of small shot along the trail of a startled partridge, to count the corn-shocks afield, and to give the apple tree-top one more shake to send the apples volleying into the grass, is to get a fresh lease of existence and to partake anew of the wine of life. To feel the frosty stubble break underfoot like a bit of crumpy pastry in the mouth, and to fill one's lungs with the wind-blown vintage of the hills, nipping-cold, is to project one's vision over and beyond the petty things that fret one's soul, and to set one's heart to pumping the red blood to some purpose. One's eyes and perception should be a wide-angle lens to make such quick, wide survey, to catch every detail to be developed at leisure.

Here is the path to the old house. It runs up the hill. The old farm-house windows are pitched to the south. Its roof is half hidden among the river elms, with the onrush of the river singing a sleep-distilling lullaby.

"Broad-set, low-roofed and grayed,
With age its chimneys red,
Like two stout spars well-stayed
And ribbed, within their timbered bed,"

its myriad panes flash fiery signals to every sunset across Crow pond, a huge black bulk in the landscape after sundown when the big round moon rolls up the east to streak the silent water with a bar of molten silver. In its soft shimmering light the stars glint far off and faintly. The kindred noises of the summer night are hushed, while the sleepy ripples along shore leave an evanescent string of brilliants, and over all is the bewitching romance of the harvest moon and hint of Indian Summer.

It is morning and the sun is an hour high. The mackerel-backs push their slow ladders zenith-ward, and by mid forenoon the sun is hidden and the sky a mass of sodden,

"The storm passes with the night."

threatening gray. The wind has changed and blows from the eastward, cold, raw and damp. There are sounds afield among the cornshocks, and all day long the gathering of these weather-beaten argosies goes on, and at nightfall, which has come quickly, the wide barn-floors between the bulging mows are gorged with the plenty of the cornfield. Only the black bean-stacks lean spectre-like against the sky to mark the page for another day.

In the house the fire burns brightly. The iron dogs cast uncouth gargoyles of shadow along the sanded floor. But for a faintly-marked streak of sky, on and along the tops of the southern woods where the cloud has lifted, and that shows a color of rusty lemon rind, the night is wholly overcast. The wind comes more fraught with wet and faintly odorous with the breath of the salt marsh miles away. The threat of rain has become a surety as the vines in their complaining, rake the windows with restless, uncanny touch. The house is pervaded with an unusual quiet; only the crackling of the firesticks sends back an answering challenge to the tapping of the vines on the window-pane. The atmosphere is pregnant with signs, the house-cat begins a noiseless, roundabout dance after the tip of her elusive tail, while the dog with his nose between his paws looks askance at such unseemly frivolity, or growls and gulps smothered yelps in his sleep, all of which are signs of a change in the weather, which in this case is a wet gale. Why not, this is a month of signs and weather saws and sayings. The leaves on the trees and vines, the winds, St. Martin's and St. Catherine's days are notable in the November calendar. If St. Martin's day is dry and fair and cold, the winter will not last long; and if the leaves are well off the trees, a cold winter is prophesied. St. Catherine's day sets the pace for February. Much fog in autumn betokens much snow in winter, but a clear fall means a windy winter. The most unique of all these saws is this,—

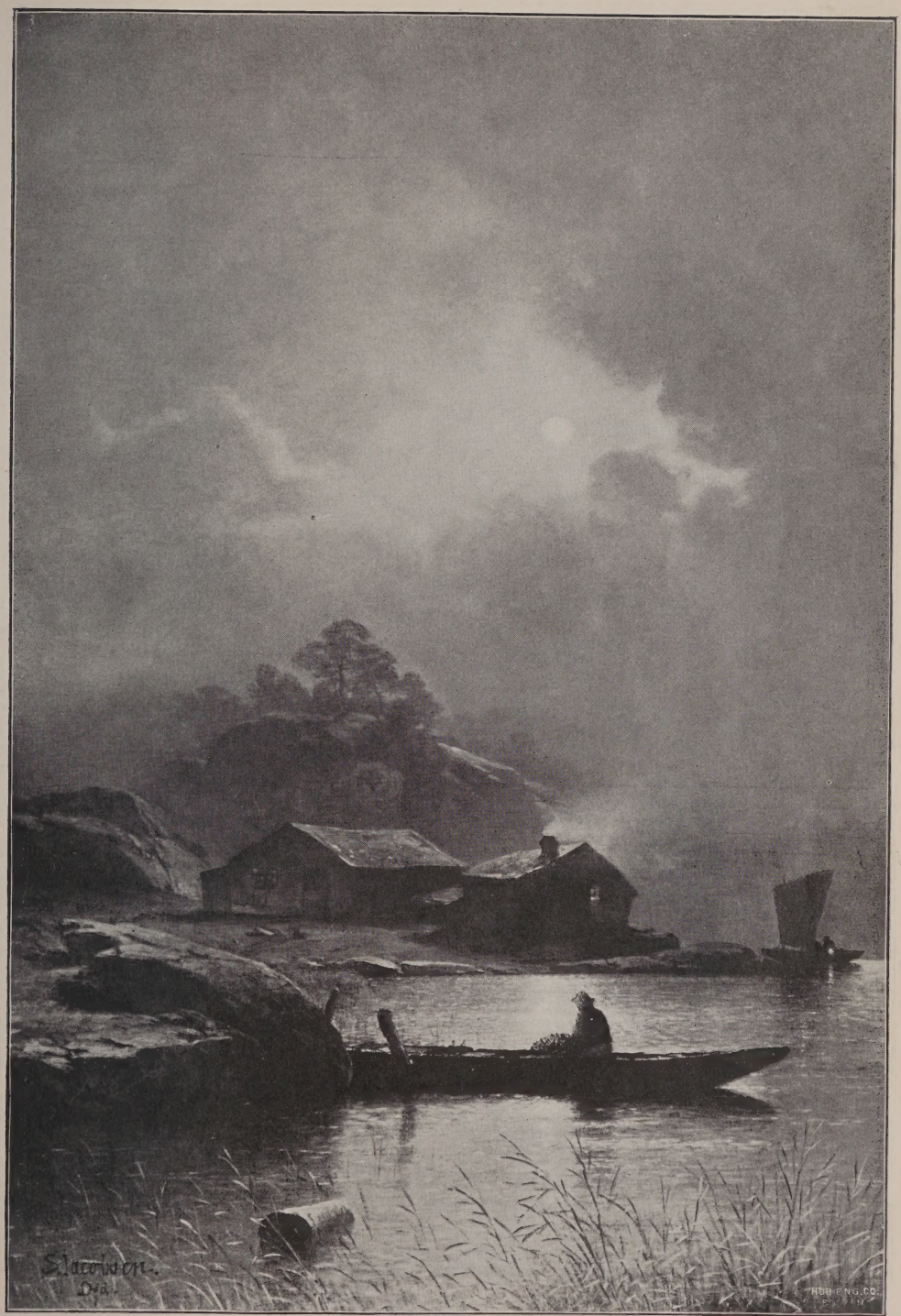
"Ice in November to hear a duck,
Nothing thereafter but sleet and muck."

I notice the corn-husks are a deep golden yellow, and it is well to look for an open winter with light snows and not much cold. The muskrat is a sign-bearer; but for that matter the housewife has only to drop her table-fork to the floor inadvertently to have it stand upright on its tines, to herald a Pandora's box of surprises.

But a random drop of rain smites the window. The wind howls and growls down the chimney as if it were the neck of a huge bottle, and some giant of the upper air were whistling up his allies. The old house vibrates with the shock of the gale, and the heart is glad in its shelter.

How the rain does come down! The sound of the river is hushed in the tumult of the storm. But the fire burns more briskly. The flames leap higher into the black chimney-throat, to disappear with a swirl and strange flapping sound that adds to the weirdness of the storm that is rising higher. The rain beats the windows roughly and the night is filled with strange plashing sounds, and through the drenched panes one can see the tops of the maples reel helplessly. With a climb up the narrow stair to bed, the noise of the gale and the rain pounding the shingles on the roof is lost in the blissful sleep of childhood.

The storm passes with the night. The welcome sun is out again. The ground is strewn with sodden leaves. The tree-tops, draggled, unkempt,



"The sound of the river is hushed."

"Here is the path to the old house."

drop their remnant of foliage with the wind that sends it hurling downward to be swept into parti-colored windrows among the wayside hedges. The sky is intensely blue, and swept of all its dreamy imagery. The wind, turned marauder, blows from the northwest to strip the woods utterly. Only the bronze-colored domes of the pasture oaks keep their rounded fulness and shape and hiss audacious contempt at such puny buffeting, with now and then a shower of falling nuts when the wind lulls.

The weeds by the fences and along the hillside pasture stand stark, scorched by the numerous frosts to the color of ashes, while the wind hatchels their tops with nimble fingers.

One looks for color. It is not at first apparent, but is is here. To be sure, the steeple-bush (hardhack) has forgotten its rouge but the brown bolls of the milkweed show hanks of silver floss. A stray gentian in some sheltered spot has caught the hue of the sky. It is the only hint of fresh color unless the triple blossom of the witch hazel here and there throws its yellow ribbons across one's vision. But the lichens are in their glory. They are fairly riotous with drunken satiety. The apples in the grass glow like blotches of red varnish-stain, and there are apples everywhere about the field barriers. These are the last of the year's bounty to be housed, and no wonder Adam was tempted by such luscious fruit,—Sops of Wine purple-red and glowing with voluptuous beauty and incomparable toothsomeness,—for with teeth set on edge, we boys sample every tree, until abstinence is compulsory and our waist-band buttons are imperiled.

The old pasture fence is rich with suggestions of color. Above and around it the sprawling sumac still shows its scarlet dome of foliage. There are streaks of purple fresh from Tyrian dye-pots on its roof, as if hinting rapid decay and over-ripening. Under its lee the sweetfern, its seed-bobs hanging like pendants of umber, has been metamorphosed into a gray broom that still bespeaks the aromatic flavor of this pasture rioter. The blackberry vines are housed in royal purple, but their delicious fruitage is only a memory.

Of all the lingering scents of summer the humble penny-royal is most pungent. It is a wholesome odor, and pleasing. The homely herb is not visible, and for all that it may be underfoot, or it may have sent its message across lots. When one has discovered its slender spike it is lost almost as quickly as one glances elsewhere, huddled as it is among such a motley gathering of the weed family, all garbed in hidden coloring, with its each individual leaf shriveled and dried into shapeless incongruity. There is such a wealth of things to see. The rue in the run is a dingy drab, but that bush yonder seems half buried in a snow drift. That is clematis bloom, as soft and white and fluffy as down, another of Nature's beautiful wonder-craft, a marvel of daintiness and grace, a beautiful weed, and only a weed, a wild thing, running riant over the tops of the roadside briars, smothered with the dust of the highway and tended only by the sun and the rain, with only the decaying mould of its own leaves perchance, to feed its roots. For all that, wildling that it is, it is incomparable among the fall flowers.

If you wish to see weeds, keep to this unkempt rail fence, unsociable enough if approached too hastily but friendly enough to the lazy wight who patterns by its constituency of vagrants, for the weed family is the

vagrant, the vagabond, the good-for-nothing of the farm. Here is a clump of willow-weed,—you call it fire-weed,—but a rose would smell as sweet by another name, and the fire-weed would shed the same glow of livid crimson over the heads of its fellows, call it what you might. Its seeds are great travelers, spreading their sails to every random breath of wind, blow high or low, its tiny capsule, one of the marvels of Nature's looms. It is one of the daintiest of the floss-spinners, turning out the most delicate product imaginable.

Closely allied to the family of the floss-spinners is the thistle, the dandelion and the milk-weed. The pompon of the bull thistle breaks under the flail of the wind to leave a glinting foot track in the sunshine. Its footfall is noiseless. The dandelion seed is a tiny parachute, four-ribbed, with a long slender rudder to guide it straight as an arrow in its random migration. Colorless as the air through which these seed-bearers sail, they are fraught with all the mystery of Nature's richest coloring. They touch for a moment here, there, nowhere, as if to add mystery to mystery, yet when the woods are sap-bewitched they flaunt aloft their banners of silver and crimson to the sky, or spatter the fields with the touch of a Midas.

To me, these are the most rare and subtle of Nature's expressions. There is something spiritually inspiring in the evanescent quality of these films, these suggestions of substance that float and soar into the Unknown of invisibility to reproduce themselves a thousand-fold in the economies of nature elsewhere, and to go on and on forever filling in the eternal round of seasons.

My artist friend talks to me about "masses" and "effects" and broad suggestions of color, and I understand him. I see more than the light and dark in his sketch. The streak of yellow ochre that marks its middle distance is replete with subtle mystery. Each bristle-mark is a blade of bending grass tipped with a jeweled dew-drop where violets and bluets open to the sun; where sparrows nest; and while the imagery grows, the swallows wheel and curvet in rapid flight. One needs to lean against the heart of Nature to hear its beat, unless he is stone deaf, when he must, perforce, feel its throbbing. Tone, color, form, and the infinity of creation will be his portion.

There is a poetry of things material. They make their own song. This bit of shifty pasture fence is of the essence of realism. It stretches its length across my pathway, as if saying, "Here I am, make the best of me!" To assert that such is a line of rare truth and meaning might startle the æsthetic, but it is nevertheless true. The only real poetry is the poetry of things, the things we know and love, our familiars out of doors, things sanctified mayhap by a flash of sunlit wings, a touch of scampering squirrel feet, a spot of lichen, a spatter of Nature's pigments, a hedge of wild blossoms, a tangle of dead weeds, a bit of pine rail, moss-flecked, luminous kaleidoscopic, high lights and low, the perfection of chiaoscuro, a symphony of inimitable song such as man never did nor could write, of bee, of bird, of the wind in the throat of the storm,—ah! there is poetry in this weather-stained fence, this reach of low-gaped wall spotted with the drippings of royal dyes, with burdock and bramble, thistle, milkweed and vine clinging to and clambering over the rough places with the abandon of a voluptuary, with the sharp whistle of a saucy chipmonk for a punctuation point.

Look between the rails of this old fence. What pictures they frame, to recall James Whitcomb Riley's "Knee-deep in June!" Here are prophecy and fruition in one, the essence of art pure and simple, nature-made. Look again, the sketches crowd the retina, read,—"I am the Resurrection and the Life,"—is what I translate it. It is a true school and there is no false note in all these harmonies.

The Parsee who hugs his cricketless fireside and thinks it a glow of Paradise is far from that wished-for haven. The happy hunting-grounds know not the sound of his footfall. His seat at the feasting-board is vacant on this,

"Vintage-day of field and wood,
When magic wine for bards is brewed;
Every tree and stem and chink
Gushed with syrup to the brink."

Nor can he say with another,

"I have trod this path a hundred times
With idle footsteps, crooning rhymes;
I know each nest and web-worm's tent,
The fox-holes which the woodchucks rent,
Maple and oak,—"

that fill my vision as I look into the livid coals at my Parsee's feet.

Happy is he to whom the Merlin of the woods and fields may come to bring the odors of the pale, belated flowers, the lingering notes of the passing year, the shouts of the harvesters afield, the clatter of the mill-wheel, the song of the river, of all things that make up the alluring, the indescribable atmosphere of an autumn day, of a day in crisp November. Happy is he who knows the freedom of an unfettered spirit and whose inward renewing is a counterpart of Nature's strength and beauty.

HIS KINGDOM.

BY EDWARD WILLIAM DUTCHER.

In a lone cottage by the river side
The toiler's wife prepares the evening meal;
Across the darkness glimmer far and wide
A thousand lights, and o'er the waters steal
The waning tones of wheels within the mill;
The signal whistle blows, and all is still.

His honest stipend earned, the toiler hies
Along the bridge and up the beaten path
To one within whose breast his treasure lies—
His bank account of peace and all he hath.
His queen, who reigns and wears his signet ring,
In robe of purple greets her loyal king.

The children leave their little tasks undone,
With eager clamor for the promised kiss;
A word, a smile, are given one by one,
Each knows the charm that wins a heart in this.
Here is his throne! Crowned in life's little span
He wields a sceptre, more than king, a man!

THE RED AND BLACK POSTER.

BY EDWIN B. FERGUSON.

The shrill tenor whistle on the dye-works blew one o'clock, and neighboring whistles of every pitch took up the tune. The great, hot, drowsy city had finished its dinner, and was yawning out a deprecatory yodle before beginning its afternoon's work. A miscellaneous company of employes of both sexes went tramping up three flights of narrow stairs. The first comer at the top crossed a dim hall, opened the office door and thrust in his head to shout "twelve." He then passed back into the pressroom. The others shouted "twenty-three," "thirty-one," "nine," as it might be, while the book-keeper jotted them down in a folio marked "Time."

In the dingy pressroom was hanging up of coats and rolling up of sleeves and putting on of aprons. Belts were thrown into gear, and shafts overhead which had spun freely now moved the large cylinder press, whose cradle slid back and forth, and whose nippers, in care of a man in glasses, laid down a pile of neat placards; and moved the heavy Proutys whose rhythmical slam-bang accentuated the printing of handbills as fast as the lads before them could feed.

The foreman rose from his desk, a job-ticket in his hand, and motioned a lank boy in overalls laboring with a tray of envelopes.

"Here, Joe; never mind that jogging now. I want you to go to 331 Empire Exchange and show Mr. Wilson this proof. D'you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And on your way back you'd better leave those bills for the Lehigh Laundry. They're done up, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir," said Joe.

"And when you come back stop at the foundry and get that Ariadne Mining Co. form—it's heavy, but I guess you can manage it."

"Yes, sir," said Joe starting off.

"Hold up a minute! Go in and ask Smithson if he's ready for those halftones of Johnson & Co., and if he is, get them. And tell him to 'phone the Co-operative Trust Company and find out if they want us to go ahead with those checks, and if they do, tell Smithson to send you over to McIlvane's with the design. Ask Smithson if he's got that Truero programme set up. D'you understand? Hustle, now."

And Joe, the boy-of-all-work for the Eureka Printing Company, went to do his errands.

He was not a dull boy, Joe; but he did make mistakes. It was not that he didn't "understand"—for he could show you just what till in the composing room held the ten-point Ronaldson condensed, and just where to underlay your tympan to bring out faint letters; but as for telling you, he couldn't do it. Joe had observed these things, but they stood correlated in his mind on a plan of his own, which plan had no direct relation to the business of the office. Still, he must try to tend to the business of the office. Now that his father had gone to Klondike, he was the man of the family—a responsibility which, as he rode in through the bare, echoing city streets in the dusky morning, dinner box between his knees, made him the equal of any man in the crowded car. Yes, he must mind the business, and try to get a show at the type or at presswork; for three dollars and a half a week, after deducting sixty cents for

those same car-rides, would scarce keep them all in potatoes, and, always, you might lose the chance to earn even that.

Joe shoved his tray in the rack and went to interview the lord of the composing room.

"Smithy" was busy correcting a form and "blowing" a pressman for bad make-up and smashing of type. Joe stood to wait his opportunity. He watched the girls on their high stools at the cases deftly slipping type into their sticks. He smelt the stuffy odor of benzine and printer's ink, and wasn't sorry he had to run errands instead of sitting there all day with a shade on his eyes, piling up ems. One girl glanced from her work and smiled at him.

"Well, going out to leave us again Joe?" she asked, leaning forward to look at her copy.

"Yes'm," said Joe. She was the one detailed to teach him when business had been slack and he had been allowed to throw in type. Joe knew where her young man worked, and carried notes for her.

Smithson was calm now, and busy setting his own type. Joe gave his message, got his commissions, and made his way through the bustling pressroom, mid winks and envious looks, made his way out into the paper room, the spring door shutting off the noise behind him. He stuck his head in the elevator shaft, pulled up the lift, and went silently down, down, down, till he bumped and stopped on a level with the sidewalk, where a drayman stood waiting to hoist a case.

Joe stepped upon the street, bundle under arm, and halted an instant to get his bearings. Once these resounding canons of brick and iron and this keen, unquiet, self-centered throng had shot fear into his boy soul; but now he was a cosmopolite. Joe left the bundle at the laundry, had his receipt book signed, and fared toward the Empire Exchange, whose gilded elevators flew softly down and up their cool shaft, and whose nervous-footed clients made the tiled court hum with their clatter.

There is an esprit of the mart, an esprit of battle, which makes bank president and scrub woman and printer's devil kin, and Joe was party to it. He found Wilson promoting his mining company at 331, and handed him the proof. Wilson made great show of correcting it—rather too much, Joe thought for three bare chairs and a roller desk—and gave it back without a word. It's a liberal education being an errand boy.

Now for McIlvane.

In a lofty back room, facing a littered court, his white hair and clear profile thrown into strong relief by the light from the window, sits an old man. On the wall a framed picture of a most marvelous bird, done in curly-cues of black and white, denotes his trade—he is a pen and ink draughtsman. Year upon year McIlvane has sat at his table, his pens, his ink and his skill his stock in trade, and has adorned the checks and engrossed the diplomas brought him by his customers. His is one of the few crafts yet to be superseded by a mechanical process. Seldom had the Eureka Printing Company need of McIlvane, but when they had, Joe was always pleased. Joe would sit on a tall stool, his knee in his hands, while the old man, with great deliberation and care, did his drawing and talked to him.

"Um! So they don't like my eagle, eh? Want me to fold his wings and take all the ginger out of him. Between you and me, I don't believe they know what an eagle's like, anyway. Good mind to send it back just so."

"He wants you to bring down that C a little more and make more of an initial of it, too," said the boy, pacifically.

"Well, why didn't he say so in the first place?" The draughtsman took his dividers and measured the C. "Now, you know, I might have *conventionalized* that eagle and made him look as though he was cut out of a sheet of tin; but I thought I wouldn't. or I might have *idealized* him and made a sort of show bird out of him, but I didn't want to do that, either. I tried to make him just an eagle," explained the old man for the edification of Joe. He painfully and reluctantly scratched the wings from his eagle.

"Mr. McIlvane," said Joe, after a long pause, "are you a Pre-Raphaelite?"

"A what?"

"A Pre-Raphaelite. They're people that live in England and believe in making art more real."

"Certainly I am," said McIlvane, with decision. "Where did *you* hear about them?"

"Well, the magazines in the library have a good deal about them. I go to look at them—the art ones I mean—whenever I can. They're great!"

Another very long silence, McIlvane working at the eagle. Joe, taking from his pocket an old envelope, began to draw too.

After much puckering of the mouth and a few erasures he broke out with: "How would this do? Turn his back around like this, bring his wings down this way, and make him squat so—then he looks like he would dash right off. He don't flourish like he did, but he's lively."

"When did you draw that eagle?" demanded the draughtsman.

"Oh, just now."

"Did you ever see an eagle?"

"No."

"Then how did you get the idea of *that*?"

"Well, I've seen pictures of 'em, you know, and I've seen other birds, and it seemed to me that it would be natural."

"Oh, I see," said the old man, and he looked up at the boy sharply; "oh, I see; you're a sort of Pre-Raphaelite yourself. That's well done, boy; as well as I could do it myself. We'll use *your* eagle. Only, we'll turn him around a bit. And shade him. Did you ever try to draw much?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to be an artist some day—not a putterer like me, but an artist, a painter, and make pictures that are pictures; make 'em for the people?"

"I couldn't ever do that," said Joe, bluntly.

"One can do anything he wants to do if he tries enough," said the old man. "There, now! Take that sketch over and show it to your folks. Tell 'em if they like it I'll finish it up."

* * * * * *

"Well, sir, where have *you* been keeping yourself all this time?" said the foreman to Joe, as he panted past the door with a forty-pound form on his shoulder. "You'll have to get a larger move on you than *that*, young man. We're all balled up here with work, and you've been off loafing away three hours. Why, I've had to set pressmen at your work. Go over now, and jog up everything on the racks and make separate packages of each kind. Those bill-heads you did after dinner offsetted. Don't do that again. And that Truero programme—Smithson had to come and see about it himself. Hurry, now; get those things cleared up before you quit."

The lad went to his bench. The pulleys sang, the belts snapped, and the heavy iron presses slam-banged in steady rhythm. A press-boy passing grinned at Joe. "Cummings got 'em to-day," he said. "They went for him in the office about something, and he's takin' it out on us. What did he chaw *you* about?"

"Oh, nothing," said Joe, grimly.

He slapped and juggled and piled the printed matter into shape. What

a hard, mechanical, grind-your-soul-and-feed-your-body kind of a world it was! You are born, you are a happy child that plays around and dreams marvelous day-dreams; then suddenly it is all cut short, and you must get to work at the first thing that turns up. Every dream you have after that you have to steal. You mustn't dare hope to do what you want to do. You must do whatever you can. But, if only it were possible to do the thing you want to do! Old McIlvane said it was. Could he, Joe, be an artist? What a delight living would be if he could! Then everything would have a meaning for him—he would find its meaning—the strange city, its streets, its shops, its tenements, its sky-scrapers, its people—what they said and did, their smiles and their suffering—the stars, the fields, the oceans—oh, to make life happier. Could he be it? Yes, something made him think he could.

When at last wheels and belts spun slower and more slowly, and ceased to sing, and platens were thrown back and presses ceased to slam-bang; when it was six o'clock and Joe stood to take his turn at the towels and soap, it was another Joe—his soul had been tapped. Inside him was the artesian source of things both old and new. There was something ahead now.

Months lapsed; always and ever Joe tried. It was a face in the street car, or a sketch at the noon hour. At home, a long, painstaking try by the lamp. On the docks, down the avenue, in the parks, his eye must note shade and hue. Technique came hard, but he would win it—he must. Dreamy? yes; lazy? yes; absent-minded? yes—so thought the printing people, so thought the neighbors, so, even, his mother. They did not know. If his finger was taken off in the press she did not so much mind. He could stand anything now.

One morning he brought in his coat a roll. He falteringly showed it to the girl in the composing room. It was a picture in red and black—picture of a small girl and a dog. The child was so ragged, so motherly, and so small; the dog so large, so protecting, and so solemn. He had seen them by a grocery area in the Italian quarter.

The girl in the composing room asked if she might show it to the foreman. No; he had brought it for her; that was all. But she persisted, and soon, despite his protest, she *had* shown it to the foreman, and all hands gathered to see Joe's picture.

A few hours after the forenoon had worn well on, and Joe was at his bench juggling the bill-heads. Three rings of the electric bell summoned him into the office. The junior partner was leaning back in his chair and eying him queerly.

"Well, Joe, the secretary of the Metropolitan Kennel Association was just in here, and I showed him your sketch. He liked it, and said 'twould make a first-rate poster to advertise the dog show they're going to have next month. How much will you take for it?"

"Guess it's worth a dollar," said the lad. "I can make more."

"Well, you may charge what you want to, boy; but if I were you, I'd charge him fifty. We'll do the lithographing and figure it in with the bill."

"But I can't sell it," said Joe, quickly; "I gave it to Miss Anderson."

"Oh, she won't mind; give her one of the lithographs."

'I'll go and see," replied Joe.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

(Continued.)

Musing on the incident, Jasper returned to the little church, and, taking a place by the iron railing, he fell to watching the people still toiling up the steep ascent. The picturesqueness of the setting was not lost to him. He could not be indifferent to the faint greenish tinge beginning to show on the trees and shrubs climbing up the Kentucky hills and crowning their noble height, and the velvety mantle nature was spreading over the land "thrilled his pulses with the fulness of the spring." The towns nestling at their feet were like a picture, so still, so peaceful they showed. The river, now waved by a strong gust of wind or swift cleaving of a passing steamer, curved treacherously near the first row of white houses, while at intervals over the high bridges spanning its broad course engines, with their long trains of cars, thundered, bearing to the far off parts of the earth souls of men, wealth of men, all entrusted to one watchful pair of eyes at the window, one steady hand at the lever; while down in the hollow disc from which they were hurried stood the city, below its breastwork of tall, house-covered hills. But of more absorbing interest was the picture of which this was the setting, the surging, upward-striving mass of humanity. Human lives, freighted with immortal destinies! Stupendous thought! He leaned far over the iron railing, gazing down intently. All nationalities and classes were there represented. The low-browed, black-haired Syrian, her many-colored kerchief falling from her head, her arms, now freed from the peddler's basket of her profession, crossed devoutly on her breast like some of the pictured saints in the church behind, stood by her fair-skinned German sister. The Italian, with a face fairer than a dream, but with the odor of stale bananas clinging to her holiday outfit, was by the young society belle, whose maid and carriage were waiting for her at the foot of the hill; the blue-eyed daughter of Erin was there, and a Portugese prayed devoutly by her side; the white man was by his black brother; the millionaire prayed by the beggar; here, at least, all were on the same level.

In the last half-hour the wind had died, and suddenly through a cleft in the range of cloud-mountains along the west the April sun broke grandly, its brilliant crimson rays falling over the city, lighting up the spires until they looked like spikes of gold, and resting like a smile of God on the praying people. As Jasper Irving was lifting his eyes to see the transformation wrought in the skies, his glance encountered a girl's face, glorified by this sudden burst of sunshine. The gold hair was drawn back in loose waves from the brow, whose spiritual expression and deep blue eyes awoke a memory as of "far-off, forgotten things"—some dream, maybe, of a better, brighter life than what now surrounded him. As he was trying to recall her, she turned her face fully toward him, to catch, too, a glimpse of the illumined sky; then he remembered Lucy Dugan, and the expression of womanly sympathy and comprehension he had caught from those blue eyes when her mother's words had brought back the memory of his dead. But she had not seen him, and after that momentary distraction her eyes again sought the ground, and she continued her prayers. As he watched her, thoughts he had deemed buried past hope of resurrection returned, and he was again the light-hearted,

careless dreamer of ten years ago, when all men were brave, all women fair, the world Eden and life well worth the effort to live it out. Lucy's skirt brushing against him as she reached the last step recalled him, and as he watched her glide across the wind-swept yard to bow before the black cross he realized she was Pilot Dugan's daughter, and he was the star reporter of the Morning Sun, who had spent the best hours of his day in speculative thoughts that had no bearing whatever on the work he was supposed to be doing for the Sunday edition. As Lucy turned she caught sight of him, and smiled her recognition. He joined her, and with the setting sun pouring its unobstructed crimson light over all the land, together they walked down the hill.

"You are here to write up the 'Pilgrimage,' I suppose?" she asked, after an exchange of formalities, and there was a note in her voice that made him say, guardedly:

"They want something about it for the Sunday paper."

"It's your profession, of course," she said, lifting her blue eyes to him, "but you will not be offended if I say the papers overdo these things. Certainly, this is a public devotion, but it has been repeated year after year. I have made the 'Pilgrimage' on Good Friday ever since I was a little girl and I have never found myself alone on the occasion. The reporter has been along, too, and what he had to say was sometimes ludicrous, sometimes insulting. I remember one account, it was in the Morning Sun of last year, I think, that was as picturesque as if the reporter had been viewing the departure of an Indian Camp for the hunting-grounds, or the progress of the Mohammedans to Mecca, instead of Christian people showing reverence to the death of their Redeemer. That writer's ignorance of the early customs of Christians was most apparent as was also his, or her, lack of appreciation of the beauty of religion as practiced in the days when Time was younger and man more poetic. I resented, too, the mocking tone of it."

"So did I," he answered. "I read it a few hours ago. However, the writer is more to be pitied than blamed. Will you tell me something of this custom, which, found in your great modern city, is so impressive?"

As they struggled down the tortuous way that would lead to Third Street without encountering the ever-increasing crowd, Lucy related all she could then recall of the custom of praying up steps, and unconsciously revealed to the world weary man such glimpses of her deep, spiritual nature that he found himself mentally repeating the German phrase lettered on the tall, black cross by the church door. When their conversation drifted into the more personal he caught an insight into her life, warped, held back from its high aspirations by a sense of duty, and he saw a heroism that man as he was had been well-nigh impossible to him. The life she would have lived was one that would take her from her parents, would absorb her time and thoughts, and this course was contrary to her ideas of what she owed to them, she, who had been lent, as it were, to bring some little cheer into their old age. Interested in their conversation he had not noticed their progress until the shouting of the cabmen around the Central Station aroused him to a sense of the distance they had traversed. He glanced down on her face and its paleness smote him.

"You are tired?" said he, quickly. "You would have ridden down only for my meeting you; and I never thought of taking a car!"

"I do not know that I should," she said; "and I enjoyed the walk."

Mr. Irving possessed little personal vanity, so the gratification a smaller man would have felt over the friendly admission was not misinterpreted by him.

"I have, too, very much;" he said.

At this time they were crossing Central Avenue and glancing up street, Mr. Irving saw Miss Maraytt advancing, hurrying to catch her train. She bowed in answer to his salute and he thought the shadow of her indescribable smile crossed her lips as her eyes took in his companion; in the next instant the swinging doors of the station closed behind her graceful figure. Yet as Jasper Irving turned from the tenement house, Lucy Dugan called her home, he carried back with him the consciousness that something unpleasant had occurred. The morning following was spent by him in the Public Library, surrounded by a pile of black, dust-covered books, which were opened then for the first time, perhaps since they were placed on their shelves. During the first hour of the afternoon, as was his wont when preparing anything of special importance, he sat in idleness, his feet on his desk, his hands clasped behind his head, and a cigar between his teeth. The reporters came and went, the sporting editor played off some of his pranks on the sober exchange man, the genius that presided over the literary department hurled forth his customary volume of expletives against his contributors; the city editor shouted through telephones and received ireful readers with their grievances; but Mr. Irving sat undisturbed. Twice Miss Maraytt had glanced toward him but his eyes were fixed in a dreamy stare on the wall where a colored cartoon of the president was paired off with a calendar issued by a fire insurance company. Then, she placed a paperweight on her pile of copy and rising took her fur collar from the rack overhead. On her desk lay a bunch of red roses and as she gathered them up to pin on her bosom, a sudden thought made a smile flit across her face. Acting on it, she broke off one full-blown, fragrant blossom and tossed it across the room with such precision of aim that it struck Mr. Irving on the forehead and then dropped into his lap. He hastily changed his position, and glancing toward where she stood, said:

"Thanks for your awakening—such an awakening!" And he pinned the rose on the lapel of his coat.

"Were your dreams pleasant?" she asked, carelessly, as she drew on her gloves.

"One person's ideas of what constitutes pleasure are so different from another's, one's capabilities of enjoyment are so greatly in advance, or so far behind, another's, how can one say truthfully anything is pleasant?" he asked.

"There are certain things which are pretty generally admitted by the majority to be pleasant," she returned.

"For example?"

"Success."

He shrugged his shoulders, and answered:

"Is it? Solomon is admitted to have been pre-eminently a successful man, if success means the perfect attainment of one's desires; yet he cried out all was vanity."

"Love, then," she said, buttoning her gloves.

"To some, yes; to others, boredom."

"Hate?" letting her eyes rest full on him across the space separating them.

"That is not universal. Few hate,"

he said, suddenly remembering the scene of the Mount Adams' steps the day before.

"You are optimistic," she commented.

"You omitted something from your list." He looked toward her with a smile, thinking of Lucy Dugan's fair face and gold hair, "something which is the only thing we can truthfully say gives pleasure to all, the exact performance of duty."

"Then, how few of us know pleasure," she remarked, her mocking smile adding to the bitterness of the words: and gathering up her book and pencil, she left the room.

It was supper hour when Jasper Irving raised his head from his paper. The reporters' room was deserted and lay in darkness save for the light slipping through the half-closed door of the editor's office, and the circle cast by his light, electric jet. As he leaned back in his chair the fragrance of the dying rose came to him. He unfastened the flower, held it for an instant between his thumb and finger, then half bent his head to kiss it, but paused, and instead laid it away carefully in his pocket-book. The next morning a messenger boy brought a box of red roses to Miss Marayttt's door, but a great mass of Easter lilies made fragrant the Dugan's front room in the tenement house, and Lucy, bending over them with the delight of a child, wondered why Mr. Irving should have remembered her in this fashion.

CHAPTER IV.

"Are you a Catholic, Mr. Irving?"

It was the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and for a wonder, at that hour, the reporters' room of the Sun office was deserted by its crowd of careless, light-hearted Bohemians. Mr. Irving, alone, was at his desk. A stranger in the city, he was necessarily thrown much upon his own resources for entertainment, and he found the chair in the Sun's office more congenial than the sofa in the boarding-house parlor, where the chronic invalid wife of the proprietor's nephew whined through her days. Absorbed in the perusal of a magazine, he had not heard Miss Marayttt's entrance and turned quickly at her words to find her by his side in the Young Reporter's chair, more radiant than he had ever beheld her in her Spring outfit which, though it represented a month's salary, a queen could have not have worn more regally. She was as refreshing to the sight as the dawn on a Southern hill and he felt a little thrill of satisfaction as he noticed that a few of the red roses he had sent lay in the lace of her dress.

"A happy Easter, Miss Marayttt!" he said, bowing to her. "You grace the Spring day! I am glad," he added, "you liked my flowers."

"Thank you. I wore them in preference to the lilies Mr. Onell sent me —and it Easter!" with a smile.

Mr. Onell was the society man who on an increasing number of occasions called at the office to act as her escort, and already the Young Reporter was puzzling his brain who would be found capable of taking Miss Marayttt's place when her marriage with the millionaire's son made it vacant; yet the delicate flattery of her words escaped Mr. Irving, who suddenly remembered the lilies he had sent to Lucy Dugan. He thought he would like to see the Dugans today.

"I had hoped," continued Miss Marayttt, "to find Mr. Dalton in and so impress him with my Spring toggery he would release me from all assignments; some unfriendly mind-wave must have warned him of my intentions, for he is gone, and there

in black and white are my orders for the afternoon." She made a hopeless little gesture, but her eyes were so bright, her smile so mocking, it was difficult to tell if she really cared.

"The old man was more lenient with me," said Mr. Irving. "I have scarcely anything to do, and, unlike yourself, nowhere to go if I had the desire. I shall esteem it a privilege if you permit me to look up your assignments, that you may join and adorn Beauty's and Fashion's pageants, in the Parks, or theatres or wherever Cincinnati displays itself on Easter afternoon. Will you?"

"Do you think you could?" she asked, looking at him, and he caught the fine mockery in her tones. That bright, hard creature! As no woman ever had, as no man could, she made him feel, what he himself knew, the limit of his capabilities was not far beyond mediocrity, and only saved from it by his unceasing toil, which in the passing years, would become mere drudgery. A butterfly she might be, but on her wings of light she could soar through the golden air, did she not find the flower-gemmed earth so alluring.

"Have I not done your work before?" he asked, looking her over, and angry with himself that he must admit one so hard could be so charming.

"You have done work that I have done," she answered, "and when you tried, you did it better than I; but I never try."

"Why not?" he asked.

She thought a moment, but instead of the light mockery or whimsical answer he had learned to expect when their conversations passed into personalities or topics beyond the ordinary, she asked: "Cui bono? I am not working for fame but for the wherewithal to pay for this," glancing down at her handsome toilet, "and my hotel bill. My work is as good, better even, than the others. If Dalton O. Ks. it, it is all I am concerned about. If I were to polish it up, puzzle my brains over more perfect phrasing, work in my finer thoughts and sentiments, it would not bring me any more money than the columns I dash off at a sitting, or jot down in a street car."

"Would it not bring you more pleasure, if this work of yours were done for a higher motive?" he questioned, and he felt himself wishing some fairy wand would strike away from the face its bright, hard expression leaving her only what was fair and womanly.

"Does it you?" she asked, a smile like the cut of a whip in the air flashing from her dark eyes. She had him at her mercy, but he had the courage to be frank where she would have employed all her woman's wiles to escape without self-conviction.

"I work for no high motive," he answered, in calm, even tones. "It is a purely selfish one, it has always been such. I strive to do good work, not for my employers, nor my readers, nor the betterment of journalism, but for my own interests wholly and entirely. Possibly the others are benefited but they enter into no consideration of mine." He leaned back in his chair and began to sharpen his pencil. "And this," he began slowly, "leads me to your question, the one you asked when you first came in, and which, I suppose, was suggested by my article in today's paper on the 'Good Friday Pilgrimage:' I am not a Catholic. Like yourself, Miss Maraytt," and the contempt he could ill-conceal made her set her lips in a defiant line, "I am nothing."

Their eyes met in silence, each pitying the other. Then, the man said:

"When one looks no higher than

on a level with his eyes, he must not be expected to see the white stars."

"Ah! But don't you know," she began, then paused abruptly.

"What?" he asked, leaning toward her.

"It's after two o'clock!" she exclaimed, rising; "and all I have to do!" and smiling at the sudden stiff uplifting of his figure, she left him to his not too pleasant reflections. He called himself some choice epithets and as his thoughts were beginning to make the atmosphere, still redolent with the fragrance scattered by his red roses, somewhat oppressive, he suddenly recollected his wish to see the Dugans.

Answering his knock, Lucy, with her hat and gloves on, opened the door, and as he caught the swift surprise on her face he realized his calling thus, was straining their acquaintance to a dangerous point.

"Is Mr. Dugan at home?" he asked, after greeting her and accepting her invitation to enter.

"No," she said, taking a chair near the stand on which stood his great bunch of lilies. "He and Mamma went out to the Cemetery this afternoon to carry some flowers to the babies' graves. That was kind of you to send me these lilies," she continued, turning her face more fully toward him, and then a friendly breeze, stirring the depressed atmosphere of the room, carried with the gesture the subtle fragrance of the blossoms. "I read your article on the 'Sancta Scala' in today's paper. It is really fine."

"I am pleased to hear such a favorable opinion. But this is not the first compliment it has received; even the literary editor of our paper came down from his dignity to congratulate me. I tell you this because I really owe the article's success to you. You put me on the right track. I read the matter up and so was able to write intelligently."

"Yes," she said, with the ripple of a laugh in her voice, "you gave me some bits of information on the practice, But better than that, the tone had a sincere ring. I told Mamma a Catholic might have written that paper. You appear to understand and appreciate the beauties of our devotions."

"They have always appealed to me. Pomp and ceremony may add nothing to the merit of religious practices, but it always appeared to me man's way of giving praise to his Creator should differ from the dull, unlovely routine of a business meeting. But," recollecting himself, "you are going out. I will not detain you any longer."

"I intended going over to the Cathedral for Vespers," she said.

"May I accompany you? It has been a long time since I was at Vespers. You know," he explained, as they reached the street, glorified by the plenteous sunshine, "when I was at home I used frequently accompany Catholic friends to their churches; but since I left, I have made few friends and none of them were religious people. A man rarely thinks of church-going unless he has someone to set him an example."

"That does not apply to all men," she corrected.

"Well, I will make you some exceptions in favor of Catholics," he said, smiling down at her; "although I know a number who are equally remiss. Men depend greatly on religion, or rather the faithful practice of it, on influence, especially a woman's influence. When a man has none of these he is apt to forget."

"If that influence is so great as you say, why should a man put himself beyond it? There is no worldly consideration to be put before the care

of the immortal part, you will admit?"

"But if a man never had any of this influence? Take me, as an instance. My father was a Presbyterian, my mother, an Episcopalian. I was their only child and each wanted to lead me to Heaven by the way each believed was the only true one. The result was there was so much dissension over the matter I, in time, grew thoroughly disgusted with religion and cut loose from it entirely. I could not see anything worthy of admiration, much less acceptance, in a belief that directly contradicted the peaceful teachings of its Founder."

"But cannot you realize it was a sense of a sacred duty made each parent so determined? It's an awful thing to think God may demand a soul from one's hands."

"Did it never occur to you, Miss Dugan, religious men and women should consider such conditions before they are confronted by them?" asked he, and as they had now reached the Cathedral steps she was prevented from replying.

The brief April afternoon was waning when they emerged from the spacious portals of the great edifice. The services he witnessed, the lights, the incense, the rich robes of the Archbishop and his servitors, the majestic volumes of music rolling through the vast building, filled his soul with memories, while the slender girlish figure at his side wrapt in devotions, reminded him of others, with whom, in his boyish days, it made up the sum of his earthly happiness to linger, it mattered not whether in the old church or in their fathers' hospitable home.

"How that old life is beginning to tug at my heart!" he mused. "Is it that I am getting old? or that loneliness is at length beginning to obtain a mastery over me? Yet if I were to go back I should find myself a stranger among my own. I should find my companions of other days dead or absent, and those fair maidens with whom I whiled away many a golden hour, now wives and mothers, forgetting their devoted cavalier of earlier hours. Time's hand has not spared them any more than me. Where I left happy, thoughtless boys and girls I should find practical, sorrowful, maybe, bitter men and women; for this is life!"

He thought considerably while the majestic psalms rolled over the listening people. He thought of Miss Maraytt, and standing face to face then with himself, admitted the influence she was beginning to gain over him was so fascinating it could lead to but one end, and he was not prepared to hand his heart over to a woman who would mock at the gift. Moreover, there was Mr. Onell in the background with his cool million to be considered. He knew human nature in general, and Miss Maraytt, he thought, in particular, too well to overestimate his chances against such a rival. If it were worth while taking those chances he had not yet fully decided; to love her was the easiest thing in the world to do, but that that love would bring him the happiness his heart was now beginning to crave he was not as ready to admit. Lucy, bowing her head at a Gloria Patri brought her profile, fine as that of Powers' sculptured angels adorning the distant altar, before him and drew down his gaze from the window where St. Michael, in richly colored glass, lifts his lance in continual victory over the winged serpent at his feet. What a fragile little thing she was! There was a too brilliant light in her eyes. Now in repose, her face assumed its habitual expression and his heart ached at its pathos, an expression that

should have no part amid such youth and beauty. The hand holding the small prayer-book was shapely, the most shapely he thought he had ever seen, and when he remembered she had said to him on the walk home on Good Friday, "The river flowing past the docks, the wind that sweeps between the houses in the dead of night, the noble deeds I read of and the good words I hear, all such things sing themselves into symphonies, which seem to tear my soul seeking for utterance," he thought it was the hand that could make the ivory keys yield up from their hidden heart the secret of their wordless song. Pilot Dugan could not afford to give his child a musical education, hence the world was to miss something; perhaps, a master composition; perhaps, only a stray bit of Eden's morning song caught by the soul on its earthward flight; still something for the hearing of which it had been the better. She might have made some effort herself had not a sense of duty restrained her, and while he was not prepared to admit she was right, all his heart admired her for her bravery. It was a sacrifice to deny one's self one's dearest wish, but to go over the same road, day after day, without a word of encouragement, pricked on every side by thorns and brambles, never complaining, never showing a sign of flagging, that was heroism, and looking at her as she knelt before him, her eyes fixed on the altar, her white hands fervently clasped, he realized she owed her strength to her religion.

But out in the sunshine again all solemn thoughts departed. As they separated from the crowd and turned into Elm Street, among the handsome equipages in which wealth and fashion were displaying themselves, he caught sight of Mr. Onell, who was showing his skill in managing a sportive black team, for the benefit of the admiring public in general and Miss Maraytt, who was by his side, in particular. Her eyes singled out Jasper Irving and his companion and as she was carried past, she gave him one of her rare brilliant smiles. Her exquisite toilet, her dark face, crimsoned on lips and cheeks, the sudden flash of her white teeth, it was all like a beautifully-tinted picture; but as Mr. Irving thought of how the reporter of the Morning Sun was filling her appointments, he shook with repressed laughter. She was quite right in her doubt of his abilities; this was a piece of her work he could not do.

Pilot Dugan was sitting on the doorstep, smoking, when Lucy and Mr. Irving returned from the walk that followed the Vesper services. There was no mistaking the pleasure on the weather-roughened face as he clasped the hand of the young newspaper man.

"Thinking of New Orleans, today, were you?" said the Pilot, repeating Mr. Irving's remark. "I don't blame you. Easter means everything that is bright and beautiful and you'll find that only in New Orleans, according to my mind. Well, I'll soon be down there again. Did Lucy tell you the Dixie's leaving Tuesday? I am going to take my wife along for this trip. The company acted very clever by me when it found out I would like to have her go with me, and sent word to the Captain she was to have every comfort and convenience, and that not a cent would be accepted from me in return."

"That is only just," said Mr. Irving. "They could never repay you for your long and faithful service. I am glad Mrs. Dugan is going. It will benefit her greatly. But what is going to become of you?" asked he, addressing Lucy.

"That's the only drawback to our pleasure," Mr. Dugan answered for her, "that we must leave Lucy behind. But I couldn't manage it. She will board at the Sisters of Mercy while we are gone."

"And I am perfectly satisfied," put in Lucy, "with the arrangement. Even if you could afford it, Papa, you know I wouldn't go. I am afraid of the water."

"Tut, child!" said the old man. "You're every bit as safe on water as on land. And there is nothing on land equal to a sail down the old Mississippi, I don't care whether she's blowing a hurricane or lying as still as this pavement!"

"O you dear old sailor!" exclaimed Lucy, patting one of his hard hands. "But I'll feel far easier in my mind, I assure you, to be in the convent than bobbing over the 'old Mississippi.' Have you ever seen the Sisters' convent?" she asked of Mr. Irving. "They have a nice convent with a long yard in front, filled with flowers —the only spot of green in this end of the town."

They talked a while longer, then, as Mr. Irving was leaving, he said "You start Tuesday, you say? I'll try and get down to see you and Mrs. Dugan off."

CHAPTER V.

Tuesday morning came in weeping, and Jasper Irving, watching the big drops splashing against the window of the breakfast room, regretted that the Dugans must start in the rain; but as the day grew older her good humor awoke, the sun began to shine and out in the country the birds shook their wet plumage, and commenced their delayed song. Down at the dock lay the Dixie, her white breast resting as lightly as a swan on the dark green water, rippled only by the capering breezes, which made it reflect back a thousand times the broken rays of sunlight. All the love the sailor feels for his ship flashed into Pilot Dugan's eyes as Mr. Irving who had joined the little family group a short time before, spoke in praise of the dainty bark.

"The darling!" exclaimed the old man. "She's the best, fleetest boat on the line. She's weathered more storms unhurt than any other ever has. She will never fail you. Next to a woman, sir, there's nothing made by God or man you can trust to do her utmost to take you out of peril as a well-builded boat."

"I thought you would say 'as the Dixie,' Larry," said Mrs. Dugan, her smile passing from her husband's face to Mr. Irving.

"Never you mind," said the old man, "when you next set your foot in Cincinnati, I'll wager you'll be ready to cry because your acquaintance with the Dixie is over. Why," to Irving, "there are men and women who wouldn't travel by any other boat. They'll wait for days and weeks until she's ready to start. They know the Dixie is true blue."

"I hope she will never fail them," said Mr. Irving.

Then out of a thought the old Pilot said:

"God may smite ship and woman, or man by his carelessness or cunning may work for their destruction; but left to themselves, they'll never fail you."

(To be continued.)

OUR LADY OF THE DEAD.

(For All Souls' Day.)

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"Till Death be dead."—FATHER TABB.

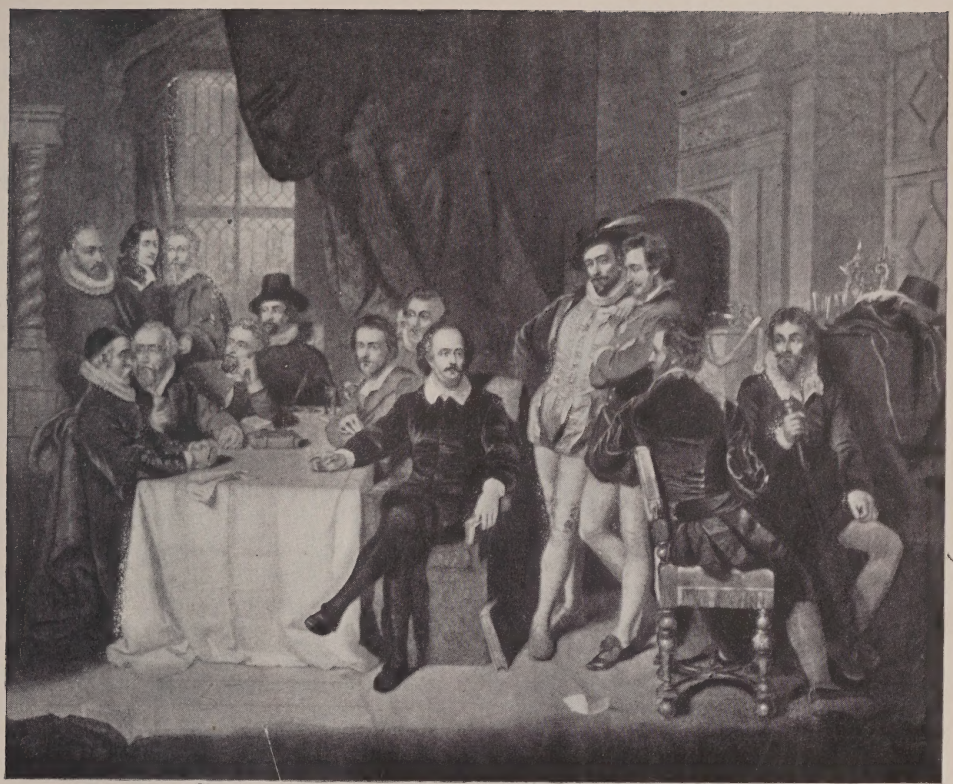
All in the drear November
  The birds are fled;
Softly the leaves are falling
  Over each grassy bed,
Where lie our hearts' beloved ones,
  Our dear, our dead.

We look to Calvary's hill,
  When hope is fled.
Dost thou not pity our grief,
  Dear Lady of the Dead?
Thou knowest its depths;—thou too
  Hast mourned the dead.

Once on thy bosom lay
  A thorn-crowned Head
Hushed were the Lips that blest:
  Stilled was the Heart that bled.
Close to thy heart was pressed
  Thy Dear, thy Dead.

Behold! her tears are dried,
  Her grief is fled;
He is arisen alive
  Whom once she mourned as dead.
O suffering, sorrowing Souls,
  Be comforted!

All who love Jesus Christ,
  Till life is fled
(So speaks to broken hearts
  Our Lady of the Dead),
In Him shall meet again,
  When Death is dead.



From a painting by John Fald. SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A RAMBLE IN LITERARY LONDON.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

There are some spots on the earth's surface so rich in historic associations that they may almost be termed "sacred."

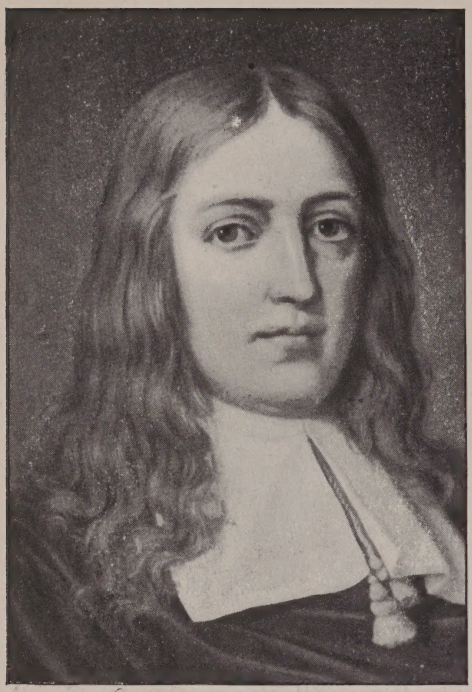
To the lover of literature, to the one who finds in books, the wisdom, the philosophy, the poetry, the music of the world there can be no more interesting place than a small area of London, of which Fleet Street is the centre.

To those who know Fleet Street as it is today, narrow, busy, bustling, with its newspaper offices, from which millions of papers are issued yearly, with its lawyer's offices, its taverns and stores it must seem strange to think that in and around it, through all the five centuries which have elapsed since Chaucer charmed and enlightened his age, the greatest of writers and thinkers have lived and worked.

The cave of the hermit, the home of the recluse have given little to enrich the world's literature, but from the busy whirl of the city the greatest achievements have come.

The history of literary London is almost the history of literature itself.

From Westminster Abbey, near which stood the house where Caxton lived and in which he printed his first book in English, to Bow Church,



JOHN MILTON.

with its tradition of Dick Whittington, and for a mile on either side, north and south, every inch of ground is sacred to the memory of some famous man in the Republic of letters.

Along these busy streets walked arm-in-arm Shakespeare and "rare Ben Johnson," Marlowe and Webster.

> "Milton sleeps within its central roar,
> And the sounds of those he fought for,
> And the feet of those he wrought for,
> Echo round his bones forevermore."

Milton lies buried in that church, dedicated to Saint Giles, which so narrowly escaped destruction in the great fire of 1897.

It was a Fleet Street printer, Mathew Walker by name, who ventured to print the great epic "Paradise Lost." In the British Museum may be seen the original contract made between the poet and the printer, whereby the poet was to receive five pounds down for "Paradise Lost," and five pounds more should a certain number of copies be sold.

Bacon and Raleigh, Pope and Spencer and Dryden left their impress on the dust of Fleet Street, and rendered immortal the narrow streets within this circle.

It was here that Newton toiled in his study and made the stars tell the secrets and glories of the heavens, and close by, Handel inspired by the divine afflatus, made such harmony that man's soul was lifted into the effulgence of the glorious infinite and faced the throne of the Most High.

In this small area Byron walked in moody pride and indulged in the luxury of that "wild unrest which men call delight."

Here DeQuincey and Chatterton and Savage starved in garrets through whose broken tiles the rain poured mercilessly and the stars looked down in pity.

In front of Temple Bar, on whose top so many heads of true patriots had been barbarously exposed after execution, stood a pillory in which De Foe suffered for writing his satire on the High Church party. The people sympathized with the victim and assembled in large numbers before the pillory, decking it with garlands of flowers and saluting De Foe.

It was within the area of this sacred circle that Johnson and Goldsmith and Swift gave to the world those wondrous creations which have held our minds entranced. Here Keats enchanted us by unbarring his

> "Magic casements, opening on the foam,
> Of perilous seas in faery-land forlorn."

Cowper and Coleridge, Charles Lamb and Thackeray, Dickens and Carlyle, Browning and Morris, who have made sunshine for us and gilded our life-path by the effulgence of their genius, all walked among men within this area.

"Ever their phantoms rise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By day and night they lord it o'er us,
With words of beauty and tho'ts of good."

his day. A brass tablet on one of the pews tells us that Dr. Samuel Johnson sat there. It was in that pew Johnson says, that he strove to solve the great

CHEAPSIDE.
Showing St. Mary Le Bow Church, whose bells caused Dick Whittington to turn back to London.

The old Church of St. Clement's Danes erected on the sites of the graves of Harold and Harefoot, Danish princes, in the Strand facing Temple Bar is sacred to the memory of the most famous man of literature in

problem, "how to purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the highest." To this pew he came after making his resolution to go to church every Sunday, and to it he came in the last year of his life to

give thanks to God for his recovery from an illness of one hundred and twenty-nine days. Johnson lies buried by the side of kings in Westminster Abbey and a monument to his memory is also in St. Paul's Cathedral..

Near to Temple Bar stood the noisy "Devil's Tavern" which Johnson used to frequent and which Ben Johnson made famous through the meeting of his Apollo Club.

Close to that old tavern is Bolt Court in which Dr. Johnson lived and died. It was here he received visits from David Garrick, Boswell, Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other notables. One who was very intimate with Johnson thus describes his life in Bolt Court:—"About twelve o'clock I commonly visited him, and found him in bed, or declaiming over his tea, which he drank very plentifully. He generally had a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters, and sometimes learned ladies, particularly, I remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honor of a visit. He seemed to me to be considered as a kind of public oracle, whom everybody thought they had a right to visit and consult; and doubtless they were well rewarded. I never could discover how he found time for his compositions. He declaimed all the morning, then went to dinner to a tavern, where he commonly stayed late, then drank his tea at some friend's house, over which he loitered a great while, but seldom took supper. I fancy he must have read and written chiefly in the night, for I can scarcely recollect that he ever refused going with me to a tavern, and he often went to Ranelagh, which he deemed a place of innocent recreation."

On one occasion it is recorded that

THE OLD TABARD, SOUTHWARK. (Pulled down in 1876.)

Boswell. Johnson. Reynolds. Garrick. Burke. Pauli. Burney. Warton. Goldsmith.

From painting by James Doyle.] A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds'.

a friend of his said:—"Doctor, I am tired of London." "Sir," replied Johnson, "he who is tired of London is tired of life, for there is nothing in life which may not be had in London."

Under the dial of old St. Dunstan's Church stood the shop of one John Smethwicke, who first published "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," while across the way hung the sign of the White Hart where Richard Banks in the year 1600, printed Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

In Chancery Lane, behind the Law Courts, we have the famous Lincoln's Inn, the residence of lawyers, and so-called from the Earl of Lincoln, who resided there in the reign of Edward I. In the chapel is Hogarth's painting "Paul before Felix," while his celebrated "Rake's Progress" is in Soane Museum which stands in the Fields. The Fields, a square of about eleven acres, have been the favorite resort of the literary lights of London. There Milton dreamed of regaining the Paradise which man had lost, and Shakespeare thought out those marvelous plays which were "not for an age but for all time," there Seldon and Russell, Hampden and Phillip Sydney walked and planned for a purer England, Dickens found his "Old Curiosity Shop" there, and William Morris sought rest from his art labors in the historic square, which is now dedicated to the public as a pleasure park.

Dryden and Otway lived nearly opposite each other in Fetter Lane, a narrow thoroughfare off Fleet Street.

On the southern side of Fleet Street we have the Temple, formerly a range of dingy, dirty, dreary buildings where lawyers lived, now transformed into a paradise of beautiful gardens and elegant buildings.

In the Temple gardens were plucked those fatal flowers which led to the cruel "Wars of the Roses," between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

In the Middle Temple Hall, erected in 1572, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was first performed.

From painting by Munkacsy.] MILTON DICTATING PARADISE LOST.

The old church founded in 1185, has historic associations which endear it to everyone. Shakespeare and Marlowe often worshiped within its walls, while Gladstone and Tennyson, in recent times, there devoutly bowed their heads.

Oliver Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield" at No. 6 Wine Office Court, just at the rear of the new offices of the Daily Telegraph, and within a stone's throw of Brick Court where he died, at forty-six a broken-hearted man. He was buried under the shadow of the Temple Church, his faithful friends Johnson, Burke and Reynolds standing mournfully over the coffin containing the dust in which had been enshrined one of the gentlest spirits that ever walked the earth.

At number 120 Fleet Street, Isaak Walton, the patient angler and honest dealer in hosiery lived. No more charming simplicity of manner, or pastoral freshness, no more beautiful poetry breathing a pure, peaceful and pious spirit can be found than in the pages of the "Complete Angler."

In Shoe Lane, off Fleet Street, was the meeting place of that mimic parliament of which Curran, the Irish orator, O'Connell, the liberator, and John Wilkes, who won freedom for the constituencies, were the bright particular stars. Half-way down Shoe Lane is Gunpowder Alley, in which was the residence of the poet-cavalier, Richard Lovelace, who wasted a fortune in the cause of Charles Stuart and was imprisoned by the Cromwellian parliament. It was Lovelace who wrote the oft-repeated line: "Stone walls do not a prison make." On starting for the field of battle, he wrote to his lady-love the lines so frequently quoted:

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Lovelace lies in the churchyard of St. Bride, close by where he lived.

It was in a house overlooking St. Bride's churchyard that Milton dictated to his daughter most of his "Paradise Lost." In the same house Caleb Cotton wrote his remarkable collection of aphorisms.

Just opposite St. Bride's Church, in the burying ground belonging to the pauper poor-house, lies Chatterton.

"The marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

The boy who threw away a life which might have been one of the greatest in the history of literature.

Within the shadow of St. Bride's, in Salisbury Square, Richardson gave to the world his "Pamela." This eccentric novelist used to waddle, he was too fat to walk, along Fleet Street with his pockets full of sweetmeats which he delighted to give to the street arabs, who would never have had a chance to taste such dainties in any other way.

Passing St. Paul's Cathedral and into Cheapside we come to a narrow thoroughfare known as Bread Street, in which Milton was born, while in the next street, Sir Thomas More wrote his "Utopia." The Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury said of More, when a boy of fifteen, "Who ever shall see this boy grow up will see a marvelous man," and Dean Colet, was wont to say: "There was but one wit in England, and that was

young Thomas More." He fought, in the House of Commons for liberty, and although held in high favor by the king, Henry VIII., he lost that favor by refusing to take an oath which pledged him to the lawfulness of the king's marriage to Anne Boleyn. He was brought to trial at Westminster and it was truly said that "no such culprit had stood at any European bar for a thousand years." He was sentenced to death for treason, and was executed, his body cut into four pieces, his head exhibited on London Bridge. "Even before the execution block his innocent mirth," says Addison, "which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last." When he laid his head on the block, he desired the executioner to wait until he removed his beard, "for that had never offended his highness."

Milton in his young days must have seen with wonder and awe the wits and poets pass in and out the doors of the old Mermaid tavern, which had an entrance in Bread Street, that tavern of which Francis Beaumont wrote to Ben Johnson:

"What things we have seen
Done at the Mermaid; what words that have been
So nimble and full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Within a stone's throw lived Robert Bloomfield, who wrote "The Farmer's Boy," and Thomas Hood, who gave us "The Song of the Shirt."

A few minutes' walk brings us to the Bunhill Field's Burial Ground, where may be seen the graves of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, George Fox, the founder of the Quakers' Community, and Oliver Cromwell, the son of the "Protector."

Returning we pass the residence of Gray, whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will live as long as the language.

TEMPLE CHURCH.

Crossing the river we enter ground which must ever arouse tender memories in the minds of the lovers of literature. Almost the first place we reach, in Southwark, is the White Hart Inn where Sam Weller was earning his living as "boots" when found by Dickens.

Within easy distance of the White Hart is the site of the old "Tabard Inn."

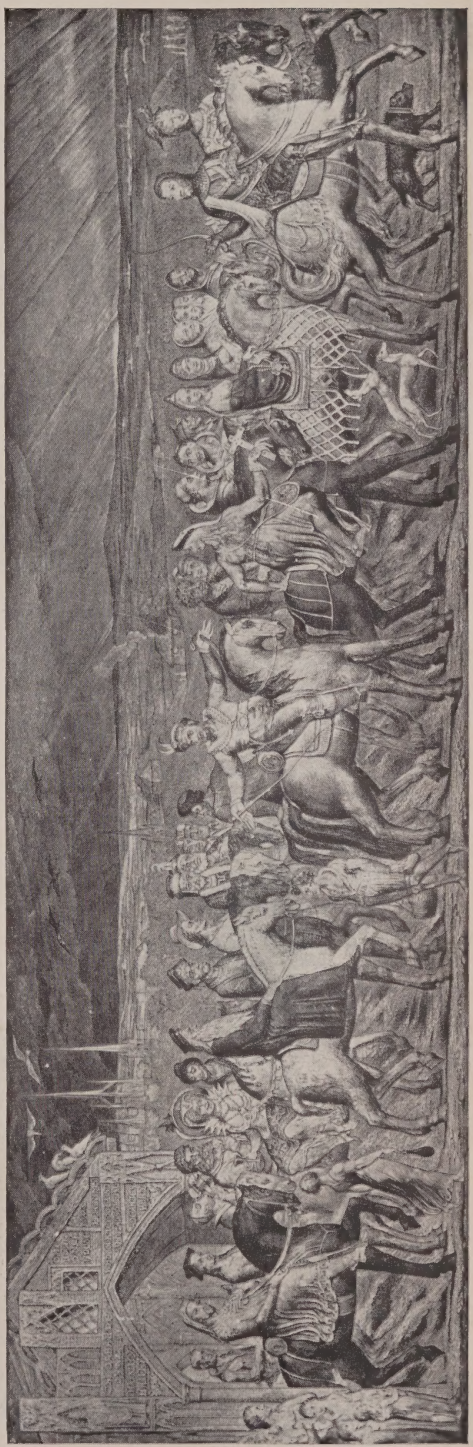
It was on the 17th of April, 1383, that Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims set out from the famous Tabard to visit the shrine of Becket at Canterbury.

The old inn was destroyed by fire in 1676, but was rebuilt on the old lines, and stood the storms of winter and the vicissitudes of fortune until the year 1876. Until 1831, over the gateway there was the inscription: "This is the inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." The inn was neglected, part of it became a stable for cartmen's horses, and the old parlors became a railroad storehouse until its demolition in 1876.

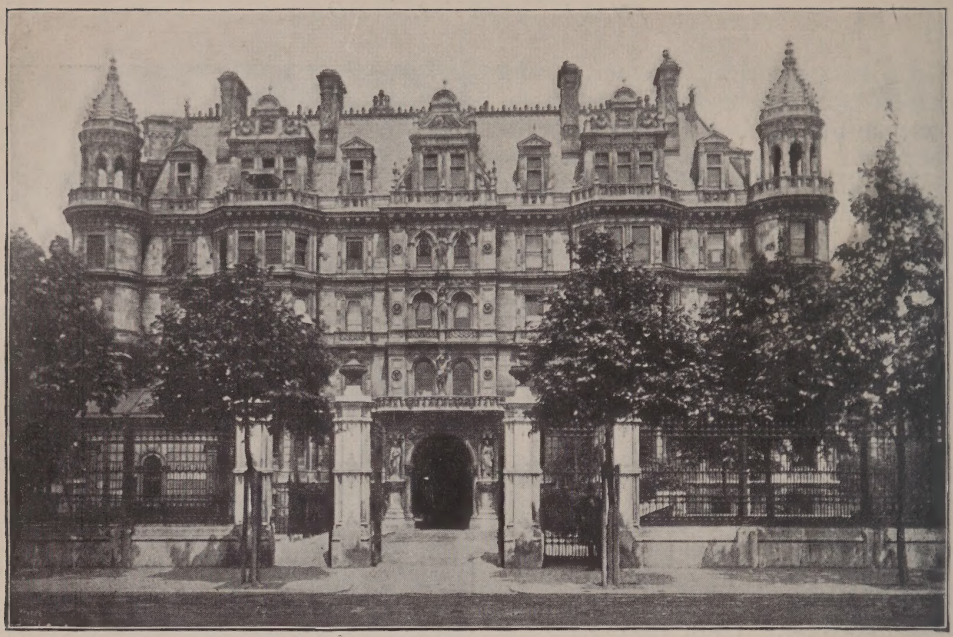
As we look at the old inn we can almost imagine we can see the father of English poetry, clad in his violet-colored dress, his eyes full of kindliness as he from his point of 'vantage in the gallery, watched the people go in and out the yard.

We think not of Chaucer, a few minutes later, when we come to the site of the Globe Theatre, upon whose narrow stage Shakespeare held the mirror up to nature. The sign of the theatre was a figure of Atlas supporting the world, while underneath was a motto in Latin, "All the World's an Actor," which doubtless inspired the soliloquy "All the World's a Stage." It was at the Globe that "As You Like It" was first produced.

Magnificent genius! Immortal poet! "Who lived not for an age but for all time."



CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.



Entrance to New Temple Gardens.

"Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
He walked the earth unguessed at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in his victorious brow."

In St. Saviour's Churchyard, near by, lies Edmond Shakespeare, the brother of the poet, John Fletcher and Phillip Massinger.

Our pilgrimage is ended. In a few hours we have walked over ground made sacred by the footprints of illustrious men, who

"Like the calm lights of heaven,
Shed their influence on the sea of life,
Swaying the currents of human life."

Caxton's House in the Almonry, Westminster.

WHERE THE CACTUS BLOOMS.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

The cherry and apple trees that lined the sunny sides of old Juana's hacienda were riotous with fragrant bloom, and at every fitful gust of wind threw down great handfuls of petals to whiten the crumbling adobe walls and to rest like flakes of tinted snow upon Consuelo's raven hair. The girl made a picture beautiful enough to delight the soul of a Tadema, as, with the careless grace and indolent ease of a true-born Mexican, she stood leaning against the only flowering tree that appeared to have attained its majority; all the others were minors, awaiting years of drought and shower before they could boast a gnarled, or even respectably rounded trunk. Vegetation flourishes wonderfully in New Mexico, wherever irrigation is at all possible, but trees are like human beings, and time alone can give to them the seams and furrows and rotundity of a graceful old age.

Mr. Samson Taylor was not an artist; indeed, his practical Kansas soul had never soared to realms above the pictorial weeklies of his own free land. Such illustrations, he would frankly admit, were good enough for him, and the colored lithographs issued annually by some of our big tobacco firms quite embodied his ideals, though even to his somewhat limited culture, they did not come under the head of "high art." Notwithstanding these defects of an early education, Mr. Samson Taylor was sufficiently well versed in the ethics of the beautiful to fully appreciate the tableau that lay spread before him as he halted in the shade of a tall cottonwood and threw the bridle over his tired broncho's head.

Consuelo did not see him; she was, for the time, thoroughly engrossed with Pedro, who sat on the adobe wall near by, swinging his well-shod feet (a Mexican will have good shoes and a fine sombrero, even though the rest of his wardrobe be in rags), and gazing down at her with adoration shining in his large dark eyes. Pedro had been her lover always, ever since she was a *muchachita!* She was sixteen now, quite the marriageable age for women of her race, and some day she meant to reward Pedro's devotion; but not now. Consuelo was a coquette, a very pretty one, and a new element had lately come into her life in the shape of Mr. Taylor, a cowboy working at present for the big L. C. outfit on the Gila.

They had met at a church festival, which ubiquitous form of entertainment is as prevalent in the wild Southwest as it is in the dormant villages of New England. Consuelo, who spoke English in a pretty, foreign way, very taking when it falls from fresh, young lips and is accompanied by speaking glances from lustrous Southern eyes, was a waitress at one of the tables, and it fell to her lot to press the varied dainties of a rather cosmopolitan bill of fare upon the cowboy's willing palate.

Mr. Taylor did not come into the hall with the view of spending his last hard-earned shekel in the sacred cause of charity; he was lured thither by the prosaic hope of finding there a better meal than could be had at the Chinese restaurants, but so enthralled was he by Consuelo's charms that he called for the entire menu, and ate *enchiladas* and *tamales* with as much relish as he derived from chicken salad and fried oysters.

Since then Mr. Taylor had been a

welcome visitor at the hacienda of old Juana, to whom the slightest wish of her orphan niece was law. Mexican parents as a rule are inclined to be suspicious of the attentions which good-looking Americans press upon their daughters, but Juana harbored no ill-feeling. He was so ugly, that fool *gringo*, and so stupid! Where was the danger? Besides, was not Consuelo as good as engaged to Pedro? Juana's unworldly experience had failed to teach her that it is not always a man's fine features that exercise the greatest fascination over a young girl, and she still remembered with pleasure her own handsome youth and the admiration she had excited. Nothing evil had ever befallen her! Thus she would argue with the gossiping old crones who came to complain of the liberty she allowed Consuelo, while the girl herself merely shrugged her shapely shoulders and defied them all.

Whenever business or pleasure brought the cowboy to town, he was accustomed to spend with Consuelo whatever time he could spare from "the boys" and the billiard-table; and yet Mr. Taylor's intentions were far from serious. He was simply amusing himself, as other men of our more effete civilization are wont to do, carelessly and with no thought of the pain they may inflict. And Consuelo was amusing herself, too—at first!

As for Pedro, whose work in the copper mines at Santa Rita kept him for the most part out of town, he had no idea of the cowboy's existence until he saw him walk down the fragrant avenue of apple-trees to where Consuelo stood. A jealous pang shot through the Mexican's heart as he noted with keen and angry eyes the change that came over the girl. All her coquetry vanished, and she held out her hand with a shyness very novel to her old lover.

Mr. Taylor, on the contrary, was quite at his ease, and giving a careless nod to Pedro in acknowledgment of Consuelo's faltering introduction, he threw himself on the alfalfa that lay in luxuriant patches between the trees, the stony, white soil shining through and giving it the semblance of a green, moth-eaten robe, and prepared to spend the afternoon. He could not speak Spanish; its musical cadences appealed to him only as "senseless jargon," and as Pedro neither spoke, nor perfectly understood English, the conversation soon resolved itself into a *tête-à-tête à deux* in which he took no part. Consuelo was not able to divide her attention when the American señor was present, although on other occasions she was quite an adept at flirtation, and could bandy compliments and distribute smiles among her admirers as readily as any belle in the Four Hundred.

Mr. Samson Taylor was soon engaged in a glib account of the recent round-ups on Blue Creek, in which one of his fellow cow-punchers had been badly injured by a refractory steer.

"Tom is a good rider, as fine a horseman as you'd find between here and Denver, but blame me if that steer was not the darndest, peskiest critter I ever threw a lasso over. He came pretty near unseating me, too, but I conquered him; might not have been able to do it," he added modestly, "if Tom had not worn some of the cussed freshness off of him first." He then proceeded to relate one thrilling adventure after another, and to tell of hair-breadth escapes in which he usually came out covered with glory, and the strangest part of his stories lay in the fact that they were mostly true.

Whatever his other faults, Mr. Taylor was no coward

Consuelo listened with parted lips, breathless with interest; but Pedro slid from his perch on the dusty wall and walked silently away. His departure was unnoticed. As he fol-

lowed the uneven path that led up the rocky, cactus-covered hillside to where, like an aerie, nestled his mother's little two-roomed adobe, his thoughts were very bitter. Consuelo's acquaintance with the cowboy was a surprise and a shock to him; he had known the girl all his life; she had been his *querida* from the time when, as swarthy, dark-eyed children, they had played at building stone castles on the rock-covered hills that like natural ramparts encompass Silver City on all sides. Her thirst for adulation was an old story to Pedro, who had time and again been neglected, thrown aside like an oft-read book, while she listened to the tales of love whispered by her last new wooer; but, loving her as he did, her very faults were dear to him, and heretofore he had not regarded any of his rivals as serious.

Love is a passion that has apparently had its day, and has fallen into disrepute among our more highly civilized classes of people. We are beginning to look upon it as a childish pastime, a harmless disease that attacks only the very young and leaves no scars behind; but among the lowlier types, its flame burns bright as ever it did in days of knighthood and chivalry, and more especially is this true of the Mexicans, those children of nature, whose ways are as free as the live, untamed things around them, and whose passions spring unfettered by any restraints of worldly conventionality.

Shortly after Pedro's departure Mr. Taylor asked Consuelo to drive with him to the pens a mile or two below town, from where, in the spring and fall, thousands of cattle are shipped every week to the Eastern shambles, or to pastures in the North, where they are fattened before being put upon the market. The pens are a decided object of interest at this time of the year. It is only during shipping season, and at Christmas, that Silver City awakes from her lethargy, for it is only then that there is enough money in circulation to enliven the discouraged shopkeepers, or, in Western parlance, "to make things hum." The cowboys who come in there with their great herds of cattle are a host in themselves, and amply sufficient to arouse the most dormant settlement, for they spend their money freely, and as freely "quaff their cups."

The shipment of cattle in such large numbers as is common in this part of the territory is a spectacle well worth seeing for those who crave a new experience. The herds are gathered at the general round-ups, and then driven in to the nearest shipping station, where they are again "rounded up," and kept in close surveillance until the trains are ready. There is always a considerable difficulty about securing cars, and it is neither an easy nor a pleasant task to guard this sea of restless, moving hoofs and horns, for should any one of the animals take fright, a stampede is likely to ensue, and then—"woe to the rider and woe to the steed!" Even if no lives are lost, there is all the labor of gathering to be repeated. After being cut out, a technical expression which signifies that the buyer has the privilege of rejecting a certain percentage of cattle not up to his standard, they are driven into the pens, classed according to age and quality, and then goaded, poor, frightened creatures, into the cars, that yawn, open-mouthed, to receive them.

"Won't you come, Consuelo?" asked the cowboy in his most persuasive tones. There was method in Taylor's madness. Miss Leonard, the pretty school teacher on the Gila, upon whom he had bestowed all the affection he could spare from himself, had been flirting desperately of late with the new mining engineer, a stranger from Chicago, who had come out to inspect the Victoria mines. Now Mr. Samson Taylor knew that if he was

seen driving with this beautiful Mexican girl his fellow-cowboys would soon spread the report until it reached Miss Leonard's ears.

"If she finds that two can play at her little game," soliloquized this Western Machiavelli, "she will drop it pretty quick; and if she don't, I'll drop her." So he persisted in his entreaties to Consuelo. The girl hesitated, alluring though the prospect was. She did not have many such invitations; indeed, the few airings that had fallen to her lot had been taken behind a veteran family nag, in a wagon crowded with her cousin's numerous and noisy progeny.

Still it was against all the traditions of the Mexican people for a young girl to go driving alone with a man—even contrary to the less rigid etiquette of the class to which Consuelo belonged, although these Old World customs were fast disappearing before the triumphal march of American progress, and the señoritas of the present generation could enjoy a freedom that their mothers would have thought a disgrace and their grandmothers considered little short of infamy.

"Can't you come, señorita? I have engaged a team, so if you really refuse me I will ask Miss Marshall." This was a master stroke. Consuelo quickly resolved that no other girl should take her place, and determined to brave Pedro's anger and her aunt's reproaches. He arranged to call for her at four the following afternoon—Pedro would be out of the way then; he had come into town to attend the mission services which two Jesuit priests were giving at the quaint old adobe church, and four o'clock was the hour for the afternoon sermon and rosary. She might go and return without Pedro's knowledge, and if by ill chance he did hear of it, she trusted to her woman's wit to make things all right with him.

She was really very fond of Pedro, and did not wish to bring their happy comradeship to an end unless—but Consuelo filled out this clause with a blush; not even to herself would she acknowledge the hopes that the American's attentions had raised in her breast. Consuelo was ambitious, a quality so rarely met with among the indolent, ease-loving Mexicans that its meaning is hardly understood. As a rule, they are content to lead the lives that their ancestors led before them; to live in houses that have passed from father to son in patriarchal succession; the houses may have crumbled with age, as adobes do, and the family increased out of all proportion to the original number of rooms, but what would you have? There are always plenty of goatskins for a couch and a plaza with the star-gemmed sky overhead. The man is a sybarite who would ask for more!

The morning after his wordless encounter with Taylor, Pedro went to the Mission Mass at nine o'clock, with the laudable intention of remaining afterward to listen to the good father's earnest exhortations, but in vain he struggled with the angry demon of jealousy, and endeavored to follow the sermon; Consuelo's downcast eyes and half-shy blushes would thrust themselves between him and the speaker's impressive face, and his powerful words, which were moving to tears many of his impulsive auditors, fell unheeded on Pedro's ears. He could hear nothing but the drawling accents of the Kansas cow puncher, and the situation finally becoming unbearable, he arose and left the church, picking his way carefully, lest he should step on some of the sprawling babies, or stumble by accident over their mothers, who were crowded on the floor like so many big black mushrooms.

He started towards old Juana's house, for he knew that Consuelo, little sinner that she was, did not attend the early morning instructions; but changing his mind, he turned abruptly and took the street leading down to the chief hostelry of Silver

City. It was there that most of the cattle men had their headquarters, and he hoped, he could not have told why, that he might meet his rival. Pedro's was a gentle but impetuous nature; heretofore the even tenor of his simple life had been undisturbed by any approach of evil passions, but somehow this American had aroused in him a fury that all of his sweetheart's other lovers had failed to awaken. Brooding over a wrong, whether real or imaginary, augments it a hundred fold, and Pedro's sense of ill-treatment had not diminished with the hours that had elapsed since he left Consuelo, his *addios* unspoken, standing under the cherry tree, a coronal of fallen petals on her handsome head. In the depths of his inner consciousness he knew it was the girl's strange, shy manner that was causing all his unrest, not the insolence of a *gringo* cowboy, but Pedro was more loyal than just, as we are all apt to be where our affections are engaged, and he blamed the guileless instead of the guilty party.

Burning with indignation at the sense of his own unhappiness, he hovered around the hotel until he heard Taylor's drawling tones proceeding from the billiard room. The lad went in and joined a group of loungers, who, having exhausted their various other means of loafing, were now watching the progress of a match game between Taylor and an Eastern cattle buyer. It was soon over, Taylor coming out winner, which fact of itself increased the Mexican's resentment. They at once dispersed to the bar, where the victor paid dearly for his glory by treating the entire crowd. Pedro alone kept his seat. Presently Taylor and one of his companions returned to the table, and chalking their cues, began to make idle test shots, conversing the while between puffs of their cigars. "Going to the baseball this afternoon, Sam?" asked his adversary, who was red enough of beard and complexion to pose as the Prisoner of Zenda. "Nope," was the succinct reply.

"You had better come along if you know what is best for your constitution; all of our outfit are going. We've bet on the home team, and you bet them Demingites are going to get rattled. You will miss a lively game if you don't come."

"Can't go, all the same; previous engagement; can't break it," puffed out Mr. Taylor.

"Ah, with a lady, I suppose; never knew you to be over particular about keeping engagements with your own sex," commented he of the ruddy hair.

"You are off there, old chap; no lady in the case this time; only a little Mexican senorita, Consuelo Lucero, whom I promised to take down to the cattle pens; she is a nice girl, however, and pretty enough to be the first lady in the land. Indeed, I don't know that there ever was a woman in the White House, barring one, that could hold a candle to her."

Pedro's keen ears heard every word, and though his knowledge of English was too imperfect to understand half that was said, he caught Consuelo's name, and he concluded from Taylor's complacent smiles and the other man's bantering tones that she was the subject of their conversation. The hatred characteristic of his race flamed into wrath against these dogs of Americans—*gringo* usurpers, who supplanted in everything they undertook the rightful owners of the soil! He could have sprung at the cowboy and killed him on the spot, but that is not a Mexican's way; besides, he would wait a little and find out if Consuelo loved him—perhaps she was only amusing herself, in which case the American was not worth killing. But Pedro went home and took from a chest, where his dead father's belongings were kept, a stiletto so small it could be put in the pocket of one's *chaleco*, like an ordinary penknife, but touch a spring and the murderous blade

sprang forth, keen and fine, like a serpent's tongue, and strong enough to reach a man's heart and leave no trace. It had come from the City of Mexico. Pedro's father was a peddler, and his widowed mother, yielding to a sentiment she could ill afford, refused to part with any of the heterogeneous collection of articles that were found in her husband's pack when he made his last trip across the "Great Divide" that separates time from eternity.

Later in the evening Pedro was seated on the doorstep, watching his mother prepare their frugal meal of tortillas, chili and onions; he fingered his stiletto lovingly as if it were a sentient thing, and finding the spring a trifle rusty, he arose to go in search of some oil to loosen it. As he did so, the evening Angelus rang out, and with its faintly echoing chimes, there came before him a vision of the Jesuit missionary's pale, earnest face, and he recalled the text of his first sermon among them: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another." For a moment Pedro hesitated, aghast at the deed he was so calmly contemplating, horrified at the change the last few hours had wrought in him. Then, rejecting the inspirations of grace, he proceeded on his errand.

"Supper is ready, *muchacho mio*," called out his mother, in her caressing Spanish voice. "Eat quickly that we may have time to reach the church before the crowd gathers. It is the last night of the mission, thou knowest, and the church will be very full. Hast thou fed the goats and milked?"

"Not yet, mother; but don't wait for me to go with you to-night—I have something to do which may make me late."

The señora forebore to question him; she had noticed his abstracted air and marvelled at it, for gloom was very foreign to Pedro's sunny, laughing nature, but she attributed his depression to the effects of the mission. The simple-minded woman was so overcome during these days with the conviction of her own iniquity that she took little heed of her son's unusual manner.

"Very well,' she replied; "I will be at Juana's after the service, and you can come for me there."

Pedro's only answer was a grunt; decidedly the boy was ill. He went to feed the pretty Angora goats, that came bleating at his approach, while his mother donned her best mantilla and with the dignity and grace of a Juno, wended her way down the steep hill. It would have been an ignominious scramble to keep our footing had you or I attempted the descent, but these Mexican women walk erect with stately mien. Although it sounds rather paradoxical, nothing insures such a royal carriage as an ancestry of peasant mothers. Witness the Normandy fisher-folks and the Parisian laundry workers.

When the señora was well out of sight, Pedro stole back to the vacant room and tenderly kissed her picture; then, smiling at his vague premonitions of tragedy, he got out his new sombrero, the white straw one with its heavy silver cord and filigree border that Consuelo had admired so much, and started off to see her. He was little more than a boy, and his spirits rose at the very thought of seeing Consuelo again. Twenty-four hours is a long time to a lover as ardent as Pedro, and long before he reached the hacienda he was whistling as if nothing had ever occurred to mar his tranquillity. He was surprised at the silent appearance of the place—it looked so still and sombre in the twilight shadows. A dove's mournful cry resounded from its thorny ambush of prickly cactus, and since yesterday the high spring winds had almost bared the trees of their scented bloom.

"Consuelo," he called, tapping lightly at the door: "*Carissima*, open —it is Pedro."

The door swung back, disclosing not Consuelo, but the wrinkled features of her old aunt.

Juana was very fond of Pedro, and it was the dream of her life to see him married to Consuelo, although she feared that even as a wife her headstrong charge would be the ruling power and follow her own sweet will to much the same extent that she had done as a maid.

Juana was excited, and evidently angry. Without waiting for Pedro's questions, she began to pour out a voluble account of Consuelo's obstinacy in going to drive with the cowboy, interrupting her tale with frequent ejaculations of self-pity at having to assume the responsibility of so troublesome a ward.

Pedro listened in silence; his fears were more than realized, for he never imagined that the girl would be so lost to all sense of propriety. Why, they were disgraced; no self-respecting Mexican girl would go out to drive alone with a man! It was horrible, horrible! but he should pay for it, that miserable cow-punching *gringo!* The Mexican's hand clenched over his stiletto. He thought now that he understood the cause of Taylor's smiles at the billiard table—*bueno*, he would never play billiards again in this world!

Pedro made his plans with the suddenness of despair. "Why are you not at church, *madre mia?*" he inquired irrelevantly.

"Alas, I could not go to-night; I felt that I must wait at home for that unhappy child."

"I will wait for her; you go to your prayers; and *madre*, ask the good God to have mercy on me."

"*Muy bien*, my son," exclaimed the old woman, secretly rejoiced at being freed from the necessity of giving Consuelo another scolding. "I will pray for thee; thou art a good lad and a comfort to me as well as to thy mother; but don't be too hard on the child, Pedro *mio;* thou knowest she is young and an orphan. I fear sometimes that I have not been firm enough with her."

Pedro thought sadly that she was speaking the truth, but he made rejoinder cheerfully, "Do not fret, *madre;* thou knowest I would not hurt a hair of her head."

Juana, reassured, went to her devotions, and Pedro, lighting a cigarette, sat on the steps of the tiny porch to wait for Consuelo. He did not feel angry or bitter now—all that was over; instead, he experienced somewhat the same sense of exaltation that a martyr feels, or is supposed to feel, at the stake; or a soldier hero, when he leads a charge that he knows to be hopeless. It was growing dark; service at the queer, adobe church had begun, for he could hear the gentle voices of the Sisters, who composed the simple choir, ringing out true and sweet in the evening litany, and there again sounded that wailing note of the dove. The moon began to peep cautiously over the blue rim of the distant mountains before bursting upon the world in her full glory, and then the massive boulders that lay scattered like a giant's playthings in front of Juana's adobe, cast weird, fantastic shadows upon the bleached ground.

Pedro drew out his nickel-plated watch. "*A las ocho*," he muttered, "they must surely be coming soon," and as the town clock struck eight they came!

The horses clattered up to the door in great style, and the cowboy sprang out to assist Consuelo. Neither of them observed Pedro, who had withdrawn into the darkest corner of the porch. He thought Consuelo looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her, as she stood with one arched foot poised on the carriage step; there was a gleam of coquetry, a flash of triumph in her usually languorous eyes, as Mr. Samson Taylor, with an air of proprietorship, lifted her to the

ground. It aroused all the devil in the Mexican's nature; with a cry of inarticulate rage he sprang at the cowboy, who, by an almost miraculous instinct, raised his arm just in time to catch the savage thrust that Pedro made at his heart. Before he could withdraw his stiletto for another stab, Taylor pulled out his revolver, and with steady, unflinching aim—fired.

The moon veiled her brightness under a passing cloud; the dove had found her mate and hushed her melancholy cry, and Consuelo watched with dry, unseeing eyes beside her lover's helpless form, while the nun's response, "*Parce nobis, Domine*," rang out distinctly through the open windows of the choir. The mission was ended, and Pedro's mother walked slowly home with old Juana to meet her boy.

Much of the anguish of Gethsemane was in that meeting, for, as near as human suffering can approach the divine, so near did the grief of this lowly Mexican mother resemble that of the Mother of Christ. But God was merciful, and spared poor Pedro's life, as he had already spared him the commission of the awful crime of murder. His wound proved to be a slight one after all; he had fainted from over-excitement and loss of blood, but brain fever was the result, and for weeks he lay at the very gates of death. In his delirious ravings the boy revealed very clearly the state of his mind and heart, and remorse for the sorrow she had so thoughtlessly caused, the revengeful hate she had engendered, kindled in Consuelo's frivolous soul a tenderness that years of devotion had failed to awaken.

During Pedro's illness Mr. Samson Taylor exhibited an entirely new phase of character and appeared in a role that surprised even his staunchest friends. He not only refused to prosecute the "beggarly greaser," but he made daily inquiries as to his condition, and although old Juana, whose manners under certain circumstances had not "the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," met him at the door with a storm of Spanish vituperation that made him quail, even though he did not understand a word of what she was saying, and Consuelo refused to see him, still he kept informed of the Mexican's condition through his doctor, and in the end, paid without a murmur the rather startling bill which that gentleman presented. Then Mr. Samson Taylor disappeared from the scene of action, resolving in the future to confine his attentions to ladies of his own nationality.

Ere the cherry trees were again in blossom a pretty but humble wedding took place in the old gray adobe church. A stronger character might have cast the girl aside in disdain, but this generous lover considered all his troubles of small moment, when they brought him Consuelo! And, if the gossips may be believed, she turned out to be as model a wife as she had been unsatisfactory as a sweetheart, and in all San Vincente there is to-day no happier couple than Pedro and Consuelo Alvarez.

HISTORY vs. HOPE—A DREAM CASE

BY JOHN T. KENNEY.

The great court room of Life and Literature stands invitingly open before us. Imagination beckons, and willingly we pass within. Upon the right hand, stern, remorseless and unrelenting, and yet withal, methinks, patient, merciful, honest-hearted and kindly disposed, sits white-haired old Father Time as the presiding judge; while on the left, as the great enlightened and discriminating jury, happily now always impanneled here, we see Civilized Mankind.

A case has been called, and a trial is apparently about to begin in this distinctly democratic court room, in which we are all accustomed, more or less freqently, both to appear and to be heard, and in which since the dawn of our boasted civilization so many momentous questions have been called up, but unfortunately too often only summarily considered; while, like in so many other courts of so-called justice—and perhaps it would not be altogether unjust to intimate in an occasional college and legislative assembly even as well—many trifling ones are lengthily looked into and most elaborately discussed.

But surely this case and this trial are important ones, for the witnesses we see arrayed on either side are no less personages than philosophers, historians, orators, poets and statesmen, renowned alike for the lustre of their learning and the splendor of their genius and achievements.

The attorneys, too, attract attention. There sits, watching the trial as leading counsel for plaintiff, that well-known advocate and hard-headed gentleman, Mr. Fact; while likewise engaged on behalf of the defence we see that equally well-known, certainly no less plausible and popular casuist, Miss Fancy.

And now Mr. Fact is rising to present to the jury the indictment against the defendant in the case. In a moment, doubtless, Miss Fancy will read in reply her counter-charge against the plaintiff. A somewhat irregular procedure, you remark? True, my learned legal friend; but then you must remember that this is a court room in which but very little attention is ever paid to mere irregularities, or rather a tribunal in which all stereotyped forms and technicalities are totally abolished.

"The defendant in this case," says Mr. Fact," is a common cheat, a deceiver and ensnarer of men. Profligate of promise, but worse than chary of performance, Hope is the fleeting, insubstantial *ignis fatuus* that has led many noble and lofty natures into those dark and dangerous marshes and quicksands—The Unreal and The Impossible—until at last in the dismal depths of that fearful centre, that black and bottomless pit called Despair, they suddenly sink from sight, and thus forever close a career which otherwise might have been a long and worthy one of practical thought, practical action, and practical benefit to mankind."

"The plaintiff in this case," with undaunted brow replies Miss Fancy, "is a discourager—a morbid misanthrope merely. History, morose and melancholy history, is a fit companion and associate, indeed, of the dead, of whom alone it speaks, and appropriately, too, it has its home and only habitation in the tomb of that buried past which alone it can study. As a guide and counselor of thinking, wide-awake, progressive, original and independent men it has no mission, and is of no worth in this world."

Our intellectual life is dual. This is the central truth.

On the one side there lies the rugged and mountainous domain of Philosophy and its handmaid, History; not that ancient so-called philosophy which so long plagued the world and

humanity with the useless contentions of its conceited disciples, and which was but another name, in fact, for idle pedantry and arrant nonsense, but that only real and valuable philosophy which in modern times we have re-christened science.

And on the other side there stretches away before us the flowery land of Poetry, with her winsome sisters, Painting, Music, Eloquence and Sculpture, and their combined single soul and symbol, which is Hope.

To the one domain we go for the experience, to the other for the inspiration, of mankind.

In the one we find the innumerable truths of natural, moral and physical law, while in the other the everlastingly beautiful both of nature and of art. The one presents to us the real, in so far as the great All-Father has yet been pleased to disclose it to waiting humanity; the other pictures for us the ideal, grand, beautiful and perfect, yet none the less true and possible, merely because it is reserved for future attainment, and cannot be proved by experience. Like the transcendental truths of the beautiful and logical philosophy of optimism, it rises superior to and transcends experience, and by its own laws proves the possibility of its own final attainment, even as Leibnitz proved, nearly two centuries before a microscope strong enough to see them had been invented, the existence of certain minute forms of animal life, of which natural history at that time knew nothing, and even as Le Verrier proved the point in the heavens at which a new planet might at certain recurring periods be seen, although astronomy had never before suspected its existence, and there probably was not in the world at that time a telescope powerful enough to disclose it—certainly none through which Le Verrier had ever looked.

What matters it, indeed, if even during the entire reign of Time, instead of merely through the little fraction of it which we call the past the ideal be not attained? Does that prove that it never will be? We forget when we believe so that there yet remains behind for its accomplishment the reign of that greater sovereign, Eternity!

In both these broad domains too we find only the most perfect consistency and complete harmony, for truth, which is the predominating feature of the one, is beautiful; and beauty, the inspiring characteristic of the other, is indeed but an unvarying incident or form of truth, at least in its philosophical sense.

"Philosophy teaching by examples" as it was the earliest, so also is one of the best expressions of the true nature of genuine, rightly understood history. One of the most difficult, it is one of the most comprehensive of studies. Rightly to understand and to be able to read but a small part of it would be the achievement of a lifetime of the most arduous and incessant labor; to master which would be to master every science and subject in the whole range of knowledge, both human and divine. For, accurately to find out and faithfully to portray the past is, indeed, as difficult and hazardous an undertaking as to project one's self forward and foretell the future. Each inquiry unquestionably can only be successfully prosecuted by the same methods and by means of the same calculations of probability and chance.

And now the witnesses come upon the stand. We do not hear them called, nor yet dismissed, and much of the testimony is either irrelevant or indistinct; but now and then a witness speaks in unmistakable tones, an answer rings out strong and clear. Let us listen awhile to the evidence; perhaps some of it may interest us.

"Victor Hugo, man of letters, scholar and statesman of France, what is your testimony?"

"Hope," comes the answer, "is a delusion; no hand can grasp a wave or a shadow."

"Napoleon Bonaparte, law-giver, genius and general, and in each unequaled in a thousand years, what do you say?"

"History," again we hear the reply, "is but a fable agreed upon."

"William Wordsworth, poet, wearer for many years of England's laurel wreath, what say you?"

"Hopes are but beads of the morning, strung on slender blades of grass, or a spider web adorning a straight and treacherous pass."

"Sir Robert Walpole, renowned statesman and shrewd prime minister of the Queen, make your statement."

"All history is a lie."

"Thomas Babington Macauley, if not the most profound, certainly the most fascinating and prolific writer of your day, surely you have something to say?"

"Yes. History is an alphabet, with the letters of which we may spell out any word we choose."

"Joseph Addison, polished writer of faultless English, what is your thought?"

"Hope calculates all its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, grasps at impossibilities, and very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor."

"Samuel Johnston, wise man, profound thinker and learned lexicographer, we will hear you."

"Hope is very fallacious, and promises what it seldom performs."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, I think it is I see upon the stand, and that answers now: "History is a broken guide board, pointing out the way that we have come."

"Edgar Fawcett, distinguished among living American writers of both prose and poetry, have you anything to say?"

"A sycophant and voyager to illusion's goal is hope."

"Wendell Phillips, silver-tongued orator and grand, brave man, we await your evidence."

"History is for the most part an idle amusement, the day dream of pedants and triflers. The world and affairs have shown me that one-half of history is loose conjecture, and the rest the writer's opinion."

But we have heard enough of this pessimistic evidence. Let us forget it and reflect awhile for ourselves upon the questions which the problem presents. And can it then be possible that all this history about which we hear so much in every controversy, whether religious, political or otherwise, and in the writing and reading and study of which mankind annually spends so much valuable time—can it be possible that all this history, after all, is really useless and unprofitable, if not, in fact, actually injurious as well?

And hope, radiant hope; is it even vain and unfruitful, if not absolutely dangerous and unwise?

In the calm atmosphere of quiet, independent and untrammeled thought he answer is easy and the reason plain.

No, a thousand times no!

History, as we commonly understand the term, is not always synonymous with truth, and Hope, it is true, leads us always upon dark and sometimes apparently upon dangerous and uncertain ground; but it is the counterfeit, not the genuine, history that is wrong and false, and it is sophistry, and not hope, that is the guide when we go astray.

That history is written for us in any great degree in books is one of the popular fallacies of the unthinking. There never was a greater error. True we shall find a little of it written in books, but it is only after we have learned to read between the lines, and to study independently of the books the character, motives, ambitions and

beliefs of those who wrote them, as well as of the time and country, and even community, in which they lived, and the institutions which surrounded and perhaps moulded them. Without this key we shall never be able to unlock their little secret, and with it then we shall find, not infrequently, more that is valuable in those books not presumably written as histories at all than in many of those broadly labeled as such.

All the rest that is told us in some few of the best of these, however, we may perhaps as well accept, for we must remember that at last, after we have laboriously made our own investigations and deductions, we have only succeeded in replacing the opinion and conjecture of another with that of our own. But yet, in one form or another, somehow and somewhere, the whole story, in its every and most minute detail, is completely written. For, as matter is indestructible, as force is never annihilated, but merely conserved, so that though merely a pebble be dropped in the water every particle of matter in the ocean and upon the earth is in some degree affected, so every action and every event, perhaps every thought, makes its own impress, and thus writes ineffaceably its own history on matter or on mind, or on both. And though dim and indistinct sometimes is this penmanship, so that perhaps none but the omniscient eye of God can make it out, yet it is all there, each character whole and perfect, and in their hidden meaning lies locked not only the past, but likewise in great part the future.

"Hope," says Alfred Tennyson, "is the great world's altar-stair, that slopes through darkness up to God." And this eloquent metaphor is susceptible almost of a critical analysis as an accurate, logical definition, for hopefulness is always an evidence of moral elevation, even as despair is of the opposite extreme. It is the advance guard likewise of that mighty monarch, Thought, and has preceded him into every continent, however dark, that he has ever conquered or explored, and in its upward flight and aspiration it stops only at the throne of that omniscience and all-power which is God.

Hopefulness is always helpful, invigorating, right! And if reason be not misguided or at fault, but its calculations be arrived at with the certainty which characterizes those of a Leibnitz or a Le Verrier, then it performs for us its highest function, and receives its natural satisfaction and reward; but even if sophistry takes the place of reason, and leads its unwary victim on and on in its dangerous journey, it is seldom even then that hope forgets its duty, or fails to perform its appointed task.

From the rich field of oriental legendary lore we glean this fanciful story: A wealthy Arab was one day traveling in state, when, in a lonely place and at a great disadvantage, he was confronted by two fierce highwaymen. "Give us your valuables," they said, and without a word of protest he handed them a purse well filled with money, a small cabinet of precious stones which he happened to have with him, a silver-hilted sword with ivory sheath, his costly turban, glittering with diamonds.

"Now," said he, "I have given you all you care for; take them and let me go."

"No," said one of them, "I see a silken cord yet hung around your neck. We must see what is at the end of it before we part." But when the old man quietly drew the cord from his bosom, and disclosed merely a circular-shaped phial, made apparently of glass, and filled with water, they did not require it of him, but went their way. At this the old man was greatly rejoiced, and seemed not to regard at all the loss of the rest of his valuables, for despite its apparent

insignificance this was the treasure which after all he prized, and rightly prized, more than all the rest, for with this little phial, the story tells us, he was able to bring about the most astonishing transformations. Though every other valuable thing he had in the world were taken away from him, and nothing remained to him but the sandy plain stretching out illimitably, he had only to put this little phial to his eye, and instantly everything was changed. The barren waste became a fruitful field; springs of cool, clear water bubbled up around; refreshing streams flowed through beautiful gardens; broad branching trees spread out their luxuriant foliage, making pleasant shade upon every side; birds of the most brilliant plumage sang everywhere beneath the skies, and flowers in all their loveliness sprang up on every side.

What was this marvelous little instrument, you ask? The story tells us the old man called it the phial of Hope, and said that it had been given him by a prophet of God.

And so, if we, even in this practical day, looked closely enough at each other, I think we would be able to discern, encircling hearts and souls and lives, this same mystic silken cord, to the end of which is attached this same magic transparency, the phial of Hope.

Such then is the true nature and marvelous breadth of History! Such the high mission, the wonderful worth of Hope! And although to us it seems scarcely possible for any mind to perceive the full significance of either, and especially of the first, to which it had not been suggested and made apparent by the progress of modern science, yet here again we find far-seeing transcendentalism anticipating the slow empiricism of modern science, for did not the seer-eyed sage of Avon, the myriad-minded Shakespeare, nearly three hundred years ago, declare that "There is a history in all men's lives, figuring the nature of the things deceased; the which observed, a man may prophesy with a near aim of the main chance of things, as yet not come to life, which in their seeds and weak beginning lie entrusted?"

But what of the trial we have been so attentively watching? When Civilized Mankind have at last heard all the testimony, and venerable Father Time has finally given to them his instructions, what will their verdict be?

We cannot know; we can only guess. But at the charge of the court we may look if we will; in Time's own searching and decisive way, during the progress of the trial, it has been written out, in large part as it will finally be delivered, and runs, if we mistake not, substantially in this way: "Your verdict in this case, gentlemen of the jury, you will have no difficulty in readily reaching. There has been a total failure of unimpeachable evidence to sustain the charges brought against either of the two parties to this suit. These witnesses to whom you have so patiently listened were not speaking to you their sober, serious waking thoughts, they were but dreaming, for we all are dreamers, and even the wisest of us do sometimes dream. In your verdict, therefore, I must direct you to do an unprecedented thing, at least in any other than this court room—I must ask you to find in favor of plaintiff and defendant both, for each is equally worthy, not merely of acquittal at your hands, but of intimate acquaintance, and your high esteem and infinite regard as well. Between them, too, it is a mistake to suppose that there is any conflict or antagonism. That such is true is but fancied, and not real; for History and Hope are not enemies, or rivals even, but friendly and congenial powers, who sometimes hold and invariably sway the sceptre in adjoining, allied and interdependent realms.

THE PRIEST'S OAK.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

It was bare and desolate around the little French Canadian chapel at Lacroix, and Father Petot, who loved trees almost as he loved human souls, was not long in setting out a little grove of his favorites, some maples, some birches, a row of poplars, a pair of sturdy lindens, and, to give strength to them all and dignity to the entrance of God's temple there in the wilderness, a thrifty oak by the chapel door.

The priest's trees flourished and grew apace, for he nourished them as a father nourishes his children. He loosened the soil about their roots, kept the weeds and sap-sucking vines away, brought them water in the dry season, and suffered no parasite to prey upon their life. Most of all the oak seemed to expand and rejoice under the priest's loving care. Every year it grew mightily, and thickened and spread its branches higher and wider. Father Petot was a young man when he came to the parish of Lacroix and planted his grove about the chapel. Now, the love of his people had kept him there so long that his raven hair was almost white, and he had no wish to go to the city and preach in the big cathedral, as he once dreamed, but only prayed to grow old helpfully and die among his people, with no hands but theirs to close his eyes and lay the crucifix upon his breast. The trees which he had planted in his youth had grown into a stately grove, and conspicuous in strength and beauty among them the mighty oak rose beside the chapel door. Its trunk was like a cathedral pillar, and its spreading top arched above the open bell-frame of the chapel, so that when the bell rang it sometimes brushed the branches of the oak, and shook the leaves with its vibrating tone.

One of Father Petot's parishioners was Jean Ralloc, a goodly young man, who loved the old priest like a father. And none rejoiced more than Father Petot when Jean's love for sweet Theresa Angel was rewarded. The priest married them gladly where he had christened them as babes, in front of the holy altar. But there were two young men in the village who did not rejoice with the rest when Jean and Theresa were married. They were Louis Lucas and Francois Lepert, dark spirits both, passionate and wilful, who had courted pretty Theresa in vain, and in their common disappointment were drawn together in hatred of the successful lover. These young men, though nominally of Father Petot's fold, were not of his flock. They had little regard for religion or any other sacred thing, but lived merely for selfish gratification and worldly advancement. The good priest had done his best to change their hearts, but though they treated him civilly enough to his face, behind his back they laughed the good old man to scorn.

It was not long after the marriage of Jean and Theresa that wonderful stories came to Lacroix of gold in the mountains to the northwest—vast deposits of it in the quartz ledges and tons of the precious dust in the sand of the streams. All the young men were wild to go and seek their fortunes, and Father Petot saw that it would be useless to try to discourage the enthusiasm among his own people. Indeed, he made no effort to do so, for when they spoke to him of the great discovery, he only smiled, and said that gold was doubtless one of God's good things, if put to good uses. Even the Church can make gold praise God by enlarging her own sphere of useful-

ness and helpfulness. We are not to count anything vile, after seeing how the water-lilies spin their odorous silken petals out of the mire of the bog.

So many of the young men of Lacroix went in search of the golden treasure, and among them Jean Ralloc, Francois Lepert and Louis Lucas. It was hard for Jean to go away and leave Theresa for so long a time, but the young wife urged him not to stay behind in the poverty-stricken village while every one else of strength and courage was on the way to make a fortune. So he went, and Theresa returned to stay with her parents while he was gone.

Most of the adventurers came back empty-handed, but Jean Ralloc, by the good will of God, found a vein of gold far back among the hills, where no other human foot had penetrated. Diligently and in secrecy he worked away day and night with pick and hammer, and pan and sluice, for four weary months; and then, half dead from exhaustion and insufficient nourishment, he staggered back over the long trail to Lacroix, with a princely fortune in nuggets and gold dust in his canvas bag. Alas! though he had won a fortune for the woman he loved it was at the price of life; for he fell sick of a fever the day he reached home, and his enfeebled body was not able to withstand the disease. In a brief fortnight Theresa Ralloc became heiress and widow, and the sweet romance vanished out of her life like a morning dream.

How she hated the gold that had killed Jean! All the treasures of the mountains of the world were not worth one little smile upon his lips. O God! why had the fatal discovery ever been made, or the news of it come to peaceful Lacroix? Even good Father Petot could not comfort his heartbroken child. "Oh, Father Petot!" she sobbed, "to think that if I had not urged him he might not have gone!"

"Nay, my poor little one!" cried the priest, putting his hand on her bowed head, as if she were still a child; "it was not thy fault. I, too, encouraged it; and the young men were all going."

"I will never touch finger to the gold, nor look upon it!" exclaimed the heartbroken girl. "His blood is on it. *Thou* must take it, Father Petot—take it for the Church and for God's poor. Thus, perhaps, the curse will be removed from it and from me." It was a long time before the good priest would consent to take the gold, and in the meantime it became known in the village that Theresa had given it to the Church. At last, seeing that his child was determined not to keep the gold herself, nor allow it to remain in her family, Father Petot yielded, and late one October evening he left the house of Theresa's parents with the heavy canvas bag in his hand. Only the day before Louis Lucas and Francois Lepert had come out of the woods, gaunt, defeated, desperate, with the awful craze for gold running like fire in their veins. So Jean had found the treasure, and died, and left it to his wife, and she to the Church? Better than if Jean had lived to enjoy it, at least! But Father Petot—they must watch him! What does a priest want of gold?

The chapel of Lacroix stood somewhat apart from the village, in a lonely field, bare and desolate, save for the priest's grove. It was growing dusk when Father Petot left the last house behind him and struck out into the path across the field. He walked slowly, with head bowed, thinking of the poor bereaved soul whom gold could not solace, and praying that God would send her peace. The bag of gold was heavy, too, and Father Petot was getting to be an old man. He did not see two

skulking figures enter the grove beyond the chapel. He did not dream, sweet soul! that there were any hearts in the world so vile and reprobate that they could lust after the alms of the holy Church.

Francois Lepert and Louis Lucas crouched in the shadow of the trees and waited. Thick clubs lay at their feet. They did not wish to harm the priest, but if he should cry out too loudly, or resist too stoutly—why, the devil has no terrors for his own, no matter what crime they may commit.

Over the desperate men the oak tree rustled—the priest's oak tree, that he had planted and nourished with his own loving hand. And now it hung thick with frost-ripened acorns, acorns like itself, big and round, and full of substance. Just over the bell trembled a cluster of five of the mightiest acorns that ever grew. The frost had been loosening them from their stems these many nights, but they had not yet fallen. And the oak tree rustled and knew that the priest was coming, and saw the men crouching beneath it with clubs at their feet.

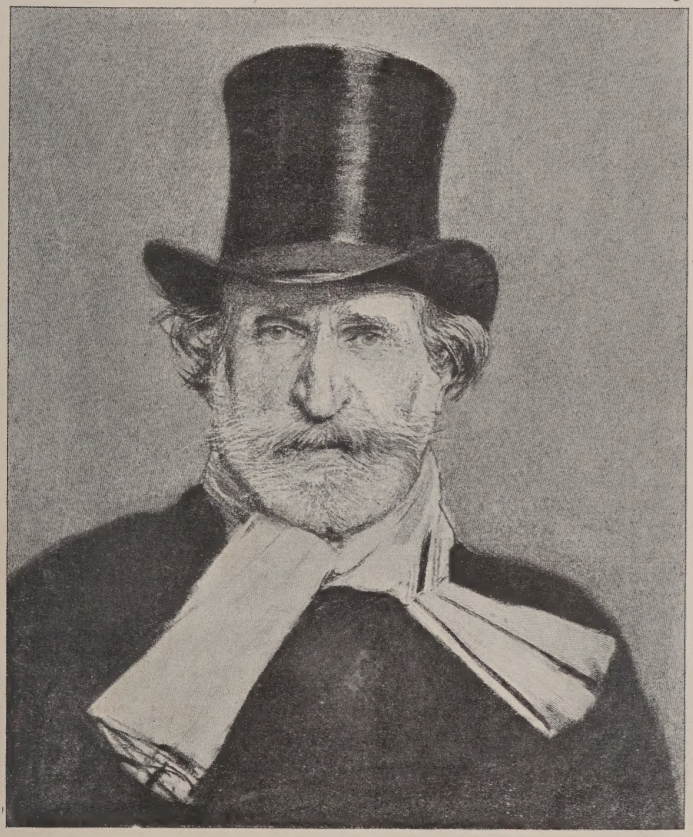
Suddenly a loud, clear note from the chapel bell broke the hush of the evening. A huge acorn had fallen and struck the vibrant metal like a hammer stroke. The miscreants in the shadow started and looked at each other in affright. The next instant the bell spoke again, louder than before, and another acorn rolled away unseen in the grass. Louis Lucas and Francois Lepert started to their feet. The priest was standing out in the field, in the half-gloom, looking up wonderingly at the bell. Then the three remaining acorns of the cluster were loosed, and fell rapidly, one after another, on the edge of the bell, which sounded a sharp alarm over the field. In a moment, as it seemed, villagers began to pour out of the houses and follow one another swiftly into the open space. The priest turned toward them, set his bag of gold on the ground, and raised his hands as if in assurance and blessing. While his back was turned, Francois Lepert and Louis Lucas stole away, stooping and running, with the chapel between them and the people, till they plunged into the forest.

No one ever saw their faces in Lacroix again. And none ever knew the peril of Father Petot, except the oak that he loved—no human being, I mean, save those who would have slain him. God knew! And so God still works miracles, though He use the frost, and the acorn, and the bell, and the moment appointed from all eternity when these agents of His shall unite to perform their functions.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

King Humbert has honored Verdi by decreeing that the famous Milan Conservatory of Music shall be called henceforth Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi. The composer is avenged gloriously, for when, as a youth, he applied to this school, he was rejected on the ground of "absolute lack of musical faculty." Now he is "the grand old man of music," and Italy is proud to honor him.



VERDI.

From portrait by Boldini, painted 1866.

William J. D. Croke occupies a prominent position among the English press-men of the Eternal City. He is the regular correspondent of various foreign publications, and as his communications appear anonymously, his brilliant comments upon current events have frequently been credited to other, perhaps better known, but certainly not superior, writers.

The public of this country are indebted to him for many true versions of disputed points. He has been noted for his strong bias in favor of American institutions, and has many family bonds linking him with citizens of this country, especially in New England.

For the past nine years Mr. Croke has resided in Rome, having previously spent a considerable time in France and England.

His uncompromising Catholic views make him a welcome guest in high ecclesiastical circles.

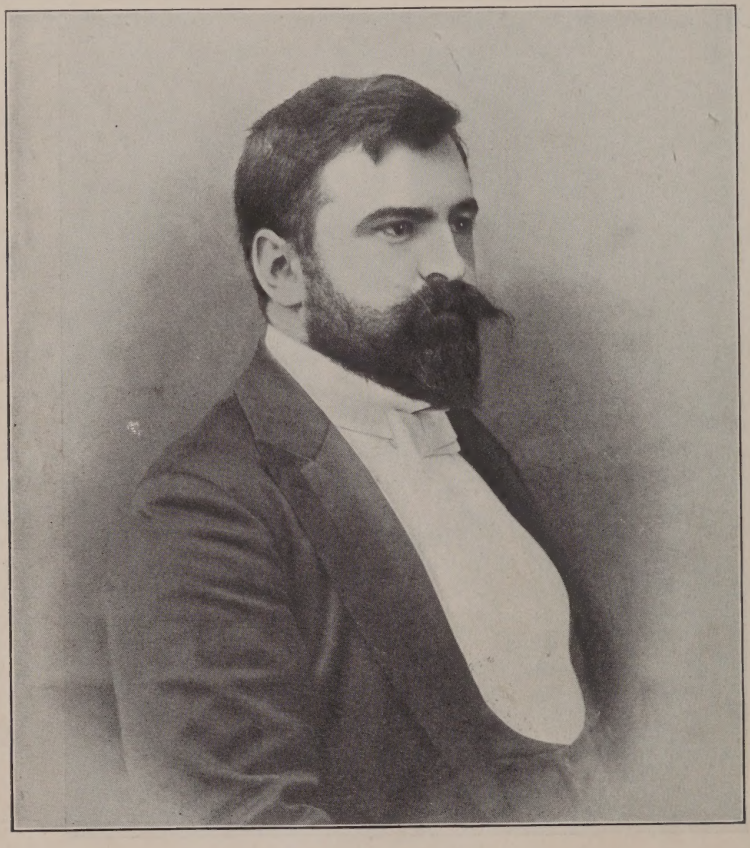
Probably nothing better in their way has appeared than his studies on the movement of Lord Halifax and his friends in favor of Anglican reunion with the Holy See, consequent upon the Apostolic letter of His Holiness to the English people in the spring of 1895.

His standing in press circles may be estimated from the fact that he is probably the first uncompromising Catholic who has ever represented a great London daily in Rome, being the regular correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is still a young man, and, no doubt, will in the future, as in the past, do valuable work for the interests of Catholicity, both in Rome and throughout the English-speaking world.

At the recent annual commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, the title of LL. D. was conferred on Mr. Croke.

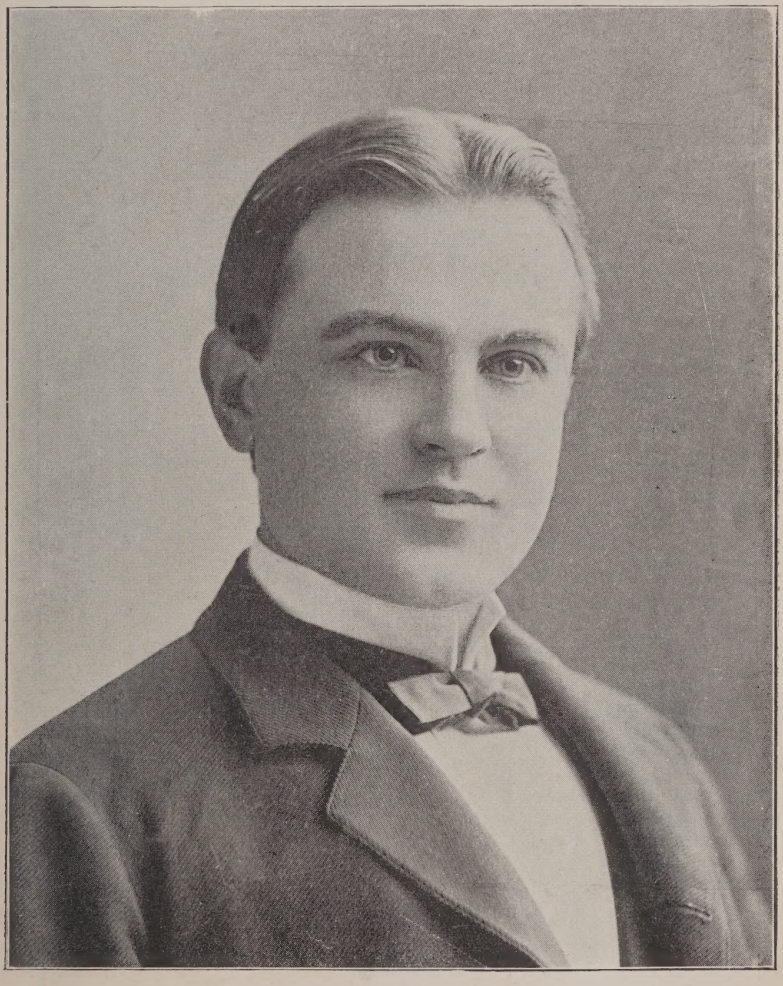
Andrew Mack typifies what a real Irish actor ought to be. He has poetry graciousness and good looks.

The hope exists among lovers of the drama that some day a great Irish play will be written—a play which will go even beyond the genius of Boucicault—a play full of Celtic merriment modernized by the later and more exalted conditions of the Irish race. When such a drama is written Andrew Mack will be the player to depict it. His excellent presentation of "An Irish Gentleman" has led the theatre going public to look for still greater achievements from Mr. Mack and the probability exists that he may yet worthily fill a place now vacant on the American stage.



WILLIAM J. D CROKE, LL.D.

The Spanish conflict brought home in a particular manner the horrors of war to Mrs. Mary Greene Bonesteel. Her husband is the gallant Capt. Charles Hartwell Bonesteel of the 21st Infantry, which did such distinguished service in Cuba.



ANDREW MACK.

Mrs. Bonesteel belongs to the new school of Catholic writers for our young people, in company with Father Finn, Maurice Egan, Marion Brunowe and L. W. Kelly.

She was born June 25, 1864, in St. Louis. Her father, General Oliver Duff Greene, assistant adjutant-general, U. S. A., was recently retired. Her mother was Kate Rich, only daughter of Col. Hiram Rich of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a wealthy and distinguished man of that state before the civil war. When a child, eleven years old, Miss Rich was sent to the old Visitation Convent in St. Louis, and became a convert to Catholicity while there.

The Greenes first came into this country in 1635, and Mrs. Bonesteel is a direct descendant of the Rhode Island branch of the family and of the Mapsons, all Quakers and Seventh Day Baptists. Her great-grandfather, Mapson, was the first white

child born in Rhode Island. Her great-grandfathers Greene and Mapson were both officers in the Revolutionary War.

She is the mother of three beautiful children, Katharine, Hartwell, and Mary.

did physique, engaging manners, indomitable courage and perseverance, the gifts of her ancestry.

Her father, Horatio Nelson Smalley, was born in Middlebury, Vermont, and

MRS. MARY G. BONESTEEL.

Courtesy of the "Weekly Bouquet."

An exceptional interest is attached to the election of Miss Mary Elizabeth Smalley, as State President of the order of "The Catholic Ladies of Ohio."

Miss Smalley was born in Lenox, Ohio, October 13, 1844. She possesses a splen-

was the only son of Dr. Zira Smalley, belonging to that race of "Smalleys," originally from Dumbarton, Scotland, still lingering in Vermont with distinguished legislative honors.

In April, 1857, she was baptized into

MARY ELIZABETH SMALLEY.

the Church by Rev. Thomas Riordan, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Albans, Vermont, being not yet thirteen years of age. Belonging, as she did, to a distinguished family, her conversion was a matter of note, especially among those converts connected with the Catholic movement in St. Albans.

Traveling through the West, Miss Smalley very naturally came back to her native State, and Ohio was glad to honor her with her present high position.

THE DREYFUS CASE.

BY JAMES W CLARKSON.

The trial of Dreyfus, supplemented by the acquittal of Esterhazy and the condemnation of Zola is assuredly the most momentous "cause celebre" of the century. The case is fairly crowded with spectacular incidents. The nature of the offense itself, the hearing of it behind closed doors, the resulting mystery, the scene of the unfortunate officer's degradation, even the name of his place of exile, everything conspires to strike the imagination with thrilling power.

Of course, the strict secrecy that surrounded all the proceedings of the court martial before which Dreyfus appeared, renders it impossible for any outsider to do much more than guess at what actually occurred. We possess only one authentic, clearly defined fact. Dreyfus was condemned by a council of war, acting according to the regular and ordinary forms established in all European countries to meet such a condition. American and English newspapers seem to imagine that the secrecy in which the proceedings of the

THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS.
Marching the prisoner to the "Parade D'Execution," Jan. 5, 1895.

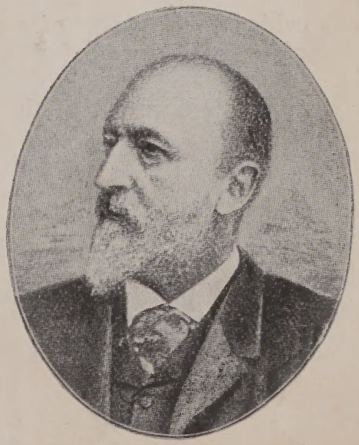
CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

ville, the official reporter of the court, and so by comparing these articles with the official report, we may perhaps get a passably accurate idea of the trial and the events in which it originated.

In 1894 it came to the knowledge of the French government that several documents of capital importance for the National defense had disappeared from the ministry of war and from the bureaus of the general staff. Steps were at once taken to discover the author of the thefts, and, after a secret investigation lasting a couple of months, a letter, unsigned and undated, fell into the hands of an official

THE BREAKING OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS' SWORD IN THE COURT OF L'ECOLE MILITAIRE.

French court martial were enshrouded was something exceptional and abnormal. The same secrecy would have been observed in Austria, Germany or Italy, if it was judged that the public interest demanded it. Although the accounts published by most of the French journals of the depositions given by witnesses before the council of war, are of very dubious authenticity, a certain measure of reliance, however, may apparently be placed on a series of articles in the "Matin" which profess to be a true disclosure of the evidence that led to the conviction of Dreyfus. Many of the details related agree entirely or at least harmonize with the facts recorded in the report of Major d'Ormesche-



M. SCHEURER-KESTNER.

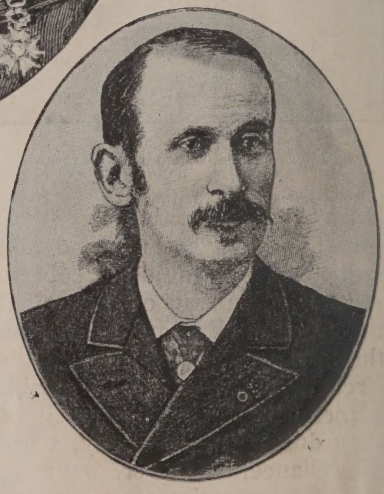
THE LATE COLONEL HENRY.

of the war office. Its importance was immediately recognized. It was the famous bordereau, or itemized memorandum, of which the world has heard so much. It contained references to five documents which the writer had sent, or would send, to his correspondent, who was evidently the agent of a foreign power. One of these documents dealt with a new plan for despatching troops to the frontier, to cover the mobilization of the troops of the neighboring districts, in case of war; another gave details of the intended expedition to Madagascar, and three of them related exclusively to vital modifications that were to take place in the ordnance and formations of the artillery. These modifications were of such a nature that they could be known only by a limited number of artillery officers specially charged with carrying them into effect. The natural inference then followed, the traitor was an officer of that branch of the service and a staff officer as well.

But to unveil the self-confessed criminal, it was necessary to find out who had written the letter. Accordingly, General de Boisdeffre, chief of general staff, started an investigation which was conducted with the greatest mystery.

After successive eliminations, suspicion fell on Captain Dreyfus, attached to the 4th bureau of the general staff. A comparison of the handwriting of the bordereau with that of several documents transcribed by him, turned this suspicion into certainty in the minds of the investigating offi-

COLONEL ESTERHAZY.



M. CAVAIGNAC, EX-WAR MINISTER.

cials. It was decided to lay a trap for the presumed traitor and confront him with the evidence of his crime. General de Boisdeffre summoned Dreyfus to his office, and, pretending that he had injured his hand, requested him to sit at the desk and write a letter he would dictate to him. After a few sentences the general began dictating phrases containing the principal words of the bordereau, changing their order so as to throw Dreyfus off his guard Although the latter trembled, he made an effort to retain his composure. But when he heard the words "No. 3, a note on Madagascar," he knew he was lost and flung the pen on the paper, leaving an ink-mark which is still plainly visible.

"What ails you, captain?" asked de Boisdeffre. Dreyfus stammered, mumbling some unintelligible words.

Opening the door of his cabinet, the general called to a police officer whom he had stationed in the lobby, and said, pointing to Dreyfus:

"Arrest that man!"

Such is the story told in the "Matin," and, of course, its truth can be no more absolutely vouched for than can that of any of the incidents of this extraordinary trial.

On the 20th of December, Dreyfus appeared before a council of war composed of seven superior officers of acknowledged distinction and stainless honor. Their personal merits certainly would not secure them from committing an error of judgment, but even the most vehement supporters of the theory that Dreyfus is innocent have expressed their confidence in the honesty of the tribunal that tried him, while asserting that it has fallen into a lamentable mistake as to the nature and value of the proofs that determined its sentence.

In the report of Major d'Ormescheville we have an example of that minute inquisition into a prisoner's past, and that elaborate scrutinizing of a multiplicity of incidents having no apparent connection with the charge against him, which is so repulsive to those accustomed to a different style of judicial procedure. Thus, the report enters into details relating to the private life of Dreyfus for over ten years before his arrest, and we are forced to the conclusion that, both before and after his marriage, his moral character was as bad as it possibly could be.

On the 25th of January, 1891, though only just wedded a few weeks to the devoted woman who has so nobly worked for his rehabilitation, he figured, and that too in a scandalously prominent manner, in a disgraceful case heard before the assize court of Versailles.

But whatever the errors of his past life may have been, he was about to expiate them fearfully. On the 24th of December at a quarter past seven in the evening, the council of war pronounced him guilty of selling military secrets to a foreign government and sentenced him to the highest penalty known to the law at the time—deportation to a fortified enclosure outside the continental territory of France, preceded by military degradation. The prisoner at once lodged an appeal against the sentence with the Council of Revision. His appeal was rejected on the 2nd of January, 1895.

Although the crime of which Dreyfus was accused did not entail death, his punishment really commenced with an execution, an execution more frightful and appalling, for a soldier especially, than death by cord or axe or guillotine. The scene of his degradation was as awful and harrowing as any conceived by a tragic writer. At nine o'clock in the morning on January the 5th, he was marched from his prison to the square of the

Ecole Militaire, which was occupied by soldiers, selected from all the regiments stationed in Paris, and by some hundreds of privileged civilians. As soon as he arrived at the place assigned him, the artillerymen who guarded him fell back, and the condemned man stood alone. Then the registrar of the court martial gave the military salute to General Darras, the officer in command, turned to Dreyfus, read the sentence, and, wheeling round, saluted the general a second time. The latter, in a voice that showed considerable emotion, addressed these words to Dreyfus:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French people, we degrade you."

"I am innocent, I swear that I am innocent!" was the answer of the unhappy man.

A terrible cry of "Death! death to him!" arose from the crowd outside the railing for a moment, and then subsided, for the adjutant whose mission it was to strip him of the insignia of his rank, laid his hand upon Dreyfus, tore off the first stripes, which had been loosened in advance, and flung them on the ground. Again Dreyfus protested, shrieking: "I swear on the heads of my wife and children that I am innocent!" Then the adjutant rapidly tore the bands and lace from his kepi, the stripes from his sleeves, the buttons from his dolman, the numbers from his collar. Next, he is at his legs, plucking away the red bands which the prisoner wore ever since he entered the Ecole Polytechnique. There only remained to him his sword. The adjutant bent down, drew it and broke it into pieces on his knee. The sword-belt was next unfastened and the scabbard fell to the ground with the rest. The few minutes employed in this operation must have seemed a century to the condemned man; still he bore it all stoically.

But he had to pass through another ordeal which must have been a frightful torture: he had to march in front of his former comrades and subordinates. The four artillerymen, with two officers of the republican guard at their head, first led him before General Darras, then along the line of soldiers, from which a distance of only three feet separated him. As soon as he was brought near the railing of the square and the crowd outside could get a good view of him, the excitement of the people became uncontrolable. The police had the greatest difficulty in preventing them from breaking down the railings and taking the place by storm, while a perfect tempest of groans, hisses, cries of "Death to him!" "Traitor!" "Judas!" rent the air.

The prisoner bore up bravely until towards the end, when the moral and physical tortures he had endured began to tell on him, and his gait seemed heavier and his countenance more depressed.

After half an hour, the parade was over, and Dreyfus was returned to his cell. Some days later, he was put on board a government vessel bound for Devil's Island, a penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana. There he lives in a little hut, under the constant watch of soldiers, as solitary as in a desert island, for none of his guards are allowed to speak to him or to answer any of his questions.

Since then a letter from him has appeared in some French journal or other almost every month, in which the exile reiterates in impassioned language, his innocence and his confident hopes of vindication in the near future. His prospects, however, looked desperate enough when, in November of last year, two letters were published, almost simultaneously, which shook France to its

centre and may have incalculable results. One was written by M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the senate, the other by the convict's brother, Mathew Dreyfus, and was addressed to the minister of war. M. Scheurer-Kestner repeated a statement he had made four months previously, namely, asserted that he had proofs which completely established the innocence of Dreyfus. Mathew Dreyfus declared that the author of the bordereau was Major Esterhazy of the infantry, and demanded that the minister, now that he was informed of the name of the real contriver of the crime for which his brother suffered, should do the latter justice. The answer to M. Scheurer-Kestner was, that if he was in possession of the proofs of the innocence of the condemned, he should either reveal them to the keeper of the seals, or give a detailed statement of their nature in the senate. Then, if the evidence to which he alluded was found to be of any importance, a fresh investigation would begin at once. The mere assertion of the vice-president, however, naturally commanded great attention, both on account of his position and of his irreproachable character. But, when driven to the wall, he had to confess he had no proofs other than his belief that the bordereau was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. In fact, he offered to renounce all intervention in favor of the prisoner if the minister of war consented to give him palpable proofs of his innocence. The minister replied that he would be guilty of an impropriety, as well as of a gross dereliction of duty, if he presumed to insult the members of the military tribunal that pronounced the sentence, by revealing what they considered themselves bound to conceal. "Then," said M. Scheurer-Kestner, "I shall speak only on the day when my conscience orders me to break silence,"—mystical words which do not hinder him from taking a leading part in the present agitation.

Mathew Dreyfus was equally unable to produce any proof of the claim he made in favor of his brother, the only weapon in his arsenal being, seemingly, the doubtful authenticity of the bordereau.

However, as soon as the government received his letter, it at once took prompt measures to proceed to an inquiry. A council of war was organized for the trial of Esterhazy, consisting of a general, four colonels and two majors. In the document drawn up by the reporter of the tribunal we have evidence of the same microscopic dissection of the past life of the accused as in the case of Dreyfus, and with results equally damaging. "Most assuredly," says the report, "Major Esterhazy is the last person whom we would propose as a model for our young officers, but his transgressions, most reprehensible though they are, do not necessarily prove that he is guilty of the greatest crime a French soldier can commit."

Unlike that of Dreyfus, the trial of Esterhazy was conducted publicly, until the name of Colonel Picquart, one of the most important witnesses against Esterhazy was reached. Then the council went into secret session and the doors remained closed until January 11, when General Luxer, the president of the council, ordered them to be thrown open, and announced that the defendant was acquitted by an unaminous vote.

Two days later, Emile Zola entered on the scene with his famous letter "J'accuse," to President Faure, in which he denounced almost every eminent man respected for his probity in France. He cited before the bar of public opinion generals enough to reconquer Alsace, and statesmen enough to form a dozen

ministries, alleging that they were all in a conspiracy to crush the prisoner in Devil's Island. M. Zola is a man of extraordinary talent, but when he proceeded to summon all the ambassadors of foreign powers in Paris to testify to his truthfulness and honor, he showed that his vanity was as colossal as his genius, and his morbid infatuation as to his own greatness excited as much ridicule as anger. His letter appeared in the "Aurore" a journal edited by George Clemenceau, a bitter persecutor of religion, utterly discredited on account of his connection with the Panama infamy, and, as a literary pornographic artist, a prominent representative of the coarsest naturalism, inferior indeed to Zola, who in the peculiar department he has made his own can have no rival, for he has done more to corrupt the youth of France and of the world than any man of his generation or of his century. When Mr. Joseph Choate eulogized the virtues of Zola a couple of months ago in presence of the Bar Association at Saratoga, and did so in terms that would be extravagant, even if applied to our own Whittier or Lowell, many of his listeners must have considered that Mr. Choate himself afforded some queer but precious material for psychological investigation. Is he acquainted with the nature of this good and great man's works? Would he be willing that they should form the intellectual pabulum of his sons and daughters? But Mr. Choate is better than his opinions, if they are his opinions. He gave utterance on the occasion to sentiments that have neither truth nor logic, because he thought he saw a chance of calling attention to the decadence of a Latin nation and the fine moral and mental superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, not because to him there was anything really commendable or sweet-smelling in La Terre or La Bete humaine.

The letter of Zola to President Faure created intense excitement, and, in reply to an interpellation of Count de Mun, the prime minister, M. Meline, declared that the government would prosecute the author of the article in question. Accordingly, Zola and M. Perrox, the managing editor of the "Aurore," were summoned to appear before the assize court of the Seine on the 2nd of February, and there answer to the charge of having defamed the first council of war of the military government of Paris.

The trial lasted fifteen days. Zola was defended with remarkable ability by his counsel, Labori and Clemenceau, but their violence somewhat marred their efforts, and the overweening self-conceit of their client disgusted even his sympathizers. He intervened repeatedly in the proceedings, more with the view of impressing the court with the splendor of his genius than with that of championing the cause for which he posed as a martyr. The dominant note of the man's character is well illustrated in one of these outbursts: "I swear," he cried, "that Dreyfus is innocent! By my forty years of labor, by the authority which that labor has given me, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent! By all that I have conquered, by the glorious name I have made for myself, by my works which have aided in the expansion of French literature, I swear that Dreyfus is innocent! May all this crumble into dust, may my works perish, if Dreyfus is not innocent!"

This fine ebullition of self-laudation very naturally created a perfect paroxysm of fury among the spectators, and only the threat of Judge Delegorgue that he would clear the court-room allayed the storm. But when Maitre Labori, with a want of judgment of which he gave several examples during the trial, placed his

hand on the shoulder of Zola and exclaimed: "Do not strike Emile Zola, gentlemen; you know well he is the glory of France!" the crowd lost all self-control, and amid cries of "Down with Zola!" "Death to Zola!" the hearing was adjourned.

A verdict of guilty was returned on February the 23rd, and Zola was sentenced to the maximum penalty of a fine of three thousand francs and one year's imprisonment. Two days later, the counsel for the defendant appealed from the verdict to a higher tribunal with the result that it was quashed, owing to an error in form, and Zola was ordered to be tried a second time. The second trial resulted in the same sentence and penalty, and, to avoid the latter, the great romancer fled from France.

Events have since come hurrying on top of one another with such rapidity that it is almost impossible to keep track of them, or to distinguish their precise bearings. The confession of Colonel Henry that he had forged a document justifying the proceedings of the council of war, a document, indeed, that had not the slightest connection with the case of Dreyfus, as it was assumed to have been written two years after his conviction, the suicide of the forger, the resignation of General de Boisdeffre, who had accepted the forgery in good faith, all contributed to create a painful impression among the French people, and many of them felt that a revision of the Dreyfus court martial could alone put a stop to the religious animosities and racial quarrels that were becoming a source of danger to the country. This was also the opinion of the majority of the members of the present government. M. Cavaignac, the minister of war, however, still refused to see that the forgery had strengthened the cause of the revisionists, and resigned on September the 3rd. His successor, General Zurlinden, remained in office for just a fortnight, and then resigned also. He declared that, after a thorough examination of the documents connected with the Dreyfus case, he had not the slightest doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and, therefore, he considered a second trial unnecessary and prejudicial to the public interest. As the leaders in the campaign in favor of Dreyfus are Protestants and Jews, this declaration of General Zurlinden was supposed to have peculiar significance, for he himself is a Protestant of an austerely Calvanistic type, rare at the present day even in Geneva, and, certainly, exceptionally rare in France.

The Brisson ministry, however, has decided in favor of a revision of the trial of Dreyfus, and this is probably the only solution that recent events have rendered possible.

But whether the investigation that is to ensue proves the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, nothing has been advanced during all the heated controversy that rages around him, to justify the attack made on his military judges in this country and in England. If it turns out that their good faith has been imposed on, it will only prove that human justice is far from infallible, and add another to the judicial errors committed by tribunals, both civil and military, in every country. But the monstrous slander on the whole body of French officers which we are constantly reading in the letters of foreign correspondents or in the journals of the day, evince simply the malice or ignorance of the writers, and have no basis in fact. Their very extravagance would render them innocuous, if prejudice ever reasoned. The French army numbers millions, and it numbers officers in proportion to the millions. That among such a multitude there should be found some who were unworthy of the uniform they wore is

naturally to be expected. Even in our own small army, no year passes that a court martial is not held on some officer for unbecoming conduct of one kind or another. Yet we know that, as a class, our officers stand as high, in all honorable qualities, as any in the world.

The very devotion of the French soldiers and of Frenchmen of all classes to their officers is actually made a ground of accusation against them. They are said to be responsible for the "militarism" prevalent in France. Now, if they are loved and esteemed by their soldiers, and by the French people in general, it must surely be because they possess qualities that merit love and esteem. An insult to French officers affects an ordinary Frenchman far more than a similar insult to American or English officers would affect an American or an Englishman. As for a German, he would hear his officers insulted with considerable equanimity. This simply shows that there is a closer sympathy between the French people and their officers than exists in any country in the world. An extract from a work entitled "Kann Europa Abrusten?" which, in its general spirit, is unfriendly to France, written by Frederick Engels, and published at Berlin a few years ago, will throw a flood of light on the subject.

"The reports of English officers," it says, "who attended the great manœuvres in Champagne, in 1891, are unanimous in praising the excellent relations that exist between the French officers and their men. Such abuses and cruelties as we read of so often in the German newspapers cannot even be imagined as occurring in the French army.

"Even before the Revolution, it was found quite impossible to introduce the Prussian stick.

"During the intensest period of French militarism, that is to say, during the Algerian campaign and the Second Empire, an officer would never have dared even to think of subjecting a French soldier to the tenth part of the ill usage we witness ours suffering without taking the slightest notice of it. And at present, ever since obligatory service has been introduced in France, I should like to see a French non-commissioned officer who would command a soldier to strike a comrade or spit in his face. Such things among us do not excite any remark.

"Among the French there exists the same sentiment of cohesion and sympathetic understanding between officers and soldiers that reigned in the Prusian army from 1813 to 1815, and which has led us twice to Paris. Now we are in the same condition we were in in 1806, when the soldier was scarcely regarded as a human being, when he was beaten and insulted, and when between the officer and him there yawned an impassible abyss; it was this spirit that led our armies to Jena and the prisons of France. It may do so again."

This affectionate feeling that controls the relations of soldiers and officers in France is a phenomenon which our foreign correspondents deemed quite unworthy of their notice during the feverish agitation of the Zola trial. But it exists and explains a great many things which might otherwise be inexplicable. Although the French army is largely officered from the ancient nobility and gentry of the country, the French officer, from general to lieutenant, is really the most democratic officer in the world. He is also the one most loved, perhaps the only one sincerely loved by the people, and this truth explains sufficiently the storm of indignation and fury which the wild and utterly unproven charges of the French author excited.

STORY OF THE NINTH.

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

The Ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment was mustered into the United States service on May 10 of this year. In the Civil War the old Ninth had made a glorious record, and now when it looked as though we were in for some serious work, the members of the present regiment felt that they would soon be given a chance to shed a little additional lustre on the record of their chosen command. In response to the impatience that was felt throughout the ranks, orders were soon given for the Ninth to leave for Camp Alger, Virginia. We left on June 1st. The day will never be forgotten by the men. Their friends, and the public in general, felt that it meant a march to the very front and so did not let them off without a fitting farewell. The station at Framingham was in possession of a wild, cheering, shrieking mob, as the three trains bearing the men of the Ninth pulled out on what was firmly believed to be a trip that would end only on some battlefield in a foreign land.

All along the route we met with the same enthusiasm. Railroad stations were filled with men and women anxious to get a last look at the troops. Platforms were packed by cheering thousands who crowded forward to shake hands with the boys in blue. Young girls threw flowers and kisses and not unacceptable boxes of cake, fruit, food, and other things at the boys leaning out of the car windows or standing on the steps of the train. Others begged for souvenirs. It was not uncommon for gentle looking girls to nip a button on one's blouse with a pair of steel-like fingers and to hang on until the button came. It had to come, even though the girl was dragged off her feet by the moving train.

We remained at Camp Alger undergoing a process of education for more than three weeks. We were drilled and marched under the hot sun, until we began to think war had terrors peculiarly its own and not laid down in books of romance. Still we were allowed light recreations at times. On the Seventeenth of June we paid tribute to the memory of Bunker Hill by a joint celebration with the Sixth Regiment from our own state. We played base-ball and held athletic games. The Sixth beat us at base-ball, but we got a little the best of it in the athletic games. To see the quarters of the Ninth that night one would hardly think we were looking for war. Company streets were decorated with small trees taken from the woods, and Japanese lanterns were strung about in profusion. Headquarters Avenue was like a bower with trees, and was brilliantly lit up, while the Michigan band stationed in front of Col. Bogan's tent played patriotic music.

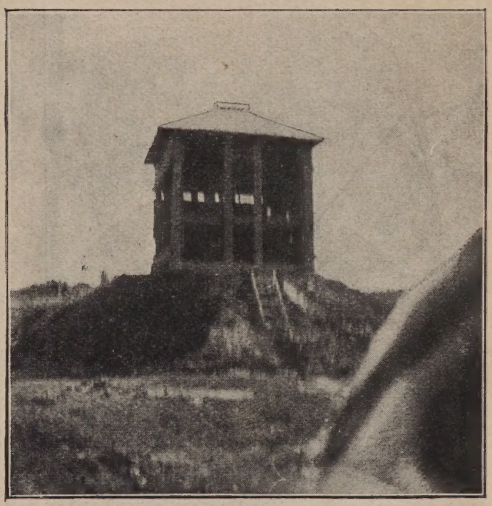
On the 24th of the month we left Camp Alger for Cuba. We realized now that we were out for serious work. The men, as they marched off the field, were pleased and cheerful at the prospect, but less noisy then usual. This quiet did not last long, however. That night, before we left Washington for Newport News, refreshments were put aboard the train. As the men realized that they had only one night more to make the most of home cheer they became genial, and, as the evening wore on, they became jolly and even at times, a bit boisterous. They kept up the general hilarity until near dawn. Men traveling in a

train going thirty miles an hour are good as isolated. People living along the route know them only as the lights flash by and if the celebration be a bit loud they do not feel that they have been disturbed long enough to warrant a complaint. The boys remained in Newport News the greater part of the next day. They were like young colts in a fresh pasture. They saw the transport that was to take them to Cuba a mile off the beach, and they capered about while they had the liberty. The people took their antics cheerfully—as something to be borne patiently from men who might be dead when next heard from. One rather crusty gentleman, to be sure, suggested that it would not be a bad idea to put the town under lock and key till after the Ninth was off, and another, but this one with slightly more sense of humor, assured some unusually frolicsome members that, judging by the preliminaries, war must be a warm game, and he would answer for it that the citizens of Newport News would remember the Ninth long after they had forgotten the Maine. On Sunday, June 26th, the Harvard, after a night in the harbor with all of the Ninth and two battalions of the 34th Michigan on board, steamed away for Cuba. We slept on deck, but because of the perfect weather, we found our quarters not uncomfortable. On the night of June 30th, we drifted into the American fleet then blockading Santiago. The moon was hid by clouds, and before we realized it we were surrounded by the American men-of-war, who stole upon us and hovered around like dark shadows. Had the Harvard been a poor, stray Spaniard, she would have been gobbled up before she had the slightest notion as to where she was. Next morning, in obedience to orders from Admiral Sampson, who came out on the bridge from his breakfast to shout at us through a megaphone, we ran a few miles down the coast to Siboney where there was a beach and a landing place. It took us all the afternoon to disembark and it was sunset before we were ashore with our equipments. Before leaving the Harvard, we had been told we were to report to General Shafter on the battlefield at noon next day. This did not necessitate our marching until midnight and so we felt we had time to try the surf which was booming up almost to the butts of our stacked rifles. We were deep in the undiluted enjoyment of this luxury when the disturbing orders came to get into our clothes and stand ready to leave at once. "Orders have been changed" had to do for the balance of an interrupted bath in the waters of the warm Caribbean.

While dressing we began to realize the serious import of the new orders. Men who had been on the field that day were now arriving; most of them were wounded. They were coming in mule trains and were looking for medical attention. Hospital quarters had been improvised on the beach and here the men were looked after by skilled but hurried surgeons. Soon men began to come in on foot. Most of these were not badly wounded but they had come all the way from the field—twelve miles over that rough Siboney road—without a lift of any kind, and that in itself was a wonderful example of human endurance. And none of the maimed men were complaining. They only wanted to be shown the road to the hospital, and then a little medical attendance.

The Ninth hurriedly made its preparations to leave. We were given two pounds of tinned beef and a haversack of hardtack. This, we were told, was to last us three days. Our rubber blankets were belted over one shoulder and our canteens were

strung over the other. Our belts held fifty rounds of ammunition; another fifty rounds were taken and stowed in the bosoms of our flannel shirts. We did not take our coats; the orders called for light marching order, and we carried them out to an extreme. Shortly before ten o'clock we marched off the beach. We went out in column of fours, battalion formation, under a bright moonlight. The road, which had been only a trail through thick brush until widened by the American soldiers, was in awful condition. The recent heavy rains had stirred up the rich, black mud so generally prevailing in this country after wet weather. As the hospital tents were passed the wounded were seen stretched out in squads. As we marched on our difficulties increased. Where the road narrowed we dropped from fours to twos and finally to files. At times we were tumbled into ruts that were anywhere from ankle to knee deep with soft, oozy mud. As we moved along thoughts of ambush were with us. Though the moon was high and bright above us, yet there were times when its light never reached us, so deep were the defiles and so thick the underbrush that overhung the the road. About midnight, some men of Company I reported two moving bodies in a tree on the edge of a small clearing to the right of us. We had been halted for something or other and word was passed along quickly to the head of the line. Orders came back to pick off the bodies, whatever they might be. Ten men of



BLOCK HOUSE NEAR SANTIAGO.
Spaniards' last stand before Santiago.

A STREET IN SANTIAGO.

COLONEL LAWRENCE J. LOGAN.

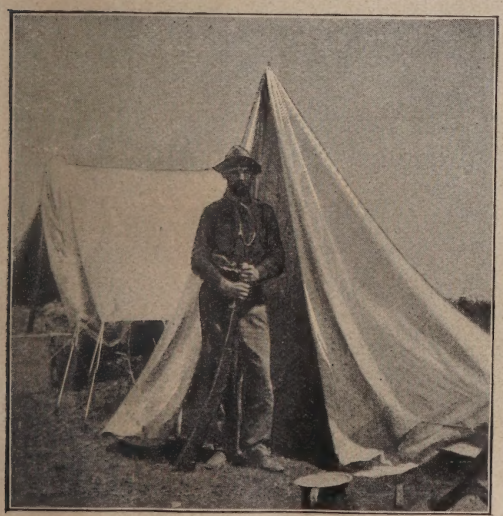
the company under Captain Dunn stepped forward and fired three volleys at the tree. At the last volley something crashed to the ground. No investigation was made, the order "Forward" was given, and this slight incident of a regiment's midnight march to the battlefield was soon forgotten in greater things. After two or three hours this marching began to tell on the men. The changes of pace caused by the frequent breaking of the column from fours to twos and single files and back again, and this over a fearfully rough road, were intensely tiring. At one moment we would be stumbling to a dragging step, forty paces and a halt, and the next we would be tearing up and down grade, at a gait to test the powers of a well-trained athlete. And yet it is remarkable that not an enlisted man dropped out. All the rank and file were there when we waded a small stream at five in the morning for a two hours' rest in preparation for the day's work before us. We dropped into the mud beside the road and slept out our two hours in heavenly forgetfulness.

At seven o'clock we were on our way again. We now began to meet wounded men fresh from the field. During our march of the night before we had passed hundreds of men wounded that day; we had caught their moans going by, and from their talk had gained an idea of the grim duty before us. But now we saw the wounded in the light of broad day. They came in mule and ambulance wagons and in litters. Occasionally we met one supported by some loyal comrade. Some were badly cut up, others but slightly wounded. Some were mangled horribly. Such were covered with sheets of linen by the surgeons. Some were groaning and moaning. There was no shrieking. Wounded men do not shriek; the pain of a bullet wound is rather numbing. Now and again we would meet with a

CAMP OF THE NINTH REGT.

1st Lieut. William J. Casey. Maj. Wm H Devine, Div. Surg. Maj. Joseph J. Kelly.
Maj. F. T. L. Magurn, Henry Dobbins, Paymaster. Col. Fred B. Bogan.
Reg. Surgeon Maj. John J. Sullivan. Col. Lawrence J. Logan. Chaplain P. B. Murphy.

wounded philosopher who took his misfortune cheerfully. There was one



Sergeant H. J. Alther.

with a leg in splints, who was unconcernedly filling a briarwood pipe as we filed by; another with his thigh bandaged, jokingly thanked one of our men for a chew of tobacco. All along the road men who had been in the fight were now tending wounded comrades or cooking breakfast. In disjointed sentences they gave us such information as we desired. "They rubbed it into us yesterday," said one, "and they've opened up in great shape this morning. They're there, waiting for you. Plug it into 'em when you get there and don't let up, for you can bet your hat they'll plug it into you." This cheerful news came from a 2d Massachusetts man, who hobbled along on one sound leg and had an alarming thirst for the muddy water in our canteens. At eight o'clock in the morning the sun was

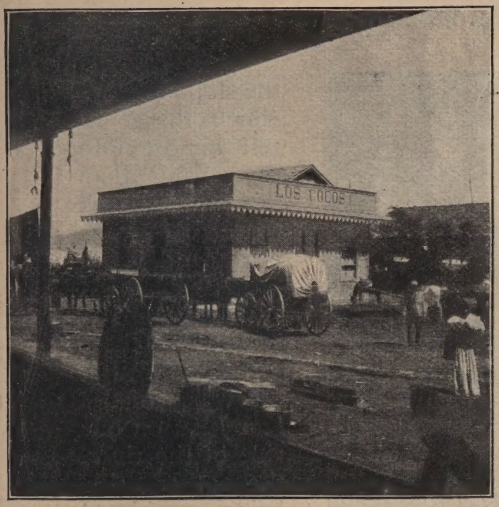
MASS. VOLUNTEER AID COMMISSARY AT MONTAUK.

J. SULLIVAN. DR. LONG. MAJ. MAGURN.

blazing hot. It was an intensely hot day, even for that tropical country. Marching with a load was painful. The salt sweat was running off us. Men threw away everything but rifles, ammunition and hardtack. At this hour we were within a mile of the firing line, and the Mauser bullets of the Spaniards were clipping the leaves of the trees above our heads. Now and then a shell came screaming down the line, but invariably too high to worry us.

We were now warned against sharp-shooters in the trees. The Americans had advanced so rapidly

(Worcester Company.) 1ST SERGT. HORAN, CO. G. "Coochee," Mascot of the Ninth. QUARTERMASTER SERGT. BURNS, CO. G. (Coochee went through the entire campaign.)

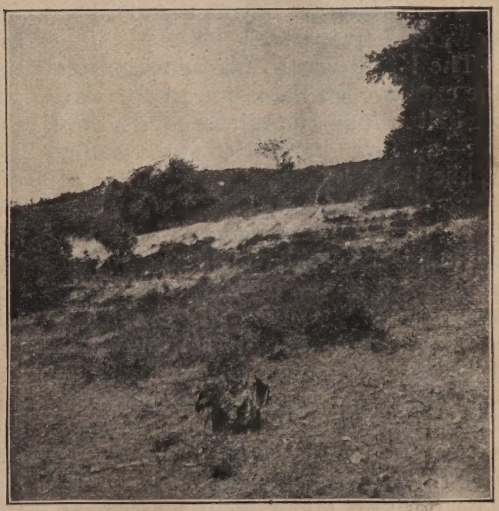


WHARF AT SANTIAGO.

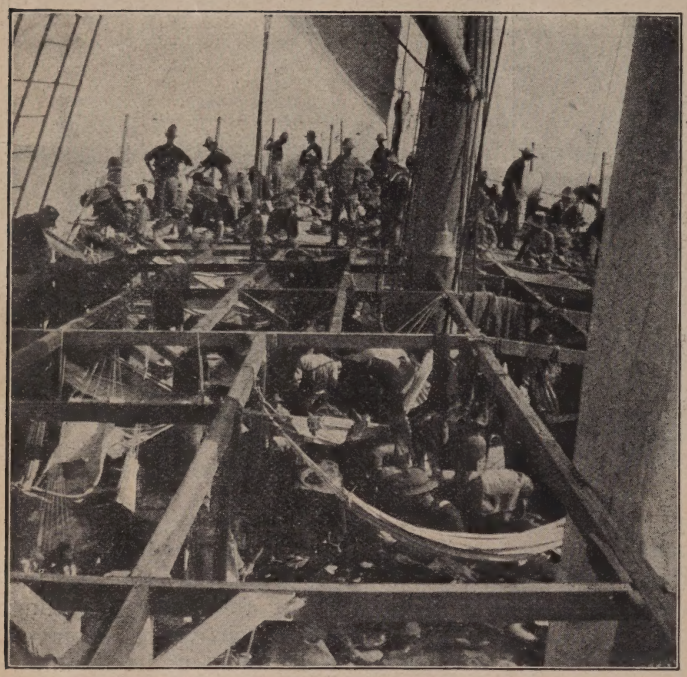
BLOCK HOUSES, SANTIAGO HARBOR.

the day before that many Spanish marksmen stationed in cocoanut trees were left behind our lines. From their hidden perches, fifty to seventy-five feet in the air, they made targets of whom they pleased among the arriving troops. Good marksmen with ready rifles were put out as flankers, but we saw none of these dangerous Spaniards on our way. We were marched along the foot of the ridge of hills on the crest of which our army had their trenches. Firing was incessant all along the line on both sides. We could not yet see the Spaniards, but their fast traveling Mausers with their vicious "pings" cutting the air about us let us know they were still at work, while the occasional sight of a wounded man borne down the slope of the hill from the trenches above proved to us that they were not working for naught. We made a brief halt at the foot of

CAMP OF 1ST ILLINOIS REGIMENT.



SPANISH TRENCH ON SAN JUAN HILL.



FORWARD DECK, TRANSPORT ALLEGHANY.

San Juan Hill. Here was where the American troops had carried the Spanish trenches at great loss the day before. The remarkable thing about that charge was that our men went up without fixing a bayonet and at a slow, deliberate pace.

The Ninth was to take position on the extreme left flank but on our way we halted long enough to have a dinner—a few hardtack and water. While lying here under the shade of some trees, several shells burst close to us, but only one man was hurt. He got a piece of shell in his neck and shed much blood, but no great damage was done. On our way to the left of the line, we were several times exposed to the enemy's fire, but they did not realize that a body of troops was filing by until too late. Two or three men were wounded in passing the last rift between the protecting hills. The position taken by the regiment was in a natural gully half way down the slope of a hill which thrust itself almost into the San Juan River. A flank movement was expected from the Spanish at any time. We looked for them to come through the valley of the San Juan on our side of the river, the other side being considered too thick with brush to allow their passage. The 3d and 20th Regulars were in reserve on the Ninth. The 20th were to our right from where they were expected to deliver a cross fire on the charging Spaniards. The 3d were above us at the top of the hill, their line extending slightly beyond our left flank. Their instructions were to fire into the Spaniards as soon as they came within range and to continue this firing until the enemy were so close to the Ninth as to make further firing dangerous to us. The Ninth was expected to take the brunt of the attack and to hold their trenches under all circumstances and at any cost. We were explicitly told that a retreat would be held inexcusable; no matter what the pressure. Lieut. Col. Logan assured Gen. Bates that he could depend on the boys of the Ninth no matter how things came. The 3rd were given further orders to make short work of all who came past the Ninth's trenches. Thus, had the attack come in the night, one of those fair, moonlit, tropical nights, as was expected, the Ninth was destined or

GRAVE OF MAJOR O'CONNOR IN CUBA.

doomed to immortal glory. This, according to how you look at it. There was "to be no retreat" for us. At night, when we could not be distinguished from Spaniards, to leave our trenches would be to invite death from the 3d above. There would have been nothing for us to do but stand off all the charging Castilians or stay till we were "put out of the game." As they were expected to come in great strength we felt assured in advance of a new brilliant line on our battle-flag. But the dickering which occupied most of the next two weeks delayed any flank movement, and the surrender which followed saved us for fever and other things, later.

On that first night of July 2d, the boys were given a chance to do some work. At ten o'clock, the Spaniards broke from their trenches and came for the American lines. It was a mad, wild charge. They advanced across an open plain of a quarter mile in breadth, and under the light of a full moon attempted to carry the American intrenchments. They were attempting a madder thing than did our people when they stormed San Juan Hill the day before. On this occasion the Spaniards were mowed down in squads. In front of the big block house our machine guns stacked them up as bags of earth are piled on a trench bank. Five hundred of them were killed after an engagement of twenty minutes. The amount of firing done by both sides in that time was phenomenal. The Ninth were allowed to cut loose in this engagement. Our black powder was all right at night. Beside the popping of the small-calibred Krag-Jorgensen rifles of the Regulars, the heavy Springfields of the Ninth sounded like light artillery.

Our heavy guns opening up on the 10th and 11th of July, put all thought of further aggression out of Spanish heads. Talk of their surrender was in the air on the 12th, and we were not surprised to hear of their informal surrender on the 14th. On the 17th the negotiations which gave us Santiago, took place between the two lines under the big cieba tree which is now famous. At ten o'clock in the morning we were marched to a position in advance of the firing line and there grouped by regiments, every command

GRAVE OF MAJOR GRADY IN CUBA.

with its national and regimental flags flaunting gayly from the centre of its line. The sight was grand and impressive, and an American may be forgiven if his pride rose. The various sets of colors, so beautiful to the sight as the soft folds fluttered to the breeze and flashed their gorgeous colors in the yellow light, clearly marked the various regiments. Down in the hollow of the valley, long files of Spanish soldiers were seen marching from their trenches into Santiago, while streams of men, women, and children wended their way from the beleaguered city along the great King's highway toward El Caney, the city of refuge for those who had been non-combatants during the days of fighting.

The sun was at its highest when we were stirred by a murmur that something out of the ordinary had happened. Before we knew exactly what that something was, a battery in the centre of the line boomed out the salute which told us the formal surrender had taken place. While the twenty-one guns were speaking the great news, every regiment stood up in turn and cheered. Flags were held up where the light breeze would best catch them and flutter them, and where the sunlight could play in and out of their satin folds. When the guns had ceased their booming we learned that the flag of our country had just been hoisted over the city. This called for more cheering. It went from centre to right and to left and back again to centre, continually gaining in volume until the great hills about us, Spanish till then, were forced to pay tribute and echo back the voiced feeling of the joyous American army. After this we marched back to our trenches where we ate our midday ration with much relish. And yet beneath it all every man had a feeling that it was all too bad. It seemed a pity that men who fought so well under discouraging conditions had to surrender unconditionally.

Now that the fighting was over and all danger from death by shot or shell removed from our calculations, the men began to look forward to more comfortable ways of living. We had been cooped up in trenches now for three weeks without protection of any

THE TRANSPORT ALLEGHANY.

kind from rain or shine. Our blankets and shelter tents were at Siboney beach, where, in obedience to orders, they had been left the night we marched to the front. Through somebody's inefficiency they had not yet been forwarded. During these nights we slept in the same clothes we wore during the day. It rained every day and we got wet about as often as it rained. We turned in every night in these wet clothes and slept it through with no other covering. We had not even our blouses to stave off the early morning chill. After the first week we could hear our stiffening bones crack as we uncurled ourselves from the cramped positions of the night.

One happy day we moved from the trenches to a fairly dry hill with the District of Columbia boys as neighbors. This day our rolls came up from the beach and once more we slept in blankets. We were quite happy that night, as in addition to these comforts the D. C. band got together and entertained us with national and popular airs. We cheered loudest when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played, but the chorus was heaviest when they brought out "On the Banks of the Wabash." More of the men knew the words of the latter ditty. It was a delicate compliment to the Ninth, no doubt, that the band once gave us "The Wearing of the Green."

During the balance of our stay in Cuba life was rough-edged and hard to us. We had to endure extreme hardship, and, at times, much suffering fell to the men. At one time we had more than two hundred men seriously sick in the hospital. Besides these, two hundred more would fall in every morning to draw medicine from the doctor. There were days when nine men out of ten were sick, and only a corporal's guard to answer company roll-call at reveille. Fevers of all kinds were getting into the men. The condition of some was pitiable. It was a common sight to see men drop flat from weakness while trying to do some necessary work—and such cases, it must be remembered, might be considered not bad enough for the hospital. Our colonel, Fred. B. Bogan, went home to die. Majors Grady and O'Connor hung on too long and died with us. We buried them both in the little hollow which we had marked out for our dead. Our little graveyard was twenty paces by ten, guarded by a barbed wire fence. It was filled before we left the island.

Frequently our food was not up to the mark, even the army mark. During our first three days on the island we lived on hardtack and water—river water always. We celebrated the Fourth of July by eating raw bacon sandwiches—a slice of bacon between two hardtack—and they went very well with the nourishing yellow water of the San Juan. Later on there were a few days when we were on short rations. Our food was never extremely nourishing, and to sick men with weak stomachs it seemed hard lines to have to eat hardtack and bacon day in and day out. These things, with the sleeping on the bare, wet ground for eight weeks did much to enfeeble the troops in Cuba. The Ninth in addition had the special duty of furnishing nurses for the division hospital. This one demand on the regiment in itself did much to retard the men's recovery.

We had much to try us during these days. The war being practically over we could see no reason why we should remain in Cuba. We knew that if we stayed there living in that fashion, most of us would be dead before our two years of service were up. We were glad to hear therefore the command to break

camp for our homeward trip. On August 24th, Companies A to H took passage on the Allegheny; on Aug. 26th, Companies I and M embarked on the U. S. cruiser Panther; the remaining companies, K and L, came three days later. The Allegheny proved to be the most unfortunate transport that ever left Cuba. Fourteen men of the Ninth died on her and one jumped overboard in his delirium. A dozen other raving patients had to be watched to prevent similar suicides. These deaths were owing partly to the poor quality of food furnished, and partly to the unsanitary conditions prevailing on the ship. The regiment was landed at Montauk Point, where the sick men were at once given something of the attention they needed. Here, thanks to the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association, the men had all the nourishing food they could eat; luxuries, too, were no less plentiful. Congressman Fitzgerald and the volunteer nurses who came on from Massachusetts to look after the welfare of the regiment, did much good during our week's stay on Long Island.

The home-coming of the regiment was the occasion of a spectacle rarely witnessed. A vast assemblage of men and women, all deeply interested in the boys, engulfed the station in Boston for hours awaiting the overdue train. When the men did finally get in, their appearance caused perceptible shivers to run through the crowd. Of the nine hundred and odd men who waved farewells so carelessly three months before, hardly three hundred were left; of these not more than one hundred were able to shoulder their rifles and walk unassisted from the train.

Since the boys arrived home the deaths have not stopped. One hundred and thirty men have been mustered into eternity and many more are shortly destined for the same end. The blame for these dire results will be properly placed, we hope, by official investigation. The men of the Ninth have made but little complaint. In enlisting for the war they felt prepared for anything that might come. This Cuban fever they regard as all in the line of duty.

LOVE, I REMEMBER.

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

Love, I remember on a summer night,
When all around the gentle perfumed air,
Was filled with ecstasy supremely fair,
That looking in thine eyes with love so bright,
And catching glimpses of ethereal light,
I whispered: "Dear, when thou art—other-where,
And sleeping lie, the lilies' peace to share,
When thou no more canst tell me of Love's might,
I think that I shall see a Dove on wing,
Against my window-pane, come back to me
As if returned from everlasting Spring,
Where Love is bred, and the white soul is free;
And I shall answer then, "Thine own," and swing
Aloft my raptured soul to thee — to thee."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The interest attaching to the life of Savonarola has reached to a high point during the present year. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that this year marks the fourth centenary of the tragic taking off of the intrepid monk in the public square of Florence. The literature on this subject has greatly increased during the past few years, and more careful and searching study of the times and the stormy career of the eloquent reformer of Florentine customs has brought to light many facts concerning the dauntless but imprudent tribune and popular idol, but whether he is deserving of praise or blame is still an unsettled question and will probably never receive final settlement in this world. In Italy, especially, during the past few years a determined effort has been made by Professor Luotto and others to free the character of Savonarola from the aspersions which had been cast upon it, while on the other hand there have not been wanting others who have contended that Savonarola must ever rest under the stigma of imprudence and disobedience to the Holy See. What was needed in the English reading world was a good, popular life of this most interesting personality, and this want has now been supplied by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., in his intensely interesting and readable life of "Jerome Savonarola." The reverend author does not pretend to settle the question at issue between the friends and opponents of Savonarola, but he gives an intensely fascinating picture of the great orator monk and a succinct account of his splendid labors for the regeneration of Florentine society. There is in this small volume a splendid display of erudition and even the cursory reader may not doubt that the author has consulted the voluminous literature on the subject and has made good use of the rich materials which he found in the fifty volumes which are devoted to this interesting historical study. One point especially, the author insists upon and supports with a wealth of evidence, and that is, that Savonarola can, in no wise, be considered as a precursor of Martin Luther. On the contrary, he remained to his latest breath a steadfast believer of the Roman Catholic Church. The appendix in which the author gives the bibliography of the subject constitutes a valuable addition to the work and may be used with advantage by those who desire a deeper knowledge of the subject than can be found in a popular life. The book is well gotten up and is a splendid specimen of the printer's and binder's art. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., $1.00.

The growing popularity of the devotion to St. Anthony is well attested by the number of biographical sketches of the life of this Saint which have lately been published. A popular life, entitled "Saint Anthony, The Saint of the Whole World," adapted from different sources by Rev. Thomas F. Ward, is the latest addition to the fast growing literature on this subject. In easy, flowing style the wonderful life of St. Anthony is unfolded before us, while the devotions and prayers in honor of the Saint receive special treatment at the end of the volume. No one can read this simple narrative of the wonders wrought by St. Anthony, without being highly edified and animated with a strong love for the saintly wonder-worker. There are a number of beautiful illustrations. New York: Benziger Bros., 75 cents.

"Songs of Sion" is the title of a volume of exquisitely beautiful verses from the pen of Sister Mary Stainslaus MacCarthy, O. S. D., of Sion Hill, Dublin. The daughter of Denis Florence MacCarthy, the poetic gift of the father is found in all its freshness in these delicately molded verses. All the poems of this volume are deeply religious and the sublime thoughts of a holy soul clothed in chaste and simple diction have a majestic power which raises the mind of the reader to the higher and nobler things of life. The book is finely printed and bound. Browne & Nolan, Dublin.

A unique volume is "Sonnets on the Sonnet," by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. This collection consists of one hundred and fifty-seven sonnets from different sources in which the sonnet is considered from almost every point of view. A hundred and twenty-four of these sonnets are English, gathered from books and journals, published in England, Ireland and the United States. Twenty-three are from the French, five from the German, three from the Italian and two from the Spanish. This rare collection constitutes probably the most curious and interesting

symposium on a given subject that has ever been printed. The work of compilation must have required great research and a wide acquaintance with the literature of different countries. London: New York: Longmans, Green & Co.: $1.25.

The complete word edition of the "Parochial Hymn Book" edited by the lamented Father Police, S. M., of Boston, has just been published. This collection of hymns, the largest and most complete of its kind, contains all the great truths of religion expressed in beautiful verse. It sets forth the richness and unity of Catholic worship and is, in fact, a catechism written in verses. Prayers suitable for confraternities and sodalities are subjoined. This publication is sold at 25 cents a copy, paper cover, and 35 cents, cloth binding, stamped in gold, delivery prepaid. It can be procured from the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass.

"Crumbs of Comfort" is all that its name implies. It is replete with helpful thoughts, suggestions, and instructions for young women, particularly for those enlisted in the army of wage-earners. It would be difficult to imagine any workers not being helped and comforted by reading this little book which very appropriately opens with a chapter on Cheerfulness and closes with a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, invoking her protection. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

A book especially suited to the needs of schools reading the college entrance requirements in English, and to the needs of students of English prose, is "Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield," edited by Prof. William Henry Hudson of the Leland Stanford Junior University. The publishers, D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have rendered valuable service to educators in issuing the English Classic Series, and in this latest edition have given to students a charming hand volume profusely illustrated, seventeen engravings emphasizing the matter of the text.

The introduction is most interesting, and places readers in possession of much valuable data on Goldsmith and his work. Price 50 cents.

Benziger Brothers have begun the publication of "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," an illustrated Catholic monthly for young folks. It is entertaining, bright, and merry, without a dull line; a welcome and fitting comrade for our boys and girls. At the same time it strives to form in them unconsciously the highest ideals of living, of thinking, and of literary taste, for the standard of this paper is the best. Our foremost Catholic writers will be represented in its pages. It is a periodical of our age, country, and Church, faithfully representing them in every syllable—as American as the Star Spangled Banner and always unmistakably Catholic. Sample copies will be sent free to any one on application. Subscription price 75 cents per year.

A remarkable service in the interests of Church music is being rendered by the Rev. Alphonsus Maria Coenen, Earlington, Ky., who is publishing a series of Masses adapted from Beethoven's Orchestral Series. Father Coenen, who was a Professor in the College of Music, Louvain, has a wide acquaintance with the works of the masters, and is eminently fitted as a composer to give expression to the lofty religious inspiration that should animate all music having a part in the worship of the Most High. His thorough knowledge of the science of music and of the difficulties to be overcome in meeting the needs of a choir have enabled Father Coenen to produce a series of Masses worthy of the attention of all teachers and directors interested in the improvement of Church music.

Just at this time when reform in Church music is engaging the thought of many, every means calculated to attain the desired end should be heartily commended, and Father Coenen's efforts in this direction should receive the general encouragement they merit.

Pastors and others desiring copies of the Masses can obtain them by addressing Father Coenen, Earlington, Ky.

From the Metropolitan Music Co., 1244 Broadway, N. Y., for the pianoforte, "In the Clouds" and "Bull's-Eye Polka," by Heinrich Bauer; also "Popular Songs," by the same composer.

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston, "The Hibernia March," by Lawrence B. O'Connor, who respectfully dedicates it to Rev. John F. Cummins, of Roslindale, Mass., as state chaplain of more than 25,000 Hibernians in Massachusetts. Mr. O'Connor has achieved a musical reputation of which anyone might well feel proud. His name is well-known and his "Hibernia March" is destined to place him in the front rank of composers of this class of music.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Household Heroines.

In all this discussion about women 'it is well," says a writer in the Evening Post, "to give a passing thought to the great army of women who do not ride wheels, play golf, or drive their husbands to death, or worse, through their selfishness—in fact, who know so little of pleasure that the very word has taken on a foreign sound to them; women who are doing more than their share of the work; who have become servants in the true sense of the word, in order to give their children advantages, and, with God's blessing, make them a glory and honor to their country and kind; women who can spare an hour or two from the long, hard day to sew for the poor, and spend the last part of the day in humble prayer for pardon of the mistakes of the day and help for the morrow; women who think before spending five cents unnecessarily, and often walk blocks to avoid doing so; women of fine minds, many of them, who have given up all for duty, who have learned even to be ashamed of the pride which causes a blush at the sight of their poor deformed hands, so rough and ugly. Does not 'Idler' know that the best men are the sons of these women, and that they quietly lay down their lives to produce such men? And let me tell 'Idler' a secret (for he could never learn it otherwise, so closely guarded is it by its victims), such women are as little appreciated by their husbands as are the overburdened husbands of whom he speaks by their exacting wives. Give them a word of praise as they journey, and make life a little brighter, for many of them do not even expect that which comes to every mortal at death, for the prospects are they will have no tombstone to put it on."

A Legend.

Story of the Penitent Thief.

According to a popular legend in Spain, when St. Joseph, at the angel's command arose and fled into Egypt with Mary and her Child, their road led through a dark and solitary wood. For some time they followed its narrow path, St. Joseph carefully guiding the ass, on which was seated our Lady, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. Of a sudden they heard a noise as of approaching footsteps, and presently found themselves surrounded by a band of savage-looking men. One of these, the chief, advanced as if to throw the Virgin from her saddle, but just then her Baby opened its eyes and looked into the robber's face.

Dincus, such was the man's name, stepped back at a sight so strange, and gazing again upon mother and Child, an unknown softness came over him. "Whoever touches this woman or her Infant," he said to his men, "shall answer for it to me." Then turning to St. Joseph he added in a subdued voice: "The night is dark and stormy; my den can afford you shelter," and he led the way into a smoky cave, lighted only by a fire, over which sat a young woman, a baby on her knee. "Dolores," he called. The woman rose and came forward. There was no need of saying more; she was used to her master's way, and silently conducted the Holy Family to their evening quarters. That night after Mary had bathed the Divine Infant, the robber's wife contrived to wash her sickly little one in the same water. The legend says, that from that day it was cured and grew to be a strong man like its father—like him, too, a famous robber; but the Infant Jesus' blessing hung over him through all the mutations of his criminal career. And when, after thirty-three years the two again met, it was on the Cross of Calvary —the one as Redeemer of the world, the other as the Repentant Thief.

The Bishop's Ring.

Its Beautiful Significance and the Reason Why One Is Worn.

The bishop is the only Catholic clergyman who wears a ring. Its significance is very beautiful. The ring is the pledge of faith with which Christ wedded the church his spouse. As the young man puts a ring on the finger of his spouse so the bishop receives a ring at his consecration to show that he is wedded to the church, his diocese, and he wears it as a pledge of his faith toward that church, that he may love it like himself.

When the prelate places the ring on his finger, he says the following prayer. "Beautify the fingers of my body and soul, O Lord, and surround me with the sevenfold holiness of the spirit." In olden times letters were always sealed with a ring, and their genuineness was known by the bishop's seal. Such was the origin of the episcopal ring and of the large stone set in it. There is an indulgence of 40 days for kissing the ring of the bishop.

A Pretty Bed Covering.

A very popular covering to take the place of the white spread, and in very good form, is of a soft dimity that is selected to match the colors of the room. Widths of this are sewed together to make the spread, and over the pillows during the day there are placed slip covers of the same material, decked with either a double ruffle going all around the pillow or else a single ruffle edged with lace.

Freshening up Furs.

"Among the many directions given for cleansing and renovating one seldom finds anything regarding furs. Furriers keep all such trade secrets strictly, but occasionally there is a leakage, and I am able to send you the result of one," writes a correspondent in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Dark furs, as seal, mink and black marten, are cleaned with fine cedar or mahogany sawdust, which is kept in stock by furriers. The garment is ripped free from the lining and the fur laid on a table with the hair up. Then the sawdust is rubbed in the hair and neither strength nor sawdust spared during the process. When finished, shake the fur lightly over the table and save the sawdust that drops out. Then put upon the table one or two feather pillows in their usual muslin slips, and upon these lay the furs, hair down this time, and beat thoroughly with a switch until the sawdust is out and the fur as clean as a pin. Keep moving the pillows, as the fur must have a soft support while beaten.

White furs are cleaned with white cornmeal applied as the sawdust is on the darker varieties. If white furs are only slightly soiled, they may be cleaned with magnesia in small cubes that is well rubbed in and then thoroughly dusted out.

Spread the Light.

During the past year thousands of pieces of Catholic reading matter have been circulated among the colored people of Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

This valuable aid in mission work has been distributed from the mailing room of St. Joseph's Colored Mission House, Richmond, Va. Old Catholic papers, prayer-books, pictures, Rosaries, medals and illustrated Catholic magazines are sent to this Mission House by kind Catholic friends, and then assorted and shipped to various missionary points. This feature of the missionary work among the colored in the South was increased greatly last year, but it is hoped with the co-operation of the Catholic laity, to see a much larger development in this line in the year 1899.

Kindly, then, dear reader, collect old Catholic papers, illustrated magazines, etc., and send by freight (never by express), to Rev. Thos. B. Donovan, President of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union of Virginia, 104 and 106 East Jackson Street, Richmond, Va.

The "Old Mechanics'" Fair, always an event of great interest to New Englanders, this year proves unusually attractive and entertaining. It is unique in many important details, and marks an era in industrial expositions, being the first in the world's history with electricity as the exclusive motive power.

One of the most popular features of the exhibition is that of Mr. B. F. Keith, proprietor of the famous theatre, which has been designated the "model playhouse of the country." Mr. Keith has fitted up Paul Revere Hall in a manner befitting his high reputation as an amusement manager, and will furnish entertainment throughout the day and evening during the time the exhibition is open, and at no extra cost to visitors. Mr. Keith bears the entire expense of this exhibition, and it is one of the most generous donations ever received by this charitable organization. It is needless to emphasize the fact that this is the most important announcement that any management of the Mechanics' Fair has ever been enabled to make, and, although it is impossible to more than hint at the manner in which Mr. Keith will carry out his scheme, it can be promised that the show will include nothing but exceptionally meritorious features.

Bright, clean, high-class performances may always be expected under the management of Mr. Keith, whose admirable administration has won most favorable public recognition for the theatres he has established in Boston, New York and Providence and Philadelphia.

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QUESTION BOX.

"Socius" inquires:

1. Why does the Church forbid Catholics joining the Masons and similar organizations?

2. Do the Hebrews keep the Old Testament in observing its laws as we read them?

3. How. were the writings of the Catholic Church preserved until the art of printing was introduced?

1. In Masonic and other like organizations, men of every sect and religion are so intimately associated as to afford the occasion to many Catholics to grow very indifferent regarding their religion. Masonry and like organizations insist upon absolute secrecy as to their doings. And even if the Church were to make no prohibition for her children, the common sense of the people of our free land, should make it impossible for societies so bound to secrecy to even exist. With our freedom of press and of free speech, there is no need that any organization shall be bound to inviolate secrecy. Our readers may say that there are Catholic organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, that insist upon secret initiation and the guarding of the doings of the society from the knowledge of the members, but these are not secret in the sense condemned by the Church. She has no objection to societies keeping their business to themselves and hidden from prying eyes, but her objection comes when men bind themselves as do the Masons, by an oath, so that they feel there is no obligation upon them to answer to the questioning of legitimate authority, concerning what takes place in the meetings. Catholic, so-called "Secret Societies," always welcome legitimate authority, and are ever ready to submit to such authority the inward and most private workings of their organization. How absurd it is that a man in the Masons should feel that his oath to that organization dispenses him from the duties incumbent upon every citizen, regarding submission to the righteous investigation of the Church and state. Lastly, and it is well applied to other societies more particularly, that are not so oath-bound and so secret as the Masons, there is introduced a ritual, a form of religion in their meetings, and to many men the exercises of the meetings take the place of religion. Now, a Catholic is in conscience obliged to hold to his own religion and to have no share in the profession of any other religion. It is a sad history that some indifferent Catholics who have entered these secret societies, have substituted the form of religion in these assemblies for their own true faith. In particular regarding Masonry, the Church has had only too ample cause to prohibit her children from becoming its members. Masonry is the greatest organized opponent of the Catholic Church in the whole world. And in many of the really Catholic countries of Europe, the contest against the Church to the detriment of religion, to the triumph of infidelity, and to materialism, is waged by Masonry.

2. The fulfilment of many of the legal observances of the Old Testament is rendered impossible for the Jews of today, inasmuch as they have no longer a priesthood, a sacrifice or a temple. Many of them have practically abandoned the rigid observance of the Old Law, and have conformed themselves to the requirements of modern society. For example, the observance of the Jewish Sabbath is scarcely possible for men living in our country. At times, the most orthodox of the Jews have tried to carry out this observation as far as possible, but, despite their best intentions, they are generally forced to work or attend to their business on Saturday, and to observe the Christian Sunday as the day of rest. The most orthodox of the Jews still persevere in refusing to eat meat of animals killed in the ordinary way, and have their own butchers and their own customs according to the requirements of the Old Law for the preparation of their meats. So, in general, we may say, that even the most orthodox of the Jews cannot, to any great extent, observe the minute and special requirements of the Old Testament, while the greater number of liberal and modern Jews scarcely pay any attention to these old legal requirements.

3. Before the days of printing, manuscript was the only form in which writing could be preserved, and even since the introduction of printing, all the manuscripts that have escaped destruction are considered of the greatest value for the historian, and whenever in the old libraries, as in the Vatican library, the original manuscript can be found and read, its testimony is of the utmost consequence for proof of beliefs, and questions and facts of the times that it records. In the old monasteries, the transcribing of manuscripts was one of the most serious and most general occupations of the monks,

and their work, especially in the illuminated manuscripts, has come down to us as most finished and artistic. Not only was writing pertaining to the Catholic Church transcribed and preserved by the monks, but also we owe to them whatever we possess today of ancient literature, particularly of the Greek and Latin authors, which have been the study in our schools and colleges during the centuries. Calumniated as the monks have been, it is the testimony of history, that they were not the idlers which some have painted them, but men of earnest lives, generally speaking, and devoted by their rules to occupation. Besides the work of the monks, the manuscripts themselves, as the original documents, have been preserved in the archives of different Churches, and these original documents have been faithfully kept, as today so many keep the letters they have received, or even as some keep copies of the letters they themselves have written.

4. "Liberal Catholic" inquires: What is your opinion of a liberal Catholic? The words "liberal Catholic" may be taken in a good sense and in an evil sense. In the good sense, a liberal Catholic is one who, while faithfully living up to the requirements of his own religion, and convinced that his own is the only true religion, is tolerant of the opinions and beliefs of others, seeking by his own good life, to give the example of truth and of fidelity to Catholic law, and the holy Catholic Church. The liberal Catholic in the other sense, is one who, while professing that he is a Catholic, still says that the question of religion is of no importance, that he is totally indifferent as to what religion a man professes, that, in fact, one religion is as good as another. Such a Catholic is no Catholic at all. He is not only an unworthy son of the Catholic Church, but he is a source of immense harm to his co-religionists, and to people of other beliefs. A liberal Catholic in this latter sense, and it is the one generally taken, has no convictions. He does not understand the position of the Church in this work. He does not realize the mission of Christ who came to suffer and to die for men. He does not consider that if his position is true, then the teachings of Christ are of no consequence whatsoever. But every word of our Divine Lord is sacred, every teaching that He deigned to communicate to man is of infinite worth, and, therefore, no man can be indifferent as to the subject of religion. It is the duty of each one, not only to ask as did Pilate, "What is truth?" but to investigate and to find the truth. Now, the Catholic possesses the truth. He cannot even doubt of this, without ceasing to be a Catholic. He cannot consider it of little consequence that others do not possess the truth. He cannot be indifferent as to his own life, and to its direction according to the faith which he possesses, and he cannot lightly treat the errors which permeate society. Truth can have no compromise with error. The man who possesses truth, will be tolerant of the man who is in error but who believes himself to have knowledge, and who lives according to his best knowledge. But the possessor of truth shall himself, under all circumstances, uphold and defend the truth against all comers. A liberal Catholic, then, in the commonly received sense is no Catholic.

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Edouard Rod, the novelist and contributor to the Revue des Deux-Mondes, has been engaged by the Cercle Francais de l'Universite Harvard to give a course of lectures on French literature under its directions before Harvard University during the coming academic year.

These annual series of lectures were inaugurated last year by M. Rene Doumic the literary critic of the Revue des Deuz-Mondes. M. Paul Bourget of the French Academy, will probably be the Cercle lecturer in the year 1900.

"The Archangel Gabriel spoke to the Lily Maid in her rapturous trance of prayer."

"Downward they swept and the glow of the Vision was on their faces."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE DESIRED OF ALL NATIONS.

A CHRISTMAS MOSAIC.

Was there any angel left in Heaven on the first Christmas night?

Downward they swept, and the glow of the Vision was on their faces. Each saw his brother, like a tall, fair flame, sweep onward; peace went before them; the wild winds fled from them; once again, as at the beginning of creation, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The music of the spheres rang jubilant echoes to their seraphic chorus, as, thirty-three years later, that same music of exultant stars and planets and luminous nebulae would greet the Man-God ascending homeward, Conqueror, to His Father's throne. But the hands and feet, so small, so frail, so fair, on Christmas night, would bear deep wounds then; and the Heart, throbbing so gently, tenderly, beneath the baby-breast that night, would bear the glory-illumined sign of the soldier's cruel spear, up to the Father's throne, on Ascension Day.

Swifter than light the angel cohorts came. Something drew them all earthward, as surely as in Heaven the Beatific Vision drew them always to the Throne. Something divinely loving allured them, and wanted them. Something strangely like God Himself—and it was God—was silently compelling them to Himself, and yet away from Heaven to earth. In the wintry midnight, when the darkness is the deepest, the Light of the whole world had come, and had come for us sinful men. Yet, then and forever afterwards,—whether stars shine, or snows are falling,—on Christmas night, close to us, more closely than at any other time, the angels are.

They will open Heaven to us. Almighty God Himself did that, when the first Christmas came. Up in that fair abode which He had fashioned to His liking, the angelic hosts, for ages upon ages, had sung His praises,—those nine choirs of radiant beings who fling an endless, uncloying Alleluia upward to Him in reverent and unwearying joy. They have gazed upon the Beatific Vision so long and steadily, that the very light of God has passed into their beautiful faces. His life thrills all their lives with ceaseless ecstasy; His love leaves them nothing to desire, except more and more of love. They have often gone upon His errands from Heaven to earth, and have waited, when and while He wills, upon mankind, with a mysterious reverence that arises from something more than their ceaseless realization that both they and we were fashioned by the same omnipotent Creator. A singular remembrance dominates their magnificent intelligences, the remembrance of a day, long gone by, when God bade them bow down before a created nature inferior to their own,—a human nature,—only existent then in the decrees of God; and for those who obeyed the divine behest, the act became their surety of eternal joy and of their place forever in God's love.

At length, on the 25th of December, nineteen hundred years ago, as we men count time, at the deep midnight hour, a little Child opened its eyes for the first time on earth. Only a little new-born babe He seemed to be; and yet He was the Eternal King of a perpetual kingdom,—the Infinite Creator, Who never had beginning and shall never know an end,—the Ancient of Days, Whose throne, founded on the adamantine rocks of an impregnable high fortress, shall never pass away. He was cradled in a manger, upon straw, "between two beasts," as the prophet had foretold; He Who, by His almighty wisdom, had made the continents and the oceans, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

That night, I think, a great voice, like a silver trumpet at its sweetest, rang through Heaven,—as mighty as the archangel Michael's, when he drove the last rebel angel over the golden parapets,—as peacefully ecstatic as the archangel Gabriel's, when, at another midnight hour, nine blessed months before, he spoke to the Lily Maid of the lion tribe of Judah in her rapturous trance of prayer. It announced that the divine decree was at last accomplished, and that the Man-God was born on earth.

There is a saying that when He comes again for the Final Judgment, not one angel will be left in Heaven. They will all appear at those tremendous assizes; and the Godhead will abide again in that marvelous solitary grandeur of the Most Holy Trinity, That can never possibly be lonely, and can never feel any sense of loss, in Its unimaginable self-centred bliss. And, in this era of marvels in the electrical kingdom, and of

"The Wise Men brought gifts to this tiny Babe."

instantaneous and multiplied photography, and of all the other stupendous inventions of human skill, there is nothing extraordinary in our supposition that every individual angel, in his God-given freedom of spiritual being, should have come to pay obeisance in the Christ-Child's court on Christmas night. With tender delight their pure and sinless eyes gazed upon His holy face, as they whispered one to another in rapturous awe that they saw the likeness of the Father's glory there. Perhaps child-angels, if we may call them so, sang to Him a lullaby; ravishing chants like those they used to sing in Heaven, set to the exquisite key-notes known, hitherto, only in that happy Home that He and they had left awhile. But it is easy to think that Michael and Gabriel found no voice for singing; for surely, if ever tears, even of divinest joy, can dim an angel's eyes, the radiant eyes of those highest archangels must have grown suddenly dim over the blended sublimity and pathos of the scene in Bethlehem, and the memories awakened by it in their celestial souls.

Christian art, music and literature are, this month, uniting, to form for the Christmas season a glorious mosaic, to adorn the palace of the little, new-born King of Kings. Since it needs must be that they picture Him to us in a stable, with a manger for His cradle, and straw for His pillow, they will at least, in the passionate spirit of reparation, gathering strength and heat from nineteen centuries of loyal love, bring 'round Him whatever else is possible, by help of lofty genius or holy contemplation, to make Christmas what they think it should be for the Creator and Redeemer of the world. Yet artists and poets strive vainly to depict the scene, whether as apparent to the ordinary beholder, or opened more fully to the spiritual vision of the mystic. Each picture is like a poem with faulty lines and halting speech. Yet they are all touched somewhere with a divinely delicate loveliness, if they are drawn with Christian love. Each poem halts and fails, and yet is perhaps more successful than the pictures; for the poet's words are the faint echoes of earth to the Incarnate Word of God. Prayer, the prayer of silent meditation or voiceless contemplation, will unveil the scene with more absolute truth and clearness, than anything else can do; excepting always, of course, the special illuminating processes of the Holy Ghost, through Whose overshadowing power the Word Himself first came to earth.

Perhaps no human being has ever been allowed to go so far in showing to other men the entire Christmas panorama, as the prose-poet Father Faber in his extraordinary book entitled: Bethlehem. It is a long-drawn Advent and Yule-tide meditation, well fitted "to quicken and brighten the fires of Christmas in childlike hearts." He has told us an interesting fact concerning it. His other books he wrote, he says, "to please other people;" but this book he wrote to please himself. We may read it again and again, year after year, in preparation for the blessed feast of Christ's Nativity; and, year after year, find in it something new, helpful and beautiful. Those familiar with it can readily trace its influence elsewhere; as, for instance, in the well-known and lovely lines by Phillips Brooks.

"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night."

"So found He safety on the breast
Of Mary Mother mild;
Remember, 'twas the hallowed time
When Christ was but a child"

Compare with these lines the following scene from Father Faber. "The sun sets, on the twenty-fourth of December, on the low roofs of Bethlehem, and gleams with wan gold on its stony ridge. The stars come out, one by one. Heaven is empty of angels, but they show not their bright presences up among the stars. Rude men are jostling God in the alleys of that Oriental village, and shutting their doors in His mother's face. Time itself, as if it were sentient, seems to get tremulous and eager, as though the hand of its angel shook as it draws on towards midnight. Bethlehem is at that moment the veritable centre of God's creation. Still the minutes pass. The plumage of the night grows deeper and darker. How purple is the dome of Heaven above those pastoral slopes, duskily spotted with recumbent sheep; and how silently the stars drift down the southern steep of the midnight sky! Yet a few moments, and the Eternal Word will come!"

The following carol-like poem, of which we know neither author nor date, is another specimen of the addition that the poets have made to the Christmas mosaic; and it has this special merit, that it may not be as familiar as other more celebrated Christmas poems are, to the ordinary reader.

"Come forth, ye wondering children, all!
Come forth from wood and wild,
And let us sing the days of Christ,
When He was but a Child;

"When He was but a little Child,
As tender as may be,
The blessed night pale Mary came
From distant Galilee.

"That night, amid the cattle-sheds,
Pure as the snow that falls,
The voice that breathed our Father's love
Was hushed amid the stalls.

"It was the dreary winter-time,
And dark the hour He came;
But such a glory round him breathed,
The East was all aflame.

"He made a wonder where He lay.
Quickened with love and fear,
The barren straw did swell with grain,
Ripe in the fruitful ear.

"All round the shed the frozen bees
Went singing, singing sweet;
The lowly herds, bowed down with fear,
Fell kneeling at His feet.

"And Mary on her sleeping Son
With solemn gladness smiled.
Remember—'twas the hallowed time
When Christ was but a Child.

"He came to show the living wells
Whence thirsting souls might sip.
The bread of life was on His tongue,
Its wine was on His lip.

"The sages poured before His feet
Their jewels costly rare,—
Those feet that late had trod the skies,
Whence all their riches were.

"They held a crown above His head,
With gems all bristled o'er.
It might have been a crown of thorns
That pressed and pierced Him sore.

"It stirred Him from His slumbers calm;
A change came o'er His sleep.
Though not a single word He spake,
His sighs came long and deep.

"And ever, on His baby breast,
By fitful slumbers tossed,
Still folded in a mystic sign,
His infant arms He crossed.

"Though Mary Mother undid the clasp,
Her care it was but loss;
For still the silent Sleeper's arms
Would form that mystic cross.

"It might not be a thing of chance,
Or empty vision wild.
Remember, 'twas the hallowed time
When Christ was but a Child.

"That tiny Heart beneath the baby breast of snow is the very furnace of the sevenfold fires of the Holy Ghost."

"The daylight dawned, and Jesus woke,
And looked upon His Mother;
Then, searching wide with anxious eyes,
He seemed to seek Another.

"And steps came in, and steps went out,
That passed not by the door;
And a solemn shadow stole along,
And fell upon the floor;

"And a voice like that on Calvary
Rang through the startled air
In the anguish of the Crucified,
The passion and the prayer.

"Then slow the winter winds died down,
Hushed was the herds' low bleating.
No sound was heard in that lone stall,
Only their two hearts' beating.

"So found He safety on the breast
Of Mary Mother mild.
Remember, 'twas the hallowed time
When Christ was but a Child."

Picturing the scenes in Bethlehem for ourselves, after Father Faber's fashion, the angels will be followed by the simple shepherds from the hills of Bethlehem, where they were watching their flocks by night till the angelic chorus roused them with its tidings of great joy. One day, Christ will Himself go up and down, like them, over the hills of Palestine, in and out among the thorny thickets, seeking His straying sheep, and carrying the lost lambs tenderly in His more than motherly embrace. To-night, His mother, holding Him easily on her breast, so small He is, sees those shepherds of David's town appear; and, gazing on David's greater Son, the words of David's psalm fill all her soul: "The Lord is my shepherd. Thy rod and Thy staff they have comforted me." Looking on Him lying in the manger, where the cattle were wont to eat, she thinks that she hears Isaiah prophesy: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." And who shall affirm that, if Moses and Elias could appear, and talk with Christ, on Thabor, at the Transfiguration, the eyes of that immaculate Maiden-Mother, so clean of heart, may not have seen shadowy forms as of Isaiah and David, of Jacob and Rachel and Benjamin, of Eve and Adam, gathering very silently, and visible to none but Jesus and Mary, around the crib in the little town of Benjamin, that Christmas night?

The poet's pen and the artist's brush often make a place for the Wise Men beside the crib, at the same time with the shepherds; and the anachronism is a permissible one. In this Christmas mosaic, lovely things meet together with a divine fitness, because they are seen by Him, and are meant for Him, to Whom all things are at once actually present, and with Whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

So we may set, on one side of the picture, the shepherds with their simple gifts,— a snow-white lamb, for the innocent Lamb of God; a delicate lily, for this fair Flower of Israel's maiden lily; two pigeons, that shall redeem Him Who has come to redeem the world. And, on the other side of the picture, we may place the Wise Men, who bring to this tiny Babe gold, that shall crown Him King of men; myrrh, that shall embalm Him dead for men; frankincense, that proclaims Him the Supreme High Priest, in behalf of men, whom He came to save.

Then the vision broadens and lengthens, and we know that it is the Desired of all nations Who lies there, so lowly and little and altogether lovely, on Mary's happy heart; and from the wide, wild world of heathendom's vague unrest,—from the Jewish people, thrilled with true prophetic yearning,—from all Christian

"Any white lamb creeping to her knee in Nazareth, to watch the Child Jesus in His slumber, reminded her of the temple sacrifices."

lips through all the ages, till the last Mass be said,—we hear, in the first Christmas midnight, one strong, intense petition rise: "Thy Kingdom come, O God! Thy Kingdom come!"

Among all this world-wide multitude, we too may take our place in Bethlehem's stable, and ask Mary to let us look upon the tiny face that was her supreme and soul-satisfying bliss. But when we have brought before our mind's eye all the holy fancies of poet and painter, all the deep wisdom of the theologian and doctor, all the divine dreams of the mystic and the revelations of the saints, and to all these have added our own tenderest devotion, there still remains a world of thought which Eternity cannot exhaust. Jesus Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, was God as well as man, and finite minds can never completely sound the infinite depths, though our plummet drop as far down the ocean of God's love as the highest archangel's ever could.

It is a relief to loving hearts to remember that, close to our Blessed Lord, during all His Infancy, as afterwards at the foot of His harder bed of death, was His Immaculate Mother.

She perceived, more truly than all other souls together could do, that it was the world's Creator and Redeemer, her God and her All, Who lay upon her breast. She foresaw the painful future, but above all, she saw the unfailing love.

Blessed Mary of Agreda, the Spanish mystic, remarks, "that our Blessed Lord had in His Mother all the intimacy and perfection He had wished for from the whole human race, and of which our sin had disappointed Him." As no one else would ever do, she read and understood His Sacred Heart, that beat, that night, against her own heart, with tiny infant throbs that somehow almost broke her heart to hear; and, by the Holy Spirit's power, she returned Him love for love.

Not without fruit had her early years been spent in that glorious temple, where Jehovah dwelt behind the gorgeous veils that shrouded the Holy of Holies from the eyes of men, and where she had made the written Word of God her constant study and her daily dear delight. The Queen of the Prophets read the future as even Isaiah and Ezekiel had not been empowered from on high to read them. The lambs that came with the simple shepherds of Bethlehem on Christmas night to Jesus, reminded her, as, later, any white lamb creeping to her knee in Nazareth, to watch the Child Jesus in His slumber, would also do, of the temple sacrifices and what they signified; spoke to her soul of Abraham and Isaac, only she foreknew perfectly that in her case no angel hand would stay the weapon that would slay her only Son. And yet, on that first Christmas night, the Mother of the Redeemer wore a look of untroubled peace and joy.

The Lord of love, the Lord of life, lay on her knee, and she saw His divine eyes rest with satisfied delight upon every human or angelic face that came to bend above His own, that night. He was athirst for souls. Each one there that owned His sway, proved to a waiting world that His was the rightful title to the Lord of Love Divine and the King of Saints. All the ages came before Him in the darkness; saints and martyrs flung their palms and crowns before Him; the virgins laid their lilies, and the confessors their laurels, at His tiny feet. The Desired of all the nations had Himself desired the nations first. And even when what may be called the final act of His infancy took place, and Mary and Joseph fled with Him into Egypt, it was, believe it, an act of His own omnipotent will, of His

"He came to show the living well
Where thirsty souls might sip."

passionate all-absorbing love, that compelled Him thither, that Divine Lover of Souls, "Whose delight,"—as Scripture tells us, and as Mary knew,—"is to be among the children of men."

As we gaze silently upon Him, the exterior circumstances of Bethlehem's stable begin to fade away from view. Finally, there is nothing left but Jesus, Mary and Joseph; just as in church, at night, the lights go out, and we see only the dim sanctuary light shed its beams upon the tabernacle door, and we are left with Him alone. What does the silent face say to us, the tiny throbbing heart, the voiceless lips? We shall each read, according to our own individual needs and characteristics, many things, and in their measure all will be true; but there is one special thing that is stamped there, in the midst of the infantine loveliness and the infinite holiness. It is an immense, mysterious heart-hunger, plainly visible on the baby-face. It is the unfailing, silent longing of the Heart of Jesus, throughout all His earthly career, filling His whole existence here with most exquisite, unceasing pain; His longing for the love and loyalty of us miserable men. It was His showing forth, in His passible human nature, of that most mysterious feature in the Divinity, which has been shown to us in Holy Scripture by the power of the Holy Ghost in words we can never wholly fathom or explain: "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son."

He lies there, Christmas night, and all souls are open and present to His all-seeing eye; and He is athirst for their salvation, as, one day, thirty-three years later, that same thirst will be one of the special elements of His death-agony. Before those baby eyes the world lay open,—not only the wide-spread, thickly populated world of the Roman Cæsars, but of all times, past and future as well. He heard Adam and Eve, uttering, ages before His birth, their deep sighs for His far-off coming; and He heard the last soul that shall cry, just on the eve of the unknown Day of Judgment: "How long, O Lord! how long?" He saw the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem, who would that night kneel down before Him; and the kings gazing that very night, perhaps, on the strange star that told them of His advent; and He saw, as well, the Esquimaux and African and Chinese heathen of our own day; and every one of them He loved, with separate, individual, special love. And He saw also, and He loved, you, and you, and me.

A loyal, chivalrous nature can hardly dwell long without deep emotion upon this striking characteristic of Our Lord's nature, human like our own, and this extraordinary characteristic of the Divinity (if we may venture to use our feeble terms here), which will imply, in God, a love of us beyond anything we know, parental, filial, fraternal, conjugal, or all combined; a something of which all these are but shadows, and which Isaiah the prophet introduces to us in those pathetic words: "Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet will I not forget thee." Thoughtfully, tenderly, patiently, God loves us, the poor erring, lukewarm, worthless servants that we only too well know we are. And, more absolutely than any lover ever sought to gain the object beloved, He asks and He seeks from us an answering return of love. The Canticle of Canticles is His Canticle, and with supreme reality He stands at our door and knocks. And the hands that knock are wounded

"The Virgins laid their lilies and the Confessors their laurels at His tiny feet."

"One day He will Himself seek His straying sheep."

with deep scars of iron nails, and the heart that waits is pierced, because He loved us so. We realize this, when we think of Gethsemane and Calvary. But, to-night, this Christmas night, let us get it fixed well into our minds that, in most clear prevision, each bodily suffering that He was to endure for us in life and death lay distinctly before the Infant Jesus; and that, gifted as He was from the first moment of His existence with the full use of reason, His mental agonies were with Him always, even while mingled or conjoined with the intensest joy and the unclouded view of the Beatific Vision. Comprehending this fact, a loyal love almost necessarily cries out, on beholding the quenchless thirst of the Christ-Child for the souls of men: "Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Before we hear His answer, let us —for He would have us do this—get yet more fixedly into our minds the view of earth that was before Him under this aspect of His life. He saw His Church in all ages, the chosen spouse to whose care His world was left by Him when His own earthly life was done, striving to accomplish the work given to her to do,—to save and to sanctify immortal souls.

To name but a few among the many who are laboring for Him,—He sees, in Alaska, the Jesuits and the Sisters of St. Ann; in Patagonia and Buenos Ayres, the Salesians and the Sisters of Our Lady Help of Christians; in Africa, the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie and the Sisters of Notre Dame; in China, the Sisters of Charity, and the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and those heroic priests that have made themselves "all things to all men," till they are Europeans no longer, but seem, in dress and habits, the countrymen of those they came to save. East, West, North, South, He beholds noble bands, like the trained regiments of a splendid and peaceful army, go in orderly array, in steady rank and file, to the islands of the sea, to the wastes of Africa, to the haunts of the Hottentot and the cannibal and the head-hunter; and if one missionary soldier falls, or a hundred, another is called for, and hastens gladly to live or to die, as the Great Captain wills. And, in our own land, who shall name them? The Josephite Fathers, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Holy Family, the Mission Helpers, the Franciscans, at work among the Negroes; the Jesuits, the Ursulines, the Benedictines, among the Indians; and, all through the land, the hundred varied religious orders for the teaching of holiness to the nation's children; for hospital and reformatory work, for service on the battlefield; and the ceaseless labors of the myriads of secular clergy.—Is it not a fair sight for the Infant Jesus to see on Christmas night? Will it not go far to assuage His thirst for souls?

In its own exceedingly beautiful degree, it surely must. He Who will not let one drop of cold water given in His Name pass unheeded or unrewarded, will surely rejoice with exceeding great joy over anything that any man is striving to do for the love of Him. But that tiny Heart beneath the baby-breast of snow is the very furnace of the sevenfold fires of the Holy Ghost; and nothing less than all the love of all men can satisfy the craving Heart of God. A united Christendom,—the entire conversion of heathens and unbelievers everywhere,—peace, charity, holiness, covering the whole earth as the waters cover the sea,—only this can be enough for Him, Who is called indeed the Desired of the Nations; but Who Himself,—let us reiterate it with joyful Christmas glorias,—desired the nations first!

A. F. X. Emmet.

MEN AND THINGS.

By the Editor, Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

If Ridicule and Opposition were the certain proof of the righteousness of a cause, our friends the "Christian Scientists," might now be claiming the divinest sort of origin for their murderous monomania.

Since two hysterical women managed to kill Harold Frederic, the famous writer, by refusing to him the medical assistance which he so desperately needed, the brethren (nearly all sisters) have been suffering so much of public scorn and sane anathema, that it begins to look as if they would soon have a noble army of martyrs (with whole skins) whereof to boast.

This accursed craze will fatten on what is flung upon it of public contempt and scorn. But the time has come for society to protect itself from these wretched victims of protestantism's abandonment of the safe teachings of Christ. There have been men who conceived it to be their duty to butcher their family as a sacrifice to heaven. Now these sickly, morbid lunatics, the "Scientists," are only one remove from them. When a mother denies her child choking to death, the few drops of medicine which would save it, I say that no matter what the poor bedlamite may call herself, nor how otherwise virtuous and rational she may be, she ought to be locked up as a homicidal maniac of the most dangerous type.

And Speaking of Harold Frederic I noticed the other day in a newspaper a letter written by one of his friends. This loyal gentleman was trying to rescue the memory of the clever man of letters from the disgrace and weakness of having died a victim of so revolting effeminacy as "Christian Science" implies.

He declared that the reports must be false; that Frederic must have been under the influence of drugs, etc., etc., and, to make his argument telling, he adds that "Mr. Harold Frederic was an agnostic!" Precisely! An agnostic! Exactly the kind of a man, therefore, to follow any will-o'-the-wisp of superstition.

A Play by "John Oliver Hobbs" has proved a failure, it seems, in London, so we may face the future with braver hearts. Life has its compensations.

What should we do without Conventions in this country?

Scarcely does one adjourn but another convenes. No sooner have the Sons of the Grandmothers of America separated from Cincinnati, than the Conglomerated Brotherhood of Chimney Sweeps begins to collect at Seattle. Dentists crowd upon the heels of undertakers at Cooper Union, New York, while Omaha is arching and festooning itself to welcome the Loyal Legion of Lasters and Cobblers. And the while these national bodies are resolving and discussing and committeeing and adjourning, the unfortunates of other trades and tendencies go merrily on as though nothing were happening.

And then look at the great religious conventions! Look at those great bishops and ministers in Washington a few weeks ago. The Council of Trent had not more pomp—nor half the advertising—that these well-groomed Anglican gentlemen enjoyed. Such learning! Such solemnity! Such grave issues! A world breathless pending reports of committees! Society on the qui vive expecting the axe is to be laid at the

root of its rottenness. Three weeks of courteous dodging and trimming, while a nation waits! Awful sense of responsibility, as at least one quarter of one per cent. of society will know or care about what is determined. Time passes. Lower House appoints committee: Upper House, ditto. Joint committee on "How Not to Do Anything" reports to the Circumlocution Committee. Something must be done! Both Houses (heaven being duly invoked), behind closed doors, solemnly and unanimously decide to act. The decision is reached and ordered engrossed, and man hears once more the Voice of the Church. The decree is published, to wit:—"Every blooming Thing is indefinitely Postponed."

THE REV. GABRIEL HEALY, the genial pastor of St. Bernard's Church, New York, has given an example worth following at the Summer School. He built his own large cottage and filled it and made it a centre of usefulness and happiness during the whole session. Health and honor to Father Healy!

IF IT IS GOING TO BE SUCH AN EASY JOB to convert Catholics in Cuba and Manila once they are brought under American government, why don't our zealous friends the missionaries do some preliminary practice work in efforts to get hold of the faithful right here at home where Catholics have been "free" so long?

"THE GOLDEN AGE," the exquisite little gem by Grahame, is the very book for a Christmas gift to all whom no lapse of time can make old. A man or woman is made sweeter and stronger by its quaint, pure charm. Read it, tired heart!

I MUST REMIND MY FRIENDS that I am not the regular reviewer of books for this magazine. I do occasionally refer to books and authors, but only when some special reason moves me thereto. The regular reviews are in more skilled hands than my own.

GOD GRANT IT IS NOT TRUE THAT any Catholic joined in the disgraceful attack upon Chaplain Vandewater of the 71st Regiment of New York. George Vandewater is a man of men. A great, true unselfish heart, and a strong, level head, are his. Cowardice and meanness charged to him, prove only that the accuser lies. No! Let them say these things of the bigots who bawled—and stayed home, like the blatherskite Madison Peters; but let no Catholic disgrace himself by calumniating a gentleman of pure heart, exalted ideals, and superb courage like Dr. Vandewater.

A WESTERN BOOK-SELLER, I hear, scored a success by advertising "a new book of thrilling interest by the rising young novelist Richardson." He sold 200 copies of "Clarissa Harlowe"—much to everybody's delight, little dreaming that the rising young novelist has now been in his grave something over a century. If folks cannot be got to read our English classics otherwise, I should like to know just how bad it would be to prevaricate a little. Unless theology pronounce such fibbing very bad, I think I should be tempted to try it a little. If ever ends justify means, a little white fib might pass free, if it got a young girl to glance at such rising young writers as Sir Walter and Addison, and Irving and Wordsworth.

THE WELL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

We had never found London hard to live in till the baby came. After that the necessity for living there was bitter. There was no more the Bohemian life that we had led since our marriage; no more goings-forth with the door-key in our pockets to sample the wares of the nearest cheap restaurant; no more seats in the pit of the theatre; no more 'bus rides, nor excursions by river steamers to Kingston or Hampton Court.

Not but that the child was worth the loss of these little pleasures. We should never have grumbled at being tied to our little flat by so dear and precious a tie, if the place had been good for a child. But it seemed so cruel to have him shut up in a place you could hardly swing a cat in; and where the air was made up of our neighbors' gas and our neighbors' cooking. Why we could tell what every one of them had for meals by the separate odors that ascended.

And then we were always in the midst of experiences. It kept one's heart in one's mouth for the little lad. Even the open places were dangers in themselves, for they were always crowded with children, well or ill; and very often amongst them one saw the pale face and languid air of convalescence. So that baby's outings kept me more alarmed than the hours he must stay in-doors.

I had only Polly to help me of mornings. Polly was eleven, the granddaughter of one of those industrious London charwomen who always go about in poke bonnets, and cloaked to the ear-tips. From six o'clock in the morning Polly was kept busy going round the flats, cleaning boots and knives, scrubbing floors, polishing grates and doing innumerable offices of drudgery. After three or four hours of it the School-Board claimed Polly for a great part of the day, to her disgust as well as her grandmother's.

I had taken a fancy to the little girl from the first day when her old grandmother presented her to me.

"Isn't she very small, Mrs. Evans?" said I, dubiously.

"Not so small as all that 'm," said Polly brightly. "Lots of girls is in service at my age, and I'm strong 'm. Never been ill a day in my life."

"That she 'asn't," croaked Mrs. Evans "An' a fair willin' girl, though I oughtn't to say it as owns her, wich her father an' mother bein' dead the duty devolves on me."

Polly looked at me with the bright, appealing eyes of a little pet dog or a squirrel,—and my heart went out to her.

"Very well, Polly," I said, "if you think you can take on our work with all you have already, I'm willing to let you try."

I was never sorry for having given Polly a trial. The odd, little mite had conceived an affection for me at first sight, and after a time I quite came to look forward to the hour when Polly released from school would come bustling in to make my tea, and put things in train for Lance's dinner.

My poor Lance was a tutor at a big coaching establishment. When he took the work he thought, and I thought, it was only a stop-gap till Lance should succeed in literature. He had done very fairly at Oxford

and it seemed a wretched career for him to be bound to, for every day the yoke of the life seemed to weigh heavier on his neck, and day by day we more and more abandoned the hope of his getting out of it.

If there is anything more sickening than the striving to impart knowledge to young gentlemen who are determined to scrape through with as little learning as possible and never to open a beastly book again as long as they live, I do not know of it. The effort put gray hairs in Lance's head; and as for literary work, why when a man comes home dog-tired and utterly disheartened what chance has he of doing good work? Lance gradually ceased to talk in the old boyish fashion of the time when he should be a successful writer, and we should have a home in the country and bees, and a cup of wine for a friend,—these were some lines of Horace he used to rant in his jolly, happy way. Ah, my Lance was getting old and worn before his time.

He hardly ever saw baby except when he was asleep, so he could hardly be expected to share the extraordinary freshening as of new youth which I seemed to draw from the boy's young life.

I remember so well the evening before the lawyer's letter came with the wonderful news about Luttrell's Ford. All day we had been wrapt in the first winter fog, and though the boy, dear little soul, had enjoyed his day by gaslight, I had not, for I had been feeling miserable over the unhealthy conditions under which we were obliged to rear our beautiful boy. Even a laborer's cottage in the country would have seemed Paradise to me that day.

Lance was more than usually silent when he came into dinner, and ate absent-mindedly and without appetite.

After he had finished, and I had drawn his chair to the fire and brought his pipe, and got my basket of mending, I waited for him to speak, but he did not.

"What is it, old fellow?" I asked, at length.

"Only that Prentice has docked me another hour, Madge," he answered.

The tears sprang hotly to my eyes. Prentice is the head of the coaching establishment and is a very wealthy man. He is not a gentleman, and he grinds the faces of the poor gentlemen who are unhappy enough to be employed under him. He can always get young men to do his work for a starvation wage, just for the sake of being in London, where all the waiting on Fortune must be done. And so with those whom he has agreed to pay at the recognized rates he pursues a policy of gradually reducing the hours of work,—work is paid by the hour,—and spreading the hours over long intervals till he starves out the unhappy tutor he can replace by a cheaper man.

"Can't you give him up, Lance?" I cried, as I had said so often before.

"I daren't Madge. I haven't the courage I had before Prentice squeezed me. Presently I have no doubt he will give me up. What is to happen then I do not know."

My heart ached over his mood of dejection in Lance who had been so brave and confident in the old days.

"Ah," said I, "what a thing it is to have a yoke of wife and son slung about a man's neck."

He turned his miserable eyes upon me in surprise at my bitterness.

"Why, Madge," he said, "do you think I would be without either."

"If you had been single you need not have sold yourself into bondage."

"Perhaps that is true," he said mildly, "and yet I would not be free

if I could. I would die without my yoke now," he said smiling a little sadly. "And as for you Madge, my poor girl, it is I who have burdened you. Why if you know what it is to me to see my wife doing the duties of a maid-of-all-work; and I had thought it would all be so different."

He turned away with a sigh that went to my heart. I jumped up impulsively, and knelt down by him.

"Why, you are talking nonsense old fellow, sheer nonsense," I cried, "and I am the happiest woman in Christendom. Do you think service is not sacred to me for your sake and the boy's? And then you know Lance, you know we are both young and strong, thank God, and this trouble is only temporary, and bye and bye the dreams will come true all the sweeter for the trouble. This is only the bitter task before the pleasure like the olives before a feast."

And so, half jesting, half in earnest I talked him into a hopeful mood before the evening was ended.

The very next morning when I came down to breakfast there was an important-looking letter for Lance. I hid it under his plate making believe to myself that the letter must contain good news, and said nothing of it till he found it himself as I was filling the tea cups.

I was smiling still over my fancy when Lance uttered a sudden exclamation and then looked at me fixedly. My heart sank to my boots; for a moment I could imagine nothing but new disaster. We sat facing each other for a second, silent, and then Lance spoke, seeming first to gulp down something in his throat.

"Thank God, Madge," he said, "thank God."

I held out my hand for the letter, and as I looked at it the place seemed to swim round me from the shock of great joy. It was a lawyer's letter. Messrs. Sampson & Bolderhouse presented their compliments to Mr. Lancelot Luttrell and begged to inform him that their late client, Miss Anna Maria Luttrell, having died intestate, he was the next heir to the property, consisting of the land and manor house of Luttrell's Ford with all thereto appertaining; the furniture, plate and pictures of the said manor-house, some two thousand pounds in the Funds, and a modest rent roll of five hundred a year.

You will hardly believe that the very first thing I did was to lift Baby from the floor, and seating him in his high chair to read that amazing letter to him. The dear little chap did his best to understand; and realizing apparently that there was joy in the air, put up his little foot and waved it about, shouting lustily.

All the time Lance sat beaming at us, a transfigured Lance; and yet it was only in the light of great joy that I seemed to see all at once the premature haggardness of his face, and the sprinkle of silver in his hair.

We sat talking so long over our plans that Lance missed his usual train, and there was not another for an hour.

When he discovered the fact he roared with laughter like a schoolboy.

"I'll have a note from Prentice in class," he said, "asking to see me and when I look in at his study he'll tell me practically that I am taking his money on false pretences. Yesterday I'd have had to swallow it, Madge. Today, well perhaps today I'll kick Prentice. Shall I Madge? Not on my own account, darling, but there was little Lee, poor chap, and there was Salmon—and how many others?"

However, I persuaded him that if things fell out as he said,—and they did,—the best thing to do would be

to dismiss Prentice in as lofty a manner as possible. He came home in the early afternoon in the highest spirits at the remembrance of Prentice's face when he waved him off with a lordly gesture and dismissed himself without an hour's notice.

"Still, there were one or two of those boys really decent to me," he said,—my soft-hearted, old Lance—"only for you and the kid I'd have liked to take them out and give them a good time. But I thought as the fog was lifting, we would get a hansom, and go to Oxford Street and buy the boy a gee and an engine, and a motor-worked train. And, afterwards we'd dine at the Criterion and get home in good time for this dissipated youngster."

We carried out this delightful programme, and the very next evening Lance started for Ireland.

"You'll like the old place," he wrote a day or two later, "its rather ghostly, and everything about it seems old, but you and the Boy will soon remedy that. Everything is in the most complete order, thanks to my old great-aunt Maria's excellent servants. There are a pair of them. Peter a sort of general man, and Mrs. Grady, who was the old lady's cook, housekeeper, personal attendant, and maid-of-all-work. She thinks she would like a little girl to train under her, and would evidently resent any more serious addition to the establishment. What do you think of Polly?"

What did I think of Polly, indeed? Why that Polly should accompany us was the one thing to complete my absolute satisfaction. I had carried a little trouble in my heart, through all the joy, over the child when I thought we must leave her, so affectionate, so willing, so odd and clever a mite, to all the possibilities of London life.

As for Polly her eyes nearly jumped out of her head when I asked her if she would come. Old Mrs. Evans turned out better than I expected, and seemed genuinely glad Polly should come to us permanently. She commended her to my care in a way that really had a certain Scriptural impressiveness. Polly's dreams of the life before her during the week or two that preceded our departure were something to listen to. The spirit of adventure was strong in her; and Ireland seemed to her as remote and desirable a place as the ends of the earth.

Everything was in readiness for us, for Lance's heirship was clear, and, as he said the old servants had kept the place in spick-and-span order. He came back to take us over, as there were some odds and ends of the old life to be finished off; a landlord to be propitiated for a sudden departure; some furniture to be got rid of, and various other matters.

I have never had so sweet and pleasant a journey as that, except when Lance and I went on our brief honeymoon. We could not feel it long watching the ever brightening wonder and anticipation in Polly's eyes, and the Boy's pretty tricks wherewith he beguiled the way and the wayfarers.

It was the evening of the next day when we got to our journey's end, and when we drew up at the door of our future home, I could only see a sweep of gravel and the reflection on clumps of Portugal laurels of the many lights from the little windows of the house.

I quite fell in love with Mrs. Grady for the way she took the sleeping boy from my arms, and looked down at him a minute silently as if she were thanking God.

"'Tis a many years," she said "since there was the sound of a little voice and little feet in Luttrell's Ford.

Perhaps it will comfort more than us" she added enigmatically, and shaking her capped old head,—she wore a tremendous frilled cap tied under her chin,—"anyhow may God bless him, and bless the day that brings the young life back!"

I was too tired to do anything that night, but make the acquaintance of one or two of the old rooms, oak-panelled and with heavy old furniture. There was beautiful china, and old plate, not very much of it, but the best of its kind; and our dinner table that night with its fine, old, much-darned damask and heavy crystal glass and silver made my heart leap high with housewifely pride. We had been obliged to live among shoddy in our poor little London home.

The first shaft of sunlight in the room wakened me next morning. The deep windows seemed full of sun, so different from London, which we had left under a murky drizzle, that to my mind seemed to have lasted for months.

I pulled back the curtain and opened the window. The air was delicious, like a breath of new life, though it was frosty. A lovely prospect spread before my eyes. There were low purple mountains all round the horizon. Under my window were the formal parterres and clipped yews of an old garden, laid out after the Dutch fashion, all covered over with a fine spider-work of frost, and glittering in the sun.

We were on a plateau for I could see where steps cut in the turf began to descend, and then a tangle of boughs below betokened some kind of plantation. Beyond that was a stretch of park-like land, and in the midst of it, dancing and glistening in the morning sun was a little lake. It was an enchanted scene for town-weary eyes to rest upon, and I turned away at last from my rapt contemplation with a heart full of thankfulness.

After breakfast we explored the house, Mrs. Grady preceding us and watching our delight in everything with proud pleasure. We came at last to a room which had a strange aspect to my eyes. It was high in the gables, and was full of light from the window which looked over the prospect I had seen this morning. Here was a child's wooden cradle, of the kind you see in curio shops. Here was a child's little bed, with heavy hangings drawn back from it. A heavy four-poster for an older person was in another corner of the room. The walls were full of cupboards, the doors of which were closed; but on the table, flung down as if they had been left there in haste were some primitive toys of the most old-fashioned construction. I took these things in sub-consciously, so to speak, for from the moment I entered the room my eyes were on the picture of a lovely young woman which seemed strangely out of place in the high attic on the bare walls, and among childish things.

She was dressed all in white, that floated about her, filmy and diaphanous. Her attitude was one of intense mournfulness. She sat with her chin pillowed in her hands. It was an out-door picture, and at her feet was the sward, with yes, those were tiny steps cut in the turf,—and there was a hollow circle, it might be of an old well. Her eyes were down; one wondered what desolation the large lids covered, for the desolation in the attitude was unspeakable and masterfully rendered.

So much did the picture affect me, that I turned to Lance in an unconscious appeal for sympathy, and his fingers closing over mine told me that the picture had its message for him, too.

"Who is it?" I asked the old housekeeper almost in a whisper.

"Ah, poor lady, she had a sad story. She's dead a hundred years gone. The little son was drowned in a well somewhere in the grounds. It was filled up for nobody knows where it was. This was the child's nursery. It was the poor lady's sick fancy to have her picture painted sitting by the well that had done the mischief."

I drew my boy closer to my side. For an instant sorrow for the dead-and-gone woman pierced me like a sword.

"The place hasn't been disturbed since,"—the old woman went on. "The little master, God bless him, is the first child in the house since that sad day, and the place is big enough for a family without disturbing what the poor lady loved. She didn't live long after, died of a broken heart, they said."

The story of that other mother lingered with me all through the day. In the afternoon, I was alone with Mrs. Grady in the little room that is her own, the room the Boy loves because it contains so many delicious things in the shape of jams and sugared and bottled fruits.

"I can't help thinking of the poor lady whose child was drowned in the well," I said.

"There now, dear, I wouldn't be thinking too much of it," the old woman said, misunderstanding me "Sure the old well is gone long, long ago, and the little master is as safe as the bank let alone,"—she held her lips close to my ear—"that there's them in the place wouldn't let hurt or harm come to him."

"Oh, I am sure everyone will look after him," I said, wondering at her mysterious air. "Besides it seems a very safe place now that the horrible well is gone,—all so nice and soft and turfy, nothing to fall from, and no strange animals. But, Mrs. Grady," I went on, to change the subject, "how do you think you'll get on with Polly?"

"She's a queer imp," said the old woman, humorously, and then more seriously, "too cute to my mind for her age let alone her size. Still very biddable to her elders, and willin' and wishful to learn. I've had no experience of her like before. Sly in ways for all her cuteness she is as ignorant as a haythen black: and think of the size of her, God help her, wid workin' before her time. She'll require a dale o' wholesome feedin' and fresh air fore she comes to her height, if ever she does."

"I expected you'd find her odd, Mrs. Grady, but she is a good little soul if ever there was one."

"Oh, she'll do, she'll do," said the old housekeeper, grandly. "She looks up to me already, an' you'll find ma'am that by degrees she'll give up that unsuitable way of saying her say on every occasion, an' lookin' as wise as if she was the age of Methusaleh's cat."

Well, things went on swimmingly at Luttrell's Ford, and my life was so happy that I couldn't thank God enough. The time turned round to Christmas, a clear, bright sparkling Christmas, like the Christmases of the cards and the illustrated papers. The frost came seasonably, for with one or two intervals the winter had been very mild, more like a gray, moist summer than the winters I knew. The Boy had thriven amazingly in those two months, and had become quite a small country gentleman, trotting about in a great coat and gaiters where he would, and unhampered with company more intrusive than the fat little puppy at his heels.

Lance was talking of getting a pony for the little chap, and had himself become the happy possessor of a

handsome little Irish mare, on which he followed the hounds once or twice a week. It was wonderful how the lines had been smoothed out of his face by this blessed prosperity of ours. In fact we were every one in an extreme state of well being.

It was Christmas eve morning when the Boy complained of being thirsty, and I found that by accident his little mug of milk had not been left over night. I heard no one stirring in the house though I knew it must be pretty late, for the first gray dawn was in the room. However, I could not leave the little lad's thirst unsatisfied, so I put on my dressing-gown and slippers and went down to forage for myself. Half way down stairs one comes opposite the flight of stairs leading from the back part of the house where are the servants' quarters, and some other rooms, including the disused nursery.

As I faced the flight of stairs a strange thing happened. Some one was coming down the other stairs, some one glimmering in white in the dim, gray shadows of the sleeping house. I paused a moment and the figure went on to the down-stairs region, where after that second pause I followed. I could hear the gown the woman wore lap lapping on the stairs as she went. I was filled with wonder. Could Mrs. Grady have a visitor unknown to me, I thought incredulously. I came up with the woman half way down the flight of stairs and opposite a little window. She did not seem to have heard me at all, and when I reached her I put out my hand to arrest her. As I did I suddenly noticed the extreme fineness of the lace about her neck, and I saw that the garment was a kind of pelgnoir, of an ancient, quaint elegance. Before I could touch her the woman turned round. As my eyes met hers I seemed to pass from the living and breathing world into the land of spirits. The woman who looked at me was the woman of the portrait upstairs.

There was no mistaking the face, with its delicate, dark eyebrows and the slender oval of its face. Large, dark eyes looked at me wistfully. Then she turned half towards me and putting a finger to her lips looked down with an exquisite tenderness on something she carried in her arms. I went nearer her without fear; and saw there was a child held against her breast, and the child! it was my own little lad whom I had left in the nursery upstairs.

With a cry I stretched my arms for him. As I did the woman and the child seemed to fade away and dissolve in the shadows of the dawn. I groped blindly, but my hands touched solid wall. I don't know how long I stood thus stupified, but at last mechanically I went down-stairs, found some milk for the child, and went upstairs again in the same half unconscious fashion.

I slept late, for I found Lance with a cup of tea by my bedside, and the sun pouring into the room when I awoke.

"Ten o'clock, stay-a-bed!" cried my husband.

I gazed about me like one bewildered.

"Why didn't you wake me?" I said.

"You were sleeping so soundly I thought I'd let you go on. The Boy is out and about long ago."

Then I remembered my vision of the morning and told it to Lance.

"A dream, little woman," he said, "obviously a dream. Who ever heard of a ghost at seven o'clock in the morning."

He half persuaded me that I had dreamt the whole thing. There was no proof to the contrary. My dressing gown and slippers were where I

had put them away tidily overnight. The Boy's little memory was not to be trusted to recall anything, and Mrs. Grady when Lance asked her at breakfast time if she had left the Boy's milk over night, answered a little testily that "To be sure she did, she wasn't likely to forget him, precious lamb."

Still I wasn't satisfied, and later in the day I interrogated the old woman more closely, and finally told her what I believed I had seen that morning.

She showed no surprise whatever. "So she's come back," she said slowly. "Well ma'am, I wouldn't be frightened if I was you. You wouldn't keep her out of Heaven after all she suffered, too, poor lady, unless for a good purpose. I'll tell you what she's doin' ma'am. She's watchin' over the precious lamb, she is. She's never come yet except in the way of kindness; an' 'tisn't likely she's come for anything else now let alone the blessed Feast that's in it."

Well, my fears seemed to pass away with the old woman's words. I really accepted her belief that the poor ghost "walked" to look after my child. I recalled the exquisite tenderness of the face when she looked down on him. It might have been the Mother and the Child.

I saw no more apparitions after that, yet I should not have been frightened if I had. I conceived in fact, an affection for the lady, my poor sister in motherhood, who had suffered so cruelly. I used to fancy her about watching over the Boy, and I imagined her to have something of the powers of an angel guardian, whereas my love was so impotent.

I have mentioned the plantation which I saw that first morning peering over the grassy terrace gardens below my bedroom window. Well, the plantation proved, on further acquaintance, to be an old orchard tangled and overgrown to an incredible extent. It would be a lovely sight in spring when the blossoms came on the trees. Now it was rather damp and slimy; but suggestive of any amount of romance with its thickets of briars and small trees, which had sown themselves, and the tall stalks of weeds that would no doubt spring high almost as the trees when the summer came. It was charmingly picturesque, but an absolute wilderness. Parts of it one could not explore, so greatly had the briars and parasitic plants thriven. There were some acres of the orchard, and it was enriched by a magnificent hedge of yew, grown very irregular and ragged like the rest of the place.

"I should like to root it all up," said Lance, looking down at it from our terrace, "only it is so delightfully picturesque."

"It has not been disturbed in the memory of man, Mrs. Grady tells me," I said.

"Ah, and we are not come to be rooters-up. Besides it will be a delightful place for the Boy to play at jungles presently."

"With Waggles for the lion," I suggested.

"I dare say Waggles would live up to the part; wouldn't you Waggles, old chap?"

The puppy, the Boy's dearest friend, shook an energetic tail, and seemed to smile broadly in answer to the suggestion.

So the old orchard had another lease of life.

Well, one afternoon, as the days were lengthening, we missed the Boy. Lance was away, and I am always lost without Lance in an emergency. The women looked in every direction in the dusk, calling on our little runaway, but to no purpose as it seemed.

"He may have fallen asleep somewhere," I said to myself, but my heart was hammering in my ears, and every tale of calamity I had heard was rushing into my disturbed memory.

I remember the old orchard and how it looked in that early spring gloaming. There was a bit of yellow in the sky to aid our search, and a blackbird was singing his first gay little song.

Hither and thither I went distractedly calling the Boy, and peering into every hole and corner. Presently I came to a break in the yew hedge. There where the place was more open some mud had gathered and my heart leaped when I saw it bore the fresh imprint of little feet.

I then noticed for the first time that the yew hedge was double; and where it went on after the break and lost itself in the over-grown orchard. I saw a tiny bit of cambric hanging on a projecting bit of briar. I took it in my hand, recognized the collar of the Boy's little suit, and plunged into the mazes of the yew hedge.

Some one had been there before me for the briars which had grown up strongly showed traces of recent passage, and here and there stray bits of cambric had caught on the boughs. I never thought of how my own garments were being rent as I pressed on, fighting my way between the tall and insolent briars.

Presently I came out on a little glade in the centre of a thorny overgrowth. The dusk lay thick now about everything, but through the dark the white figure of a woman glimmered.

Somehow I did not need to be told who it was or where she was leading me. As I advanced, the face of the ghost smiled towards me mistily, her hands raised in benediction as if over something at her feet. I followed her glance, and there on the sward I made out the little figure of the Boy.

I stooped with a cry and snatched him to my breast. As I did the woman before me faded off into the shadows. The child was soundly asleep. Just then a light came in the evening sky and I saw in the ground at my feet—the Well.

"I dess wanted to see fings," said the Boy, when he came to himself, "an' poor Waggles runned on before, and I seed 'im fall down, down, an' dess as I runned to pick him up a lady caught me; an' then I falled a'seep, an' tan't sink nuffin more till I found muzzer pullin' off my suit in the nurse'y. Pwaps I dweamed it all; but I tan't find my ittle Waggley anywhere."

Poor Waggles! we found him when we explored that horrible well; but the Boy never knew his fate; and in time,—it took time for he had a tenacious little heart,—he became just as fond of his new puppy.

But after the Well was filled up the Lady came no more.

O'CONNELL AND DERRYNANE.

BY JAMES T. O'BRIEN.

TRANSCENDENTLY lovely and sublime as are the lakes of Killarney they form but a small portion of a district which, at every turn, unrolls some panorama of savage grandeur or tender grace or picturesque fascination. The entire "Kingdom of Kerry," is indeed a land of magic and enchantment. Everywhere you meet with startling and delightful contrasts, streams gently meandering through the rich meadows of smiling and peaceful valleys, rivers leaping from rock to rock and skurrying down the mountain slopes to mingle with the waters of the innumerable little bays along the coast; magnificent passes sentinelled by precipitous crags, and with all this, the most singular effects of light and shade playing on the sides of the gorges and on the dense foliage of the woods, which vary through all the gamut of colors from brightest green to russet brown.

It is in the west of Kerry especially that nature combines all her varied resources for the production of her most stupendous effects. The coast scenery is unequalled for its wild grandeur. The cliffs, sometimes rising to a height of over six hundred feet, assume the most fantastic shapes, while, down to their edges, they are clad with verdure of that intense green which is to be found nowhere except in Ireland.

But there is one portion of this region which will always have a fascination for Irishmen the world over apart from the magnetism of its glorious scenery. It is "O'Connell's country," the district that nurtured the great citizen who created a new soul in Erin, and whose teachings modified the political ideas of a considerable part of Europe.

The house in which O'Connell was born, just a little way outside of Cahirciveen a poor little village, but redeemed from the commonplace by its magnificent setting and the beautiful church dedicated to the Liberator's memory, is now a picturesque ruin, its mouldering gables and walls tenderly hidden under a luxuriant growth of Irish ivy.

Through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Quo Vadis, it is Donahoe's good fortune to place before its readers the fine illustrations accompanying this article.

"I send you three more photographic views," wrote Mr. Curtin, when presenting the pictures to Donahoe's. "O'Connell's residence at Derrynane, the Old Cemetery near Derrynane, and a view of part of Cahirciveen. These photographs, like the others—the ruins of the house in which O'Connell was born, and the bridge—are of my own taking, and the work was a labor of love on my part."

Morgan O'Connell, the father of Daniel, was a younger son; therefore the house at Cahirciveen was a much less imposing mansion than Derrynane, the chief seat of the family, which, although built in different centuries and apparently with an utter disregard of architectural canons, has that stamp of distinction which seems inseparable from the abodes of old families in Europe. Near the house is Abbey Island, containing the ruins of a monastery supposed to date back to the seventh century. In this wild and grand resting-place against whose sides the waves of the Atlantic thunder unceasingly, reposes

the dust of generations of the house of O'Connell. Here is the tomb of Morna Duv, Dark Mary, the tribune's grandmother, who resembles a figure in one of Scott's mediæval novels. She ruled her retainers, her workmen, her husband and her twenty-three children with kindness but with firmness, and had only one weakness, intense family pride. Perfectly excusable in the eyes of her clansmen, withal, for was she not the daughter of the O'Donohue of the Lakes? There are still traditions among the country people of her extraordinary gifts as an improvisatrice of Irish poetry, and especially of her power of withering invective. When she paid her work people their weekly wages she would thunder out at each of them in his or her native language: "If you have earned your wages, God prosper them; if you have not, God turn them to your ruin." Her daughter, Madame O'Leary, was also a poet, but of a higher type. The author of "The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade," has given a literal translation of a long elegy on the death of her husband, who was murdered by English soldiers for refusing to sell his horse to a Protestant for five pounds. Even in a bald literal translation, it often rises to a level of singularly grand and impassioned beauty. The grandfather of O'Connell very seldom appears in the traditions of the country or of his family. Smith, the charming historian of Kerry, relates a circumstance, in a private letter, that explains his obscurity and is eloquent as to the position of the Catholic gentry of that day, obliged to exist on the mere sufferance of their Protestant neighbors. In the course of his investigations, he says, he visited Darrynane and was entertained for several days by its venerable master, who gave the chronicler a great number of interesting anecdotes about the principal families of the county. Dr. Smith was so delighted with his reception, that he declared a considerable portion of his work should be devoted to celebrating the glory of the Clan Connell. "For God's sake," replied the old man, "do not dream of it! We have peace in these glens for the moment, Doctor, and we are so hidden away that we have escaped persecution; in these solitudes, we can profess the faith of our fathers. God is good to us and enables us to pay for the education of our children in foreign lands and to further their advancement in the Irish Brigade. But if you make mention of me or mine, these sea-side solitudes will no longer yield us an asylum. The Sassanah will scale the mountains of Darrynane, and we, too, shall be driven out upon the world without house or home."

Dr. Smith, an honest and liberal-minded Protestant, respected the wishes of his host, and there is barely a slight reference to the Clan Connell in his work.

The coast of Kerry with its numerous caverns and tortuous creeks and iron-bound coast, which had even a worse reputation than it deserved in the eyes of the officers of his majesty's customs at the time, forms an ideal locality for the exercise of the smuggler's avocation. Daniel O'Connell's father acquired a considerable part of his very respectable fortune mainly by smuggling. At the head of his tenantry he landed, usually during the night, immense cargoes of French silk, laces, wines, etc. They were stored in his ware-house in Cahirciveen, a distributing centre from which they found their way to every part of the south and west of Ireland. Smuggling, or "free trade"—"Convey the wise it call"—was esteemed a highly honorable occupation among the Irish gentry of the

period, and the custom house officer who showed himself unduly zealous, even though of gentle birth, was presumed to have lost caste and to be unworthy of receiving the satisfaction accorded in these duelling days by gentlemen to each other. If he escaped being knocked on the head by the peasantry, however, the retired naval officer generally found some gentleman of undoubted lineage sufficiently broad-minded not to object to put a bullet through him. The revelation that Morgan O'Connell was engaged in a sort of commerce, selling his goods like any common shopkeeper, needs explanation much more than his connection with smuggling, for at that day, any participation in trade, whether wholesale or retail, brought social ostracism in its train. No tradesman could be a gentleman and, conversely, no gentleman could be a tradesman. But, rigid as was the application of this stern social law, it admitted of one exception: the gentleman smuggler might dispose of the proceeds of his honest industry without forfeiting caste, might even keep a shop for the purpose; so the Liberator's father smuggled along the coast of Kerry and kept a shop in Cahirciveen for the purpose of disposing of his wares.

Although Daniel O'Connell was born in Cahirciveen, most of his early years were spent in the home of his uncle Maurice, the Providence of the numerous family, who, to the generosity and liberality of the Irish gentleman, exercised, however, with sense and moderation, added all the worldly wisdom, even the "canniness" of the Scottish laird. Ever ready to open his purse for the needs of his innumerable nephews in the Irish Brigade, or in the colleges of the continent, or—herculean task for a young Irish Catholic gentleman—endeavoring to open a path to fortune at home, grand old "Hunting-Cap" was always the prudent adviser, the bounteous dispenser of his large fortune. Young Daniel, however, was the child of his predilection and adopted as his heir from birth. He could easily be spared from the teeming paternal household—there were more than half-a-dozen little brothers and sisters already there—and Derrynane, which he was to inherit, became practically his home. A precocious youngster, he had a vivid remembrance of the visit of Paul Jones to the Skelligs on his voyage from Brest, and of the seizure by the redoubted privateer of a number of Kerry fishermen off the coast of Valentia. They were not unwilling prisoners and did yoemen's service afterwards in compelling the Serapis to strike her colors to the Stars and Stripes. These poor Irishmen were subsequently taken to Brest, from whence two of them returned to Kerry with large fortunes.

Soon after this, Daniel's education became a subject of anxious consideration. It was a period when it was rather inconvenient for the schoolmaster to be much in evidence, as a statute of Queen Anne entailed the penalty of hanging, drawing and quartering on the audacious pedagogue who ventured to teach young Irishmen their A, B, C. However, there were to be found hundreds of humble men brave enough to dare it, and when O'Connell was a little over four years old, a wandering tutor, one Dennis O'Mahoney, made his appearance at Derrynane and took in charge the training of the future Liberator. The worthy man's acquirements, however, were not extensive and the early education of his pupil might have fared badly but for the advent of a more highly polished professor some five years later. At that period, Darrynane was to have a chaplain, a Father O'Grady, who was able to

supply what was lacking in the erudition of the tutor. Some of the adventures of Father O'Grady throw a curious light on the beauties of English law at the time. He was a student at Louvain, and as Flanders has been from time immemorial a little cockpit of strife and hostilities, it was not strange that he should find himself, during one of its periodic wars, reduced to a position of great distress. Without a penny in his pocket, he tried to beg his way to the coast, hoping to find some vessel that would consent to take him back to Ireland. He had nearly reached the term of his journey when he fell into the clutches of a band of robbers. By great good luck, the captain of the band turned out to be an Irishman, and a Kerryman to boot—one Denis Mahony—probably a deserter from the English army then operating in Belgium. When he heard the mellifluous accents of his native tongue, the bandit could not do too much for his prisoner, and supplied him with sufficient money to carry him comfortably to the land of his birth—"God rest your soul, Denis Mahony!"—Father O'Grady was accustomed to exclaim when relating the adventure, "you were a good friend of mine when I badly wanted a friend, but somehow, I think it would be more comfortable to have you as a friend in need than as a neighbor." But poor Father O'Grady ran a greater danger when he reached Ireland than any to be incurred from a casual encounter with brigands. The penalty visited on a priest for returning to his native country was death, and there were always bloodhounds ready to earn the reward offered by the government for his discovery. He was arrested soon after his arrival and accused by an informer of having said Mass. Fortunately, the judge was a just and conscientious man, hating the laws he had to adminster, in this respect resembling a not inconsiderable proportion of the Protestant magistracy of the day, and he resolved to baffle the informer. "What language did you hear him say Mass in?" he asked. "Latin, of course, my lord." "You know the language?" "Pretty fairly, my lord." "Repeat a few of the words you heard." "Ave Maria." "That is a part of the Lord's Prayer in Latin, is it not?" "Yes, my lord." "Gentlemen," said the judge, turning to the jury, "this man is a perjurer. The words Ave Maria do not occur in the Lord's Prayer. You will have to acquit the prisoner." And so Father O'Grady escaped a fate that had been meted out to scores of his predecessors for a similar crime.

But even sheltered as Kerry was by its situation from the vindictive intrusion of English law, the Catholic gentry lived in a constant state of terror. Any relative of a Catholic landed proprietor could deprive him and his heirs of his estate by simply conforming to the established church.

O'Connell, during his subsequent career, had an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes relating to this gloomy period, some of them having a comical side to their essentially melancholy aspect. An incident the Liberator was fond of telling, occurred in his neighborhood. A Catholic gentleman named Myers learned that a rascally nephew was about to file a "bill of discovery" against him in a few days. He rode post haste at once to Dublin, saw the Protestant archbishop and declared his intention of conforming. The archbishop was unusually conscientious and finding on examination, that the would-be convert knew absolutely nothing of the points of difference between the two churches, declared he could not

From a photograph taken by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "Quo Vadis."

FRONT OF O'CONNELL'S HOUSE AT DERRYNANE.

Photo by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin.

RUINS OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH O'CONNELL WAS BORN, JUST OUTSIDE CAHIRCIVEEN.

receive him until he was better instructed. However, there was a rector from his own district then in the city, and if he would consult him and learn the essentials of the Protestant faith there could be no objection to his reception. The suggestion delighted Myers, for this rector was his boon companion, his partner in many a jolly carouse. They spent a week together in Dublin, during which the course of religious instruction, if not spiritual, was decidedly spirituous, and at the end the rector assured his grace that his friend was thoroughly instructed in all the mysteries of Protestant theology. The recantation was read and the archbishop, delighted at having a convinced convert of such social prominence, gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Myers, to which the leading lights in church and state were invited. Towards the close of the banquet his grace rose and addressed the convert: "Mr. Myers," said he, "you have today been received into the true Protestant church, for which you should thank God. I learn with pleasure from our excellent mutual friend, the rector, that you are thoroughly grounded in the principles of our religion. Would you, for the edification of the company, be kind enough to state the grounds upon which you have abandoned Popery and embraced the Church of England?"

"By my faith, my lord," replied Myers, "I can easily do that, the grounds of my conversion to the Protestant religion are two thousand five hundred acres of the best grounds in the county of Kerry."

After a few years spent with his private tutor, a few more at a Protestant college in Cork, O'Connell was sent by his uncle to complete his education at St. Omer's in France. Then he kept his terms at Lincoln's Inn, London, and returned a full-fledged lawyer, to Derrynane. Here he appears to have dropped for a short pe-

Photo by
Mr. Jeremiah Curtin.

BRIDGE AT THE SIDE OF O'CONNELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

riod his interest in the studies into which he had plunged with ardor in France and England, and to have devoted himself to all kinds of sport with the zest of the schoolboy who has been shut out from his favorite playground for a time. And surely the old tribe lands of the Clan Connell must be a paradise for the sportsman as well as for the artist. The hillsides are fairly alive with hares, the lakes are teeming with trout, and there are myriads of grouse, partridge and woodcock in the dark green woods. Coursing the hare was O'Connell's favorite pastime, almost his controlling passion. He was out on the mountains long before the dawn so that his hounds might be aided in the chase by the scent lying on the ground, and, crouching in the midst of the heather, watching eagerly for the first rays of the sun to glint on the hilltops, he and his huntsmen held in leash the eager and struggling animals until the game was started, and with loud haloo, master, huntsmen and crowds of hardy, excited tenants dashed up along the slopes of Sneem and down through the wild glens of Iveragh, every rock in which seemed vocal as it re-echoed to the musical cries of the beagles. It was to the bracing and invigorating effect of these manly but trying pursuits that the Liberator attributed the constitutional energy and sturdiness which enabled him to endure in after years an amount of labor, physical and mental, such as few could sustain.

This period in his life is also noteworthy for an incident that reflects considerable credit on a young man who was not indisposed to take his part in the social enjoyments of the time. One of the extraordinary customs introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian gentry was that of locking the dining-room after dinner and throwing the key out of the window. It was little less than high treason to release the imprisoned guests until the copious libations had done their work

and they were all lying on the floor. O'Connell's successful interference with this time-honored custom at Derrynane aroused vigorous but vain protests. It created shame as well as anger in the heart of "Cousin Kane," for was it not a stain on the hospitality and honor of his family? This "Cousin Kane" was a typical illustration of some of the social features of the early years of the century. He was one of those persons, not uncommon in that era, whom the hospitality of the Green Isle enabled to live not only in comfort but in luxury on—if their debts were to be reckoned—something less than nothing a year. He had innumerable relatives, for relatives counted in Kerry to the thirtieth generation, and, with his two horses and his twelve dogs, he quartered himself impartially on them. turn about, during the year. Cousin Kane considered himself a person of a peaceful and law-abiding disposition, if people would only let him alone, but unfortunately people would not let him alone, and, during one of his periodic visits to Derrynane, there were seventy-six actions for assault and battery pending against him at the Tralee assizes. "Cousin Kane's" mingled disgust and sorrow at the degeneracy of his young kinsman in the matter of the key was materially increased by another incident. Daniel, on a certain occasion, gave him whiskey instead of sherry by mistake. "And you have dared to offer the drink of peasants and shopkeepers to a gentleman like me?" exclaimed "Cousin Kane," in fury, after he had finished the cup at a draught. "Sir, you are a disgrace to your race; but—fill it up again, sir!" he concluded in a voice of thunder.

O'Connell began the practice of his profession in 1788, making Derrynane his centre from which he rode to the neighboring towns and cities. Almost from the first circuit he developed those extraordinary powers in cross-examination which rendered him the terror of the most hardened and cunning witness, and saved hundreds of innocent men from the clutches of the government informer. It was at the assizes of Tralee that he first gave evidence of his wonderful skill in coaxing, cajoling, bewildering witnesses, until finally they were thrown off their guard and could keep nothing from this mild-mannered gentleman, who, until the final question, had shown himself so agreeable and good-natured. It was essential to the success of his client's cause in the present trial that O'Connell should prove a certain witness intoxicated at the time to which his evidence related. But the man before him was an adept in twisting and turning. All he could get him to admit was, that he had had his "share of a pewter pint of whiskey." At last O'Connell had him reduced to a state in which he did not know exactly where he was, and then out flashed the question: "By the virtue of your oath, was not your share of the whiskey all except the pewter?" The unhappy victim had to admit that it was, and the case was won.

In time, the most case-hardened informer trembled as soon as O'Connell rose to question him. "Ayeh thin, and it's little I thought I'd have to meet ye here, Counsellor O'Connell," howled the principal informer in the Doneraile conspiracy, in despair, when he saw the Liberator take his seat in the court room. And well might he despair, for that wonderful cross-examination of O'Connell saved some of the most respectable Catholics of the district from the

Photo by
Mr. Jeremiah Curtin.

CAHIRCIVEEN.
The new church is the O'Connell Memorial Church; the large building near the river the Police Station.

scaffold, to which a hideous conspiracy entered into by the Castle and the Orange gentry of the county would have consigned them.

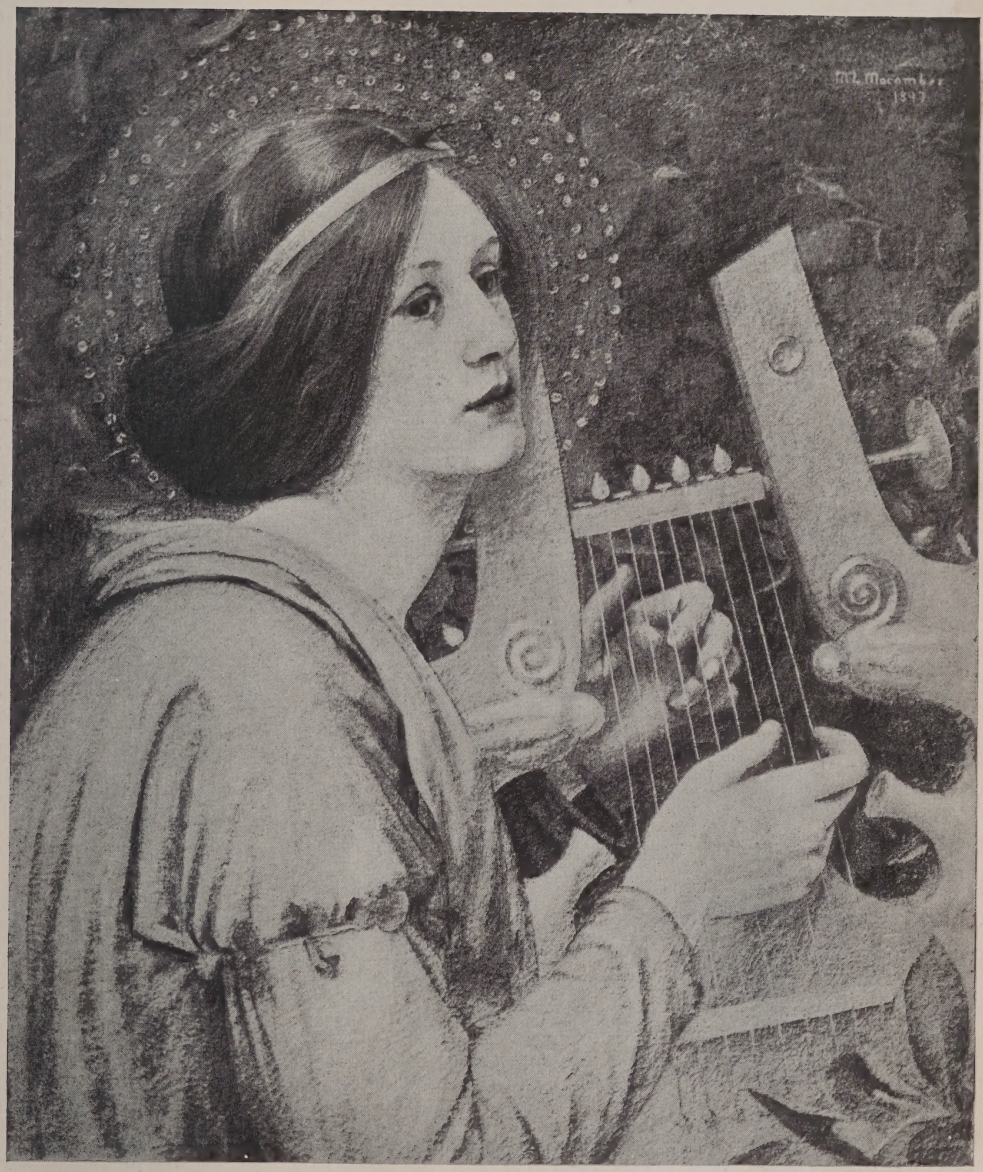
Throughout all the stormy vicissitudes of his marvelous career, O'Connell ever turned with affection to the home of his childhood. Its purple skies and rugged hillsides, its mountain lakes and deep, majestic estuaries whose shimmering waters reflected the tufted forests that came down to their margin, its gorges and precipices with their attendant torrents and cascades, all haunted him in the midst of the most agitated scenes of his checkered existence. Those who really love nature, love her in all her forms, and around his mountain home her manifestations in so many contrasted and varied shapes and perspectives of softness and terror, brightness and gloom, elevated the soul and soothed the heart of O'Connell. He was

> "Fond of each gentle
> and each dreary scene."

He returned to Derrynane with delight and left it with sadness. Sad indeed must have been his final parting with it in 1845, for he left it when the awful shadow of the famine was brooding over Ireland, left it with the aim, which he knew to be almost hopeless, of touching the cruel hearts of his country's tyrants. In two years he was to close his eyes on a foreign soil, his own heart broken by the desolation he was powerless to alleviate, dying amid the wrecks of his ruined hopes and shattered aspirations.

Photo by
Mr. Jeremiah Curtin.

OLD GRAVEYARD AT DERRYNANE.



A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

O, fairer than the glow of June
When nature's lyre is all in tune,
Shines the blessed Morn!
O'er snow-clad earth each breeze joy-laden
Bears message of the Lily Maiden,
And Babe new-born!

Sweeter than lark's song from leafy tree
Comes the echo of rarer harmony
From skies above;
Telling soft unto each gladdened clime
Good-will to men and peace sublime
And wondrous love.

St. Clare of Assisi.

THE MAESTRO'S GIFT AT NAVIDAD.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Within the quaint patio of the Capuchins there reigned a subdued brilliance, as if the warm brightness of the glowing Spanish day was shadowed by some cloudy vapor. Very beautiful it was. The sun gleamed here and there, and in the middle of the graceful court, the blue sky was plainly visible, one of those cloudless, deep, sapphire skies which seem like a thin veil betwixt mortals and the glories of Paradise. Meeting the myriad jets of the fountain, the sun sparkled and shimmered until it turned the rippling water into golden fire. Beneath the orange trees deep shadows lent coolness to the scene, and the Maestro sat idly there, his eyes, dark and dreamy, fixed thoughtfully upon the scene, familiar, since three years he had been the guest of the good Capuchins, yet unfamiliar in its ever varying loveliness. His strong-featured face expressed purity, gentleness and sweetness, a strange combination with the strength which shone in every line and marred its absolute artistic beauty, while rendering it far more attractive than mere beauty of feature could do. And the face was but an index to the character, for the Maestro was a rare soul, pure when others were vicious, strong where other men showed weakness and well bearing out his motto, "Live as one about to die." Many thoughts filled his mind and so engrossed was he that he heard not a hesitating step behind him as Brother Pepe, a simple lay-monk approached with the Maestro's dinner upon a tray.

"Senor Maestro—Maestro Murillo," said Brother Pepe, with hesitation, and Murillo looked up quickly.

"Ah, it is you Brother—Praised be the pure conception of Our Lady"—he said in the prescribed formula of greeting.

"So be it," answered Pepe, softly.

"You have my dinner—one moment—set it down, I pray. Tell me what you think of this lily stalk which I am painting. Is it like yonder snowy Annunciation Lily, good Brother, and into it have I breathed purity enough for the St. Anthony who kneels beside it?"—and the Maestro looked with loving anxiety at his work.

Brother Pepe clasped his hands.

"Ah, Maestro Mio!" he cried, "you have it in marvelous perfection! So white and pure are those flowers they seem to have come from heaven, yet so full of life that methinks the very birds and bees might alight upon them were it not for the monk beside them."

Murillo laughed, well pleased, then said, "Nay, Brother, but my San Antonio would not fright the feathered songsters, for in Spain 'tis well known that monks and birds get on very well together. This picture is for the great Cathedral of our fair city of Sevilla," and he turned to take his simple repast, a salad, a dish of puchero, a flask of wine and bread.

Brother Pepe stood long gazing at the wonderful painting, then gave a great sigh and tears came into the little man's dark eyes.

"What makes you sigh, good friend?" the Maestro asked kindly. "So well do you wait upon me, care for me here, that I like not to think you have a grief upon the earth. Tell me—tomorrow it is Navidad—the

blessed time of peace upon the earth. Some present will I give thee, only thou shalt speak and tell me what most thou wishest in all the earth," and with the peasant Spanish "thee and thou" in his speech, Murillo looked at him kindly.

"Ah, Senor Maestro," cried the humble monk, abashed, "there is but one thing in all the world the which I wish, and that is too great a boon to ask, though for the glory of my chapter house more than myself."

"Speak, Brother, thou shalt pay me with thy prayers," said Murillo. "According to my ghostly fathers of the Holy Office, my Purgatory is like to be long and thy prayers will not hurt!"

"Nay, but this is too much"—the lay-brother turned pale. "Pray for you I will and do—but the only Christmas gift I long for is one of thy paintings, Senor Maestro, and that is more than poor Pepe should e'en think of—is it not?" He hung his head.

"By my Faith!" said Murillo—"thou shalt verily have it! Two years have the holy Capuchins sheltered me within their walls because an enemy denounced me to the Inquisition. Thou know'st as well as I how that Holy Office is too often deceived and their disciplines made to serve private spite or political ends. It was told unto them that I—contrary to all rules—did paint the Blessed Mother of God with no shoes upon her feet and though it is not proved against me, yet I needs must tarry here. Much do I owe this brotherhood, and so I grant thy request. Only bring to me a canvas, large or small, and I will paint a Virgin that shall be the glory of thy chapter-house."

"A canvas—but Mio Maestro, I have not so much as a parita with which to buy one," cried the lay-brother.

"What matters it?" Murillo said gaily. "Here is the serviletta* which thou broughtest with that excellent puchero. This will serve and the title will be 'La Virgen de la Serviletta—Painted by Bartoleme Esteban Murillo—for Buen Hermano Pepe el Capuchino.' A model, I must have a model!" and snatching up paints, brushes and napkin he ensconced himself upon the convent wall and hastily washed in a background. Pausing, he looked down into the busy street below. Many were the idlers in the soft, Southern sunshine and as Maestro's glance fell upon one his color changed. There she was, the gipsy girl he had loved in his youth, but whom he had given up because another loved her too. With the brilliant sunshine full upon her she was radiantly beautiful, her eyes black and soft, her cloudy hair framing an oval face, regular and sweet, with full, pouting, crimson lips. Within her arms nestled a nino wondrously lovely, and Murillo gazed and gazed as if never could he look enough. Then, as if possessed by genius, he grasped his brush and painted. How the lovely face grew upon his canvas! Each lineament was portrayed with perfection, yet in his softest, most finished style. What masterly handling was his! How spirited was his touch and yet how sweet the face produced there! At last the evening shadow fell, the Angelus sounded upon the soft Sevillian air and the Maestro awoke from his trance. The mother and child slept beside the wayside, and with a lingering look at them, Murillo gathered up his precious work and sought the convent.

"Not yet, good Pepe," he said,

*Napkin.

feverishly, when the lay-brother pressed forward eagerly to receive the promised gift. "Not yet—'tis not quite dry, quite finished. I will keep it for awhile,"—and he carried it to his cell thinking that he could sell it for much or keep it for his own pleasure. There he gazed and gazed upon the lovely, pictured face. How it brought back to him days of youth and light and love. How he had loved that beautiful face of Zelina the gipsy. Had loved—nay, God help him—he loved it still, and the Maestro groaned aloud and paced up and down the cell in his passionate agony. So the evening waned, the gentle eve of Christmas, and at last he slept and dreamed.

In a vision he saw an angel and he bent over the Maestro as if to awaken him, yet 'twas but his spirit which awoke.

"It is the day of the first Christmas" said the angel. "What gift givest thou unto the Lord of Heaven today, oh, Senor Maestro?"

"Alas, fair angel! I am too poor to send a gift at Navidad unto so great a Prince," answered the Maestro, sighing deeply.

"Think well," replied the angel, gravely. "For thee the Prince came down to earth and made Himself thy Christmas gift. Ungrateful one, hast thou no present in return?"

Murillo shook his head in despair. "Nothing but my one talent of painting," he said. "That I have ever given to my Lord. Before the painting of my holy pictures I have fasted, scourged myself and prayed; all night kept lonely vigil like a squire before his knighthood; painted with a prayer upon my lips and in my heart. The grandest scenes of history—the history of my beloved Spain—have I neglected. From my brush has come no portrayal of the mighty Cid, no painting of Granada's Conquest. Although the marvelous Titian's Venus was shown to me in Madrid, I have never lent myself unto heathen art. Always have I been content to be called but 'The Painter of Conceptions' if only by my work I could raise men's hearts unto the Virgin Mother and her Child. Thus have I given my talent and my work to God—what have I left?"

"Thy heart," the angel whispered low.

"But that I gave long, long ago," the painter cried amazed.

"Thou did'st take it back today." How calm and solemn was the angel's voice!

"Today—what meanest thou?"—the Maestro's tone was sadly wondering.

"Look," was all the angel said, with a commanding gesture.

The Maestro gazed upon the painting he had wrought with so much skill. Alas! what fearful change was there! That pictured face was no more his fair and sweet Madonna. It had changed into a grewsome thing, of earth, not heaven. The wondrous Madonna was but a gipsy maiden, the child a chubby beggar and no more the gentle, awesome Christ-Child.

Murillo groaned aloud and hid his face.

"Maestro," the angel spoke gently yet firmly: "Maestro Murillo, work done for God is good. But when a work is done but for an earthly purpose, it must be earthly. Within thy home there is thy good and faithful wife. It is not meet that another maid should fill thy thoughts even for a day. For her likeness—that of a gipsy maid—thou wouldst break thy word of honor to the good brother to whom thou did'st promise the picture for Navidad. Hast thou no gift to give the gentle Christ-Child?"

The angel ceased and the Maestro

cried aloud, "Sweet Christ, my heart, my life, is thine"—and in the angel's stead there stood within the deep'ning darkness of the room—the Infant Christ, one baby hand outstretched in blessing as he dropped a rose beside the Maestro, the other pointing upward. Murillo awoke, and heard the sweet chime of the Angelus ring for the morn of Navidad.

A rose—a lovely, fragrant rose—fresh and fair, lay upon his couch, and a strange perfume hung about the room. He sprang to his feet and gazed upon the picture. How different it looked in the morning light! He seized his brush and painted fast, murmuring over and over, "Ah, Christ, sweet Christ! A gift for thee at Navidad—my heart, my life!"

And then the painting seemed to take on newer beauty. The feverish light within the deep eyes gave place to saintly calm; a sweeter dignity grew upon the broad brow, a gentler dignity o'er all. The child became a child-God in very truth, and when simple Brother Pepe came to call the Maestro unto the first Christmas, the painter said. as he placed the canvas in his hands—"'Tis thine, hermano mio, all thine. Do with it as thou wilt, only pray for me that the Christ-Child may come into my heart this day and take thou this gift for Navidad."

WAITING.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

I take my way
When life seems gray
To watch the blue-capped waves that play
Upon the lake,
And let thoughts make
Their own sweet course, and memories wake
That long have slept, and gently take
Me back to some forgotten day.

As pure sun-rays
Will change the grays
Of cold, harsh skies into a blaze
Of light that stains
The spiral fanes
Of gargoyled clouds; so old, sad trains
Of day-dreams run in sweeter strains
When set to music of child-days.

When thrushes trill,
And the fields are still,
And mottled with the daffodil;
When death is far
As some vague star
That spans the lake, with faint-traced spar,
To-night I look beyond the bar
And long to cross—yet bide His will.

COSTLY INDIFFERENCE.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

I am of the opinion that the people, who have been born and reared along the Atlantic seacoast, scarcely ever realize the grandeur and extent of their own country. They apply the term the "Far West" to the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, all of which lie within the geographical limits of the far East.

The great states of the Missouri valley teeming with life and prosperity, and rich with the abundance which nature had so generously lavished upon them, regard with compassionate indulgence the illusions which the people of the Atlantic States cherish with regard to them.

One hundred years ago, New England had a monopoly of the population, brains and wealth of the country. A century has passed. It still dreams it is the New England of old and no one has been unkind enough to dispel the hallucination. It is almost cruel to think that, two years since, proud young Nebraska questioned the propriety of giving so obscure a corner of the country as Maine the second place on the presidential ticket. And yet Nebraska lies only at the gateway of the West. Beyond its borders lie great states, whose undeveloped resources may yet mold the destinies of the nation, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Colorado and Idaho, rich in those treasures of silver, gold, iron and coal, the possession of which has never failed to bring power, wealth and prominence. It takes no prophet's eye to foresee that fifty years hence, great cities will crown this magnificent expanse of mountain and plain—that the spectacle, which has been witnessed in the Mississippi Valley will be repeated in the regions of what is really and truly "The Great West"—that the ten Western states, which embrace as much territory as all the other states combined, will in the coming century undergo a transformation as wonderful as that which has visited the region lying between the Mississippi and the Alleghanies.

These are the days of opportunity and the hour in which the seed of future triumphs must be sown. This is the hour in which the Catholic Church of the West must lay the foundation of that success, which will come to it only as the fruit of prudent and well directed efforts.

One of the chief sources of regret on the part of a Catholic, who studies the history of the Church in America is that she was found unprepared to cope with the great tide of immigration and colonization, which followed the success of American arms in the war of the revolution. How many thousands of Catholics were lost to the fold, because the Church of America had not priests to minister to the needs of the ever-increasing faithful and how many more have since been lost, because the means ready to hand were not employed wisely and well!

The struggle of the Church from the beginning has been one of self-preservation. Almost all of its efforts have been directed towards preserving the faith in the hearts of those who were Catholics by birth and early training. For a century this has been its distinctive aim.

There are those amongst us, who imagine that this struggle for self-preservation has ended, that the days of peace and prosperity, spiritual and

temporal, are upon us, that almost all of the wayward ones have been reclaimed and that secure in the possession of that which rightfully belongs to us, we can move forward to fresh conquests.

There are others again, and they are not a few, who fancy we have saved all who can be saved, that those of Catholic birth and parentage who still remain without the fold, are irreclaimable and that further effort in their behalf is time spent in vain.

Both views are erroneous. The work of self-preservation has not yet ended. The work of proselytism continues and on a much vaster scale than the great mass of Catholics suppose. True, the deep-seated fanaticism of former years has given place to a more tolerant spirit, but the work of winning souls from the Catholic faith goes silently on under various forms, each contributing to swell the grand total of the Church's annual loss.

One form of proselytism, which I merely mention in passing, has assumed proportions, all the more alarming as it has become a national work, and is carried on, ostensibly on strictly non-sectarian lines. I refer to the Societies for the "Homes of the Friendless," which have been founded in so many of the cities of the country, that the number of the inmates reaches far up into the thousands.

All of those with which I have come in contact are animated by the same spirit and proceed along the same lines. They are generally supported by state funds, presided over by superannuated preachers or their wives, and are supposed to be conducted on the broadest principles of religious tolerance; but let a Catholic endeavor to secure a child for adoption and he will see the fanaticism ooze out at every pore.

If there be any incredulous person let him try. We tried it in Nebraska but without success. We found that the children of poor and unfortunate Catholic parents, for whom we had procured desirable Catholic homes, were not for adoption. They were too precious to be considered other than as "brands snatched from the burning." I may add that the aforesaid refusal cost this society the state appropriation of some $30,000 a year, and we will see to it in the future that the Catholics of at least one state will not contribute towards supporting a system of proselytism.

What is true of their methods in Nebraska is true of them everywhere. Annually we receive out here carloads of children from the Homes of the Friendless established in the large cities of the East. They wish to bring them up to a life of usefulness on the farms of the West. I know of one town in Western Iowa to which over three hundred of those children were shipped in one load. The consignee in every case is the Methodist minister. The task of distributing is committed to the most devout members of his flock and "no Catholic need apply."

I have personally observed the distribution of some five hundred of such children and though many Catholics applied, in not one solitary instance was their application successful.

The greatest sinner in this regard is the New York Society for the Home of the Friendless. Every year they send many hundreds of children to Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa and they will give them to unbelievers much more readily than they will to Catholics. And yet I would not be surprised if that society received a large appropriation from the State of New York. There are other forms of proselytism with which the aver-

age reader is familiar; and although they have been unmasked time and again by the Catholic press of the country, they have not thereby ceased to be worthy of a paternal vigilance. There are, however, losses, which are not due to positive systems of proselytism. These are the losses that come to the Church by reason of neglect to provide the proper facilities for Catholic worship. I will try to explain what I mean.

In this Western country there is an immense number of small towns. Almost every county in Nebraska has from five to ten of such towns, with populations varying from two hundred to two or three thousand. They are centres of trade for the surrounding country and here as a rule, churches have been built. When I say "Churches," I do not mean exclusively Catholic Churches. The sects have, I fear, surpassed us in this matter. There is scarcely a town with a population of two hundred souls, in the whole of Nebraska, in which the Methodists have not established a place of worship.

The Catholic Church has devoted much of its care to the large cities, but it can be safely said, that as a rule, the small towns of the United States have been neglected. A traveler from New York to Denver will pass through hundreds of small towns, and sometimes towns that are not small, in which the cross-crowned steeple is conspicuously absent. Will anyone be rash enough to assert that there are no Catholics to be found in and around such places?

The great problem we priests of the West have to face and the one that costs us the most anxiety of soul, is the fact that, out here at least, there are Catholics in such localities, and so many of them, that the total aggregate would be a great and grievous loss to the Church. They settled there in early days and no form of persuasion will induce them to leave. Their children are being brought up apart from every Catholic influence. The parents themselves have grown cold and indifferent. It takes God's grace, as it comes through the reception of His Holy Sacraments, to keep the fire of faith bright and warm in the soul. What is to be done? Will the occasional visit of a priest to their homes suffice? They are ours; they must be saved; but how?

In the older parts of the country we fear they have been neglected too long, yet, even the oldest parts of the Union are constantly receiving fresh accessions of population so that almost everywhere, the Church is confronted with a solution of the same problem.

The Church of America has had so much to do in the past, it was only natural that some corner of the fold should be overlooked. Scarcely had the task of building churches in the most important cities been completed when the work of supplying schools for the rising generations became a necessity. And then there were orphanages and hospitals and many other institutions of public necessity to be built and equipped—much of which had to be accomplished in the midst of many discouragements and at the cost of many sacrifices. All this we know to be true, but we are convinced nevertheless, that many souls have been lost, who might have been saved had proper provision been made for their spiritual welfare.

An humble church here and there amongst the scattered Catholics of the land, built not by themselves but by Diocesan funds, with the occasional visit of a missionary apostolic, would have been to them a perpetual reminder of the holy faith which their fathers loved better than life and worldly prosperity; but no, they and

their children have been abandoned to the Methodists and to the other sects, who know so well the wiles, whereby the members of the "Old Faith" are weaned from their spiritual allegiance.

"I have one hundred and twenty-five blood relations back in Pennsylvania, all of whom are Protestants. Like myself, they are descendants of a good old Irish progenitor who was as fixed in his faith as the rock of Cashel." These words were said to me the other day by an eminent Catholic layman, whose name is a familiar word in every Catholic home in the land.

The general outline being given, my imagination could supply the rest. It was the old story of a community without a church, a few mixed marriages and perhaps the great and not uncommon sin of a Catholic progenitor, who loved a locality better than the law of the Lord.

The Catholic Church has yet much to do in the United States. We believe that the building of churches in the thousands of small towns that cover the face of the country, and supplying the same with a band of devoted, self-sacrificing priests, constitute by no means the least noble of the tasks before her. The eternal gratitude of the generations yet unborn awaits the man or men, who will found a Catholic Church Extension Society and establish it on an enduring basis. The "Society for the Propagation of the Faith," is nothing more or less than a Church Extension Society for heathen lands from which the contributors expect nothing in return, but the reward attached to so worthy a work. The constitution and methods of the Methodist Society for Church Extension would furnish Catholics much food for reflection, and perhaps for self-examination.

The priests of the Western plains, alternating between the hopes and fears of pioneer life, sometimes read with envy of the magnificent improvements, entailing many thousands of dollars being made on the churches of the great cities; and we have been foolish enough to exclaim in our heart of hearts: "Oh, if we had a few of those many thousands of dollars to build here and there churches for the scattered Catholics, how many would we not save who must now perchance be lost!"

Unlike those of older communities they are still amenable to the influences of the Church, if they can be only brought in contact with them. And this country is constantly growing. Nothing can keep it down but a cataclysm of nature. It lies midway between the Atlantic and Pacific. All the great transcontinental lines meet and intersect here. With a soil unsurpassed for fertility, bounded on all sides by a territory with unlimited natural resources, it gives fair promise of becoming in the near future the fairest and richest portion of the Union.

This then is the hour of the Church's opportunity. Twenty-seven years ago there were not a dozen houses where the City of Omaha now stands. What think you will the next quarter of a century do for this region? It will do what the last quarter of a century has done for Ohio and Indiana, viz.: treble its population, wealth and commercial importance.

Will we build magnificent churches in the big cities, and let the little towns go to spiritual perdition? Cologne Cathedral was built in ten centuries. In many parts of the country they want to build churches as large as the Cathedral of Cologne in ten years.

We would be satisfied with humble beginnings. A thousand dollar church in many localities in Nebraska would be an instrument of incalculable blessings.

Seventeen miles from here there is a beautiful little church, a parochial residence with a resident priest, and a membership of over fifty families. Three years ago it was not known that there were any Catholics in that locality. The accidental visit of a priest, a mission on the Father Elliot plan, aroused the dormant faith of Catholics who for almost a quarter of a century had been deprived of the helps and consolations of religion. Fortunately the impulse being given the people had faith enough left to realize the urgent necessity in which they stood of the Church's ministrations. Ten years hence it might have been too late. Many of the young people would by that time have grown to maturity and would have chosen for themselves a creed less exacting, than the code of morals laid down by the Catholic Church. The work which may be done in the days of childhood and youth is well nigh impossible in the years of maturity. Such incidents are not by any means uncommon in the West. There are many towns in this state where similar care would achieve similar and perhaps greater results.

And thus I come to the second class of churchmen, whom I mentioned in the beginning of this article, viz.: Those who believe that the Catholics who still remain without the fold, are irreclaimable. They know, or at least they ought to know, that there are thousands of such scattered here and there throughout localities where there are no churches. Gloss it over as we may the fact remains, that if they be lost it is because no steps are being taken to save them.

There is only one way in the world of saving them, and that is by supplying them with priests and churches; and those do not grow by the wayside.

"What do you mean?" I hear some one say. "Is it to go out and build a church where the people themselves will not build it?" That is just what I mean. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is building thousands of such churches in foreign lands in the hope of saving savages. We want some kind of a church building society to save our white, civilized Americans. Such a society could go down into dioceses in this country, that are a century old and find much to do.

I have no doubt that to many of our ecclesiastical students now in the seminaries of the country, the idea of eking out a precarious existence, by ministering to the needs of so indifferent an element would be highly distasteful; yet I sincerely believe there are hundreds of priests ready for the work, if the impulse be only given.

My aim is merely to call attention to an existing condition of things. To suggest a remedy is scarcely within my province.

Perhaps in the days to come, wealthy Catholics may come to realize that they can build themselves enduring monuments, by providing from the abundance which the Lord has given them, places of worship for such as have the misfortune to be placed in the unhappy circumstances to which I refer. Perhaps in the near future, some of the wealthy churches of the East may take a struggling church of the Western prairies under its protecting wing, supplying it, as it were, with its cast off ecclesiastical clothes in the possession of which the spiritual foundling might well rejoice.

I do not know of any nobler way of giving to the Lord than that of rais-

ing an altar to His name, amongst those who stand in the direst need of the Church's ministrations.

I know of twenty localities in this diocese, where the erection of little churches would be productive of more good than all the magnificent steeples and sweet-sounding chimes and costly luxuries upon which so much money is being lavished in this country.

They tell us there are many signs of hopefulness about the Catholic Church in the United States. We have a mighty movement for higher education amongst our clergy and laity. We have our splendid National University, numerous schools and colleges, and educational facilities without end. We have dozens of distinguished converts, over whom we make an extraordinary fuss. That is well. It is only as it should be. I do hope, with the hope of a priest that comes in contact with many of the "Ought-to-be" Catholics, that the next great movement in the Church will look to the salvation of those, who were born, baptized and reared in the Faith, but who will inevitably be lost if the Church of America does not provide them with those facilities for worship which are essential to at least the preservation of the Faith.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

BY REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.

Beside the streams of Babylon
The captive people sat in tears;
The willows held their silent harps,
Their hearts were with the vanished years.
Their captors gave command
To sing a hymn of other days;
But they could not sing a song of praise
In a strange land.

I sometimes feel, in dreary hours,
That God is robed in viewless light,
And dwells apart in majesty,
While I am just a careless mite.
But if His guiding hand
Let erring feet thread endless maze,
How could we sing a song of praise
In a strange land?

We live no more in banishment.
Though passing strange, I know that He,
Whose shadow gilds the setting sun,
Has come on earth to bide with me.
'Tis hard to understand,
O Sacred Heart, Thy lowly lot.
Accept my song of praise—but not
In a strange land.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

HRISTMAS morn the children shrieked their delight when they saw revealed the result of "Auntie's" labor in their behalf,—a branching evergreen weighted with toys and goodies of diverse enticing sorts; nevertheless, in the first promise of dusk they clamored with unwearied eagerness for the crowning glory of the day,—the lighting of the Christmas tree.

With gurgles of satisfaction they rewarded the splutter of myriad candles of various colors, the glancing loops of gold and silver thread, the wriggling candy soldiers, the dangling corn balls, and endless festoons of cranberry, and to sum the whole, the fascinating debris of a Christmas in the nursery! And to think! What an eternity since such had fulfilled her youthful longing!

Like the trail of the sun upon the frosted window-panes, the lights and laughter cleft the recesses of the old maid's past, that past so well concealed that her world envied a life lived without regret! A tear forced its way from beneath her eyelids! Rapturous, her young nephews and nieces saw nothing but each other's delight, while their mother had long since ceased to realize that a maiden sister had other reason for living than to lessen her motherly burdens. Knowing herself forgotten for the nonce, Miss Williams, quietly donning her wraps, made her way, still quietly, to the deserted street. It was seldom that she, the plain, evenly-poised little woman, who, coming into large and unexpected fortune late in life, had constituted herself the custodian of the means of cheer to less fortunate fellows, indulged in profitless regret; but what human heart is proof against the touch of memory's wand! Oh, could she go back to that Christmas night of twenty years ago, would she banter with thoughtless coquetry the soldier-lover who so ardently sued her troth ere he left for the far Western fort to which duty assigned him? Alas! He had departed angry and disheartened, and only when too late, had she admitted that he alone in the world of men held the key to unlock her gate of happiness.

She had not heard of him now for many years, and yet deep in her heart smoldered the hope that some day he would return! Oh surely, some day, and then——!

"Oh, Miss Williams! Did you know a little boy had got drowned in the lake?" cried an excited child as the lady tried to force a way through the crowd obstructing the bridge which fords that pretty sheet of water centring Boston's Public Garden.

"He's been in the water ever so long," volubly. "His mother's awful poor, and she got him the skates for Christmas, and he lives way down Charles Street, and he's his mother's only child. O yes, I know his name, it is Tony Evans!"

Miss Williams shivered. "You said——"

"Yes'm, Tony Evans. See! See! They're bringing him up!"

Unthinkingly she surged with the curious toward the right side of the bridge. Suddenly the crowd parted, and she was looking down upon a dripping burden carried between two men, a burden which left to her eternal memory a white face and two sightless eyes upturned to the dusky sky.

She trembled; behind, the lights from her sister's mansion on Arlington Street twinkled between the bare trees like inviting stars, whilst onward to the left loomed the fashionable corner she called home. She stood one awesome moment uncertain whether to turn back, then the horror of that white face, as well as the weird coincidence of name, urging her forward, she found herself standing fascinated, like the others, by very dread, before a small wooden pavilion where the men had temporarily deposited their burden.

From their vantage point near the tiny window-panes, agile boys announced that volunteers were working with a will to revive the little fellow. Miss Williams longed to push her way to the front, but a sort of waking nightmare stagnated her intent.

Suddenly the throng nearest the windows, stretching upward as one gaping body, push backward. "He's coming to! He's going to live!" is echoed from lip to lip.

"Thank God!" cried Miss Williams, her heart in her voice.

"Don't ma'am," vouchsafed a sturdy by-stander; then interrogated by her movement,—"I know the breed. That boy's father come of good people; his grandfather was a governor no less, an' the boy went to West Point, no less; an' got sent out to Arizona fort years and years ago; but he drifted back, livin' hand to mouth, an' from bad to worst, till now he's in jail for beatin' and nearly killin' that boy's mother. Don't you ask God to change His will ma'am. He knows best."

"But—it is Christmas night, and the boy is a mother's only hope," she faltered, while beneath her wrap a chilled hand pressed tightly her faintly-beating heart.

"Better she had no child of that breed," the man retorted.

She turned away in a spasm of mingled pity and indignation.

"He lives! He lives!" echoed the crowd. For a moment it seemed she must succumb to a strange faintness, and beg the cynic's arm for aid, but forcing all her will, she mechanically turned toward the beckoning lights of her own towering corner.

A bright fire gleamed behind her library grate. There were roses on the mantel, and the table was laden with friendship's remembrances. Her little maid, fair and young, ran to meet her with evident solicitude. Urging her into a great chair, she rubbed the chilled hands, and half unwillingly the old maid admitted to her common sense that though the romance of her youth had been lost in a commonplace sequel, there was possible cheer in material things.

"Ha! Now I am myself again," resting deep in her chair, "and as it is wearing late, Nellie, you hurry on your wraps, and go inquire about the little boy who was so nearly drowned; the policeman or somebody round the garden will tell you just where to find him—and his mother. The name is—is Evans. You must not mention my name, but take a good look about their home and see what we can do to make the boy comfortable. Again I say—thank God he was spared to his poor mother."

The kindly soul allowed her tired

back to settle deeper into the comfortable chair, and in the warmth of the barred grate, sparkling its cannel-coal, she closed her tired eyes and gave herself to reverie.

* * * * *

Again it is Christmas night, and Miss Williams is weary, weary as she has been for many years. The years have made men and women of the children she once labored to delight, and the day has come when neither work nor niche seem waiting for the lonely old woman.

A rap upon the panel! In response to "Come in," the same Nellie appears, the same, yet a stouter, more sedate Nellie.

"Oh ma'am! I am so sorry to have to tell you, but Tony Evans——"

"Tony Evans again!" she sighed, making a cumbersome effort to turn in her well-worn chair; "he was snatched from death, but O, how illy has he repaid God's care."

"He was saved for one end, only one," groaned Nellie, "for just like his father, he's gone from bad to worse, till he's in jail for——"

"Spare me, Nellie, for I prayed God to change His will——!"

There is a loud rap upon the panels. Miss Williams yawned lazily. Another rap. She starts up well awake, and rubs her eyelids, smarting in the blaze of the coals. "I have been asleep," she murmured, "and I dreamt that many years had passed, and that—and that——"

"O ma'am!" panted Nellie, the still youthful maid, pushing wide the door, "I'm sorry to waken you, but I've just got back from the far end of Charles Street where you sent me, an' I'm sorry to tell you, the white crape was just going on the door as I got to it, for little Tony Evans was drowned after all. I came straight back to ask you what I should do now?"

"Nothing, nothing now—but forget—and I will forget!" Miss Williams said, turning her face that Nellie might not see the tears misting her eyes.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

(Continued.)

They went down the gang-plank, and, after a brief tour of inspection, the moment of farewell arrived. Mr. Irving turned away while the parents said good-bye to their only child, and when that was over, shook hands with Mrs. Dugan, whose tears hid his handsome, half-regretful face from her vision. The Pilot grasped his hand in silence, and Mr. Irving noticed an expression in the honest blue eyes he could not fathom. They passed from him to Lucy, standing by her mother's side, the tears on her fair cheeks, the wind tossing her gold hair.

"You wouldn't forget my little girl, if anything were to happen to us, Mr. Irving?" said the old man, in a voice trembling with feeling. At the words a fire leaped into the dreamy, dark eyes of the young man, a warmth showed under the dark-skinned face, while his hand held the rough one with a grasp that was felt; for the perfect, unquestioning faith in him that father's request implied fell on his soul like a benediction, lifted him to a height where he knew he must stand with uncovered brow.

"While I live, Mr. Dugan," he said, "your child, should she need them, will never miss a brother's care and guidance."

The old man wrung his hand in silence, then imprinting another kiss on his daughter's brow, he turned from them, for his place in the Dixie's watch-tower. Soon Lucy and Jasper left the boat and with the others stood on the bank watching the white bark that held many a fond hope, many a man's wealth, and for one, her all of human affections. The bells began to ring, the great wheels to move, then, with a tremor of joy at her release, the Dixie slipped out into the bosom of the river. Handkerchiefs and hats waved from the deck and shore, the band opened up its light farewell, the starry flag shook out its silk folds to the breeze, and the Dixie having found her current headed for the South. Like a white dream floating down a maiden's sleep, she sailed past the great warehouses, under the steel bridges, then, with a whistle of farewell and a last gleam of the heaven-born colors floating from her flag-staff, she passed the bend made by the projecting of the Kentucky shore, and was lost to the watching eyes.

Jasper Irving's abilities and close attention to every detail of his work had not passed unnoticed, and when illness compelled the city editor to retire, the new man was offered the position. There were some lifting of the eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders when the promotion was announced, but journalism is a good-natured profession, and there is seldom found in it one to envy his fellow worker his success. Miss Maraytt, if not among the first to offer congratulations, for once let slip her mockery, and he felt her pleasure, if not great, was at least sincere. In their new relations their intercourse was at first somewhat strained, and often he felt his hand falter as he wrote out her assignments. There were times when, as he bent over her name, a great longing awoke to take her forever away from this life, to place her where no man should ever again send her out to work at his

wish, her pleasure or convenience never being considered; for the chivalric Southerner can never rightly place the new woman. She has forsaken her old-time walks of womanhood; she crosses swords with him in the battle of life, and sometimes proves her superiority; she may lead him by her waywardness along bitter paths; but she is still woman, to be protected, loved, scolded maybe, but always to be deferred to. He took to watching Miss Maraytt closely, and thought he often caught a gleam of weariness in her eyes, a little tired droop around the red lips, and the appeal they made to him was stronger than was ever her dark beauty or piquant manner. On one such time remembering he had given her a number of assignments, he followed her to the door as she was leaving, and said:

"Do you care to look up all those places, Miss Maraytt? I can send Calbert to the less important ones for you."

For one instant she almost weakened under the tenderness of his words, then, with that indescribable mockery in her voice, she asked:

"Since when has asking a reporter's wishes become a part of the offices of the city editor?"

He drew back as if she had struck him across the face, but a light leaped into his dark eyes that made the mockery fade from hers. For one second they stood looking at each other, then he said, and his voice had in it tones she had never caught before, though she had thought she knew it well,

"Will you let me see your assignments, please?"

She hesitated, paled to the lips, then, with a gathering of contempt in her dark eyes that seemed to pour itself over all his life, she handed him her slip of paper. Without looking at it, he tore it into pieces.

"I will make you out a new one," he said, turning toward his office, and she went back to her desk. In a little while he re-appeared and laid another slip before her, and without a word she took it and quietly left the room.

Jasper Irving's contemplations, when pressure of the great newspaper's work allowed time for such, were far from being pleasant. At the thought of that first brief moment when the bright, independent creature had half-yielded herself to the solicitude his words implied, he felt himself carried away in a dream of the sweetest happiness his heart had ever known; but the recollections of the after rapidly following events, rudely dispelled the illusion. Had he met her rebuff as a gentleman should, his present unhappy situation had been hers; as it was he had stooped to retaliation, and by the unfairest of means one can employ against another, his authority. The blood tingled through his veins as he recalled her look, with its long, silent contempt, a woman's last resort when injured beyond repairing. And that he, of all men, had brought it into any woman's eyes, and that of all women that one should be Miss Maraytt, made him bite his lip in his anger. That she should have seen him fail one iota from the generosity of his nature, and that she should have the power to make him fail, rankled in his mind and would not be quieted; for almost as much as he regretted his conduct, he resented the knowledge that none but Miss Maraytt could have forced him into it. She did not appear during the afternoon, and when he left for supper her desk was vacant. That even[illegible] he had promised Lucy Duga[illegible] to [illegible] her to Music Hall where a [illegible] ist was running a two-nigh[illegible]

ment, and as he left the office, he shook off the remembrance of the affair. He was not going to mar Lucy's pleasure. She had shown herself quick to notice any change in his manner. In the weeks that had elapsed since Pilot Dugan had seen the tall, black spires of the Queen City fade from view, Jasper Irving had never forgotten his promise and never was the pressure of work so great as to push Lucy from his mind. Every Sunday morning found him in the cool, convent parlor and the Sister, who at first was sorely puzzled whether it was for the good of Pilot Dugan's young daughter to cultivate the friendship of a man evidently so far above her in social life, had long ago been won over from that opinion, which, if cautious, she knew was ungenerous. In different ways he evinced his constant remembrance of Lucy, but so delicately she was spared all sense of obligation, and neither she nor the Sister who so often told her beads in the cloister chapel for her young charge realized how those Sunday morning visits, those hours of quiet, restful talk with the high-minded girl, were as refreshing to the tired, hard working and world-weary man as a gentle rain to the parched earth. He found it strangely interesting to hear Lucy tell him that the reverend Mother had permitted her the use of a recently-purchased piano, that her progress in music was astonishing to the good nuns, and he thought he had never seen anything past a picture of St. Cecilia so beautiful as Lucy Dugan's face when she, to please him, sat by the instrument playing for him the simple Southern airs he loved so well. Sometimes at night, when the reporters were making merry outside and the great piles of corrected proofs were ready for the printing room, he indulged in dreams of what he wished might be for her; but ever as its conclusion showed him Lucy Dugan receiving the plaudits of a crowd, he asked himself if its realization would bring him such pleasure; if he would wish to see on her face, in her eyes, the expression too many women wear; if he would have her learn the world's hard lesson as she must learn it who steps beyond the safe confines of home; and the response of his heart was ever "No."

Lucy Dugan had never attended a fashionable entertainment at Music Hall, but her woman's wit made her equal to the occasion. Her dress would assuredly be one of the simplest in the audience that would largely represent the elite and wealth of the city, but in point of taste and becomingness it fully made up for what it lacked in richness of material. She had all a woman's natural art for dressing advantageously and the wisdom too few women possess of suiting their attire to their years; so in her simple white gown, her gold hair framing her face like a halo, and the pink roses he had sent her lying amid their green leaves on her bosom, she was like the mistress of a poet's dream; and looking at her, Jasper Irving wondered how it chanced that this human blossom had reached such perfection in the home where he had found her. More than one opera-glass was leveled at them as they entered Music Hall that evening, while more than one woman whispered to her neighbor "Do you know who they are?" To one such interlocutor Miss Maraytt replied, "The gentleman is Mr. Irving, but I do not know the lady," and for the next minute she studied her programme attentively, heedless of the small talk Mr. Onell and his aristocratic mother were exchanging.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

THOU Cheery Heart! thou
Merry Heart!
How bright thy birthday's
prophecy!
Oh! Through the little
Christ-Child's love,
May we its sweet
fulfillment see!

PROPHECY.

"Tuesday's bairn is fu' of grace,
Blithe of heart and glad of face.
O'er life's cares her feet shall spring,
Light as swallows on the wing.
When storms come she's like the grass,
Drops a courtesy as they pass.
Wind nor rain can bring her ill—
Merry little daffodil."

Thou Cheery Heart! thou
Merry Heart!
All brimming o'er with
baby glee,
Methinks thy grace and
gladness are
The Christ-Child's own sweet
gifts to thee.

A MORSEL IN SEASON.

BY H. M. SYLVESTER.

UT in the street the snow falls silently like feathers or flecks of shadow in the light of the waning December afternoon. The shop-windows glow with myriad form and color, everything that human mind can invent, or hand or loom fashion. The streets are crowded with humanity of every condition of life, and no one minds the snow for that is a part of the romance of Christmas shopping. It is Christmas-tide almost, and it is hardly respectable to be seen on the street these days without a load of bundles, yet there are those who are empty in hand, purse and heart, and who find some gleam of enjoyment in this glamour of plenty.

There is a singular exuberance of feeling abroad. A rude elbowing or jostling brings a complacent smile instead of a frown, and no one seems in a hurry. It is a season of sight-seeing, admiring and possessing, of chance salutations and jovial good-nature. The poor and the rich mingle and touch elbows for the once, as if there were no social strata. Sociological conditions are apparently obliterated, even though by comparison they are more notable and emphatic.

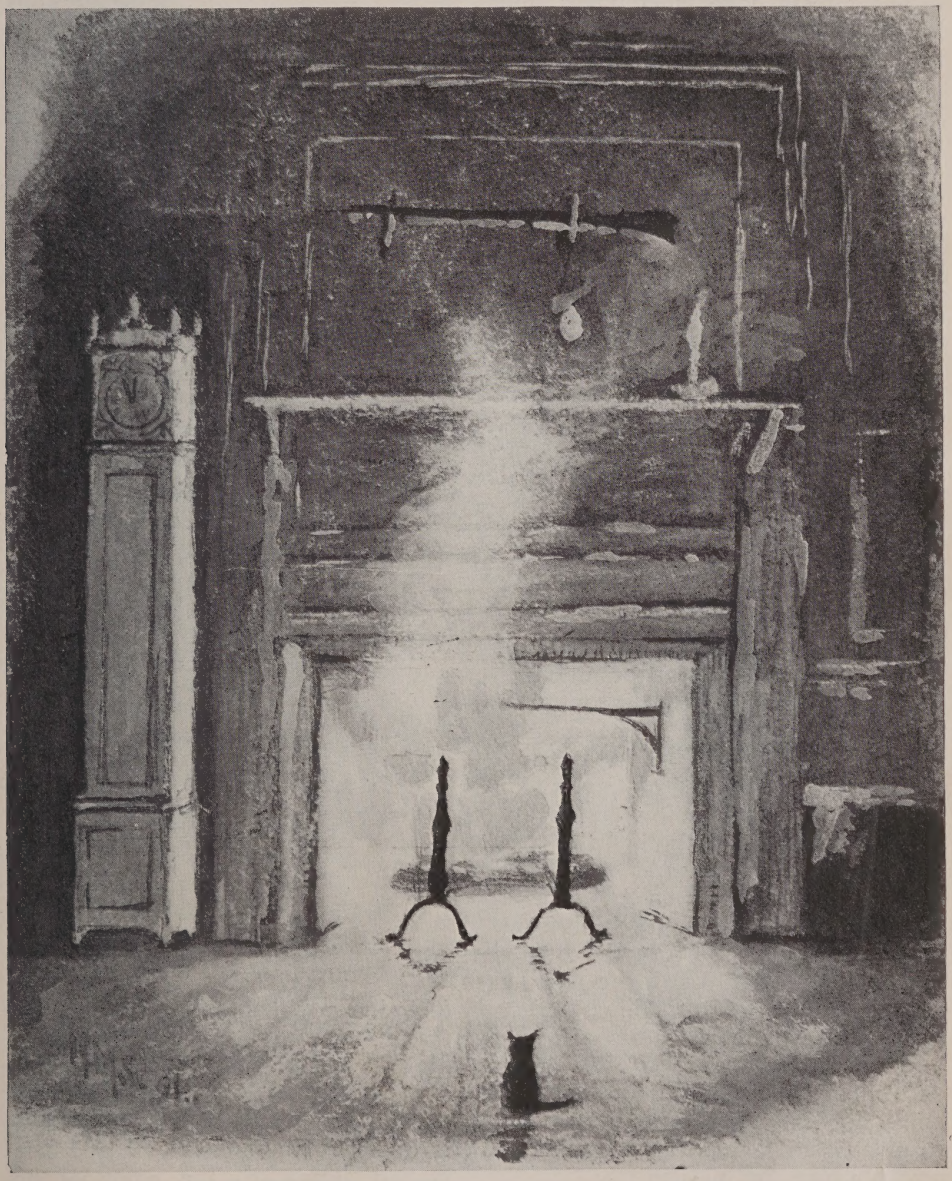
The picture is a composite one, drawn with a rough and ready technique. It is a fascinating outlook and to one who is inclined to go deeper than the surface, it is a picture that is likely to linger long in the mind and to arouse reflections of a not unserious character. Its lights are high and low. It is both gay and exceeding sombre. Its perspectives are endless and shrouded in the obscurities of extreme poverty. Its gradations are easy, yet sharp, emphatic and even indurated.

Here are the man and woman of leisure, the worker, the unfortunate unemployed and the poverty-pinched. Here are both sexes, adult and adolescent, each controlled, impelled or restrained by circumstance, and all merged into a whole, into a human canvas of differing values, with so many dyes and pigments in its coloring, and each laid on with varying touch. Here is life, sentiment, coloring, animation and true pathos.

Christmas-tide is in every heart, but each heart makes its own music. It may be an entrancing strain or pitched in minor key, but the song that is unsung ever, is the song of other days, a never-to-be-forgotten melody that comes sweetest and saddest at this season of giving and receiving, and tears and laughter mingle in a moment's span. These pictures of the street are kaleidoscopic. They are intensely interesting and suggestive, and endless in their suggestion. They set one to dreaming, and it is as if these irrepressible life currents had been parted even as was the Red Sea in the days of bondage, or as if a huge avalanche of snow had overwhelmed and buried these great thoroughfares so rich with the plenty of years, and so prophetic of good things held in abeyance and to come,

to send one backward over roads long untraveled. These are the days of romance and fairy-land.

Everywhere in the show-windows of the great stores, and in the stalls of the big markets, one gets the odor of the hills and the dark fir woods that have been levied on for garnishment. In all the windows are fir trees festooned with endless strings and tangled loops of popped corn, white as the snow-flakes that fall upon the throngs in the streets. The smell of the woods and of the elfin



"The big fireplace that reached half way across the low-ceiled kitchen."

corn, weaves a spell of enchantment of the days that are now as far away as the windy hills that have given of their fir trees in these days of Christmas preparation.

O, the magic of these loops of blossomed corn!

The streets have fallen apart and humanity is changed in a twinkling to the kindred shapes of the corn-field.

I am not alone in this romancing. There are others in the moving throng, who see beyond this glamour of beautifully decorated windows, and whose ears vibrate with the old songs, and whose hearts beat time to the fugue tunes of the old-fashioned singing-school, that have not come to mind for a year of days. Not a few of these grown-up boys, who have forgotten their rheumatism and atrophied vision, recall the little corner that was once theirs in the house-garden of the old homestead, along with their childish solicitude for the flaunting leaves and the tassels as they ripened into purple and gold, and their speculating upon the probable yield in serrated ears. There was a deal of practicality and a store of anticipation in this patch of popping-corn exhibited for none other of the growing things about the home-place. Not even the gaudy, many-hued cups of the towering hollyhocks, the domes of the stately phlox in all its vari-color, or the beruffed primrose that climbed the red-painted gable of the old woodshed had so great a charm as the delicate bloom of this garden corn-patch from birth to maturity. From the bursting of the germ through the mellow brown mold to its pindling green spike, on through the heats of summer, into the frosty nights of October that bleached the fibre of its closely-knit husks into daintily-woven strands of amber. it was a source of boyish pride and pleasure.

But the urchin I once knew, bare-

"The windy hills have given of their fir trees in these days of Christmas preparation."

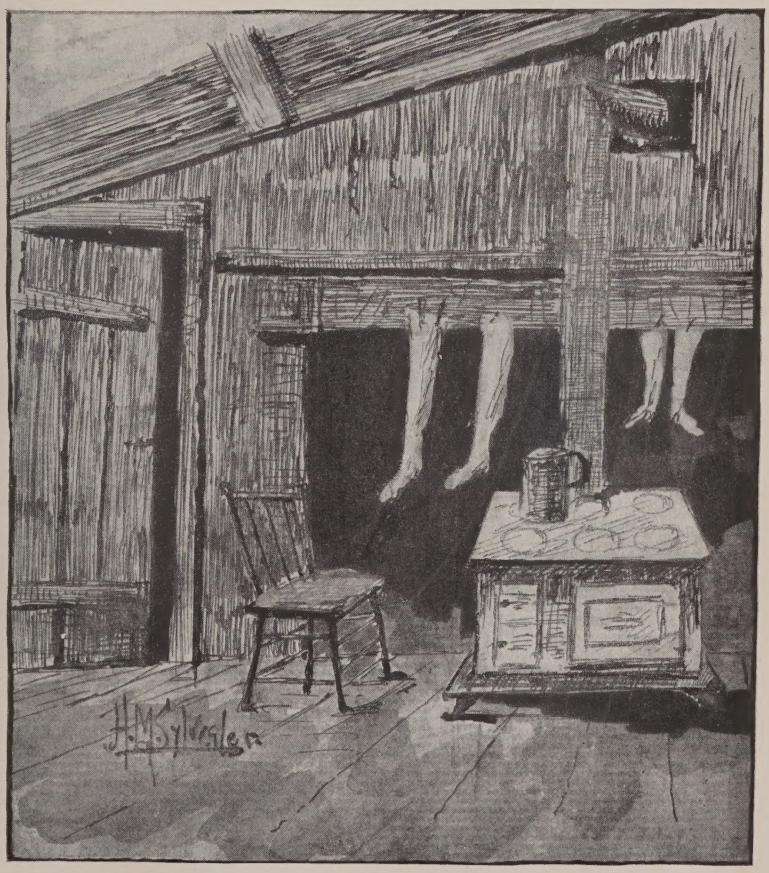
footed, clad in half-outgrown trousers, neatly mended and hitched as high as may be by a pair of home-made suspenders twisted thrice around and across his sturdy shoulders, his roundly outlined, rugged face, tanned almost to the color of his shapely ankles as delicately molded

as those of a girl, lighted up with a pair of honest eyes that shone with true Yankee grit and sense, a strong, well-molded nose and a laughing mouth to give it something of piquant charm, and over all a broad-brimmed, straw hat, the ragged edge of which was ample guarantee of its acquaintance with the mischievous people that dwell in the farmhouse garret the year round, and where it is like to go with the first spit of November snow, to tell the mice of the strange things its owner took it to see through the summer days,—he has his counterpart on more than one country hillside and he watches the year grow mellow as did his father before him.

Afield, or in garden patch each treasured ear was housed in rarer than Egyptian linen, while the sharp-toothed sickle grew more and more hungry with each day's waiting. The yellow days came when the sickle was taken from its wooden peg and the garden-patch was shorn of its romance.

A single shock of wind-blown, singing, rustling stalks made the scant crop but enough to satisfy the boyish heart that miser-like, hoarded every nubbin for the winter-nights' entertainment. The corn chamber was not a sufficiently choice repository,—the chamber closet was a safer. The pleasurable zest of those days is not to be recalled at will. It only comes with now and then a homely sound in unexpected places, and its realism is hidden in the haze of the hills that environ the experiences of boyhood. It ended as one by one the days ebbed away beyond the eternal hills.

But these are queerly-fashioned shapes and queer conceits of the fire-blossomed corn. Here is illusion to suggest Puck, himself the most oc-



"No sooner does the empty stocking hang against the jamb of the fire-place than one's wish is fulfilled."

cult and ingenious artificer in necromancy.

Vanity of vanities is this rarest conceit in Nature.

With a single breath of its fragrance one is sent on strange journeys. Ah, the rose color that comes to things that have undergone the baptism of Love that homely things get when our hearts have made friends with them! These fire-tried, full-blown kernels hold every one, within their amber-lined crypts, some story of a day's doings,—a dash of April rain,—a strip of springing green,—a gust of wind,—a glint of midday in rare, sweet June,—the chatter of birds,—the song of hurtling humble-bee,—of frost-nipped pumpkin-vines and blinking lanterns in the wide barn floor and restless firelit shadows, and of wintry hail beating against the black window-panes.

Some of these shapes make one think of the exquisite productions of the old Flemish iron-workers, of scroll and gargoyle and Gothic outline, of crockets and quarter-foils, the thousand and one things that grow in the Land of Wits. Here are oddly-fashioned head-gear of peaked hats such as witches were wont to favor, Dolly Vardens, wide-brimmed sun-bonnets, all in white as if made for some fairy bridal. Some have portals marvelously like hooded doorways within the sheltering shadows of one of which I had passed in far-off days. It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to recall the big fireplace that reached half-way across the low-ceiled kitchen, smoke-frescoed and garnished with a pair of drying-poles that looked soberly down on a worn, spruce floor scoured to the whiteness of the outlying deeps of snow, and

"These are days of fellowship."

"Christmastide sends one back over paths long untraveled."

but slenderly furnished with the commonest of common things. I recall all, even to the lead tumbler on the high, narrow chimney-jamb in which there was always a store of paper lamplighters which held their place long after the loco-foco match made its advent. A tin candle-stick with its flaring reflector grown dull with age kept it company, while below, hung the little old hand-bellows with battered brass nozzle and a little round hole in its flat pine back which was the nucleus of much boyish curiosity. My fingers often found their way into that unexplored aperture in vain search for the wind-spirit that sent its wheezing breath against the smoldering coals. I can hear even now the squeaking of its wrinkled sides and its asthmatic breathing as the laggard flame on the crumbling brick hearth was blown into livelier cheerfulness.

There is something in the sound of the wind as it scurries around the corner of the streets these December days like that of the old bellows. But the snow-levels shrink away, the

street-lights come out and the medley of humanity jostles and surges against me. I have returned from Dreamland. The snow is still falling and the footfalls of these people on the street are as silent as the coming of the snow. It is a sharp contrast between this and the days in which I have been ruminating. There, was the silence of the woods or the crackling of the fire, the unobtrusive companionship of homely things; and here are laughter and merry speech, as if Care had been banished, except for a minor chord that threads the human woof with the sleazy strand of Want making a discord in the general scheme of high color.

"For charity's sake?"

It is an empty hand, a wan face, the lack-lustre, hopeless eyes which see life only as a task-master, who, without clay or straw, demands the tale of brick. Here is abnegation, as if the warfare of life had left no other source. Here is no beggar, only a human being out on an errand of love for the little ones who are mayhap staring at the roof of their garret wondering if Santa Claus will come this year. This is a season of sympathetic hearts and hands, and the mission of the poor is accomplished, and that garret will glow on the morrow with Christmas cheer and two child-hearts will be lighter and happier for a kindly deed. The world is not always cold and selfish, and many a Christmas board takes on a sweeter zest for its owner's thoughtfulness for others; who has not forgotten that the poor are with us alway.

The House Beautiful is changed in the twinkling of an eye into the house of my Lord Bountiful. No fashionable thoroughfare is this that makes the vista of market stalls that lengthen interminably, but it is exceeding

The purplish-red wattle of the turkey sounds the key-note."

picturesque,—for here are glimpses of rugged farming-lands, of woodland mysteries, and of the riches of the tropics, and over all is the suggestion of Cathay. The purplish-red wattle of the turkey sounds the key-note,—as if George Fuller had dipped his brush in the romance of his love for the homely things of earth, and had glorified the moment with his genius, hiding the realism of these market stalls within the smoky haze of the October days in which the woodlands have gone to sleep. A reach of brown lands, with their wrack of dead weeds scratched in with the burin of the frost among which wanders an awkward squad of turkeys makes the foreground. A ruddy-cheeked guardian leans, a lazy figure against a lazy landscape. This threshold to the big market is an Enchanted Carpet. Here are the cloisters of the woods and the wide-antlered deer. The ruffed grouse beats his reveille on his secluded log or breaks the cover of the field stubble with a boom of gray wings. Here is romance enough for another Thousand and One Nights with all this largess from every zone, with some modern Scherezade to ply its magic shuttle.

Here are scents of smoldering corn-cobs, touches of November cold and the hot winds of the equator merged into one common benison of plenty. One can hear the tinkling drip-drip of the appetizing whey from the old cheese-press if he will stop to listen, and get the scent of the clover-perfumed breaths of the herds as they come home at night to be milked, and as well the blazonry of the buttercup that grows afield to make its sea of green the royal garb of earth. There is a glint of wings,—the golden-winged flicker seeks its nest in the caverned limb of the huge Porter tree where the bobolink sings a drinking song, bubbling over with rollicking good humor, and the shy plover laughs his approval hilariously, and the apples fall into the grass while the sun keeps Nature's dye-pots astir to paint the orchards with such a brilliancy of coloring as to make one content with the first Adam who was tempted to such sore straits. They are the colors of earth and sky. They are the complexion of their creator or creative influences. The moist smell of the newly-ploughed lands and the honk of the southward flying wild geese come on the same wind. These are days of fellowship. Here is fraternity, equality.

What a diapason of sound, of homely, homelike sound, these dumb things of Nature make! What harmonies they suggest to the child of Nature to add to the pleasure of seeing! Here are the mysteries of the new birth and the outlook upon those things of life which are not mysteries. It is all a matter of giving and receiving, but one has to possess before one can give to others. It is all a matter of unselfish consideration, of kindly, unconscious forgetfulness of self and thoughtful remembrance of others. These crowded streets are different from the flaunting corn-rows because they are animate and self-assertive. We ripen and mature with our feet on the ground, only we uproot and root at will. The harvesting-day is never far off to anyone.

But Christmas makes all akin, whether of the town or the country, and the heart translates with equal facility. In these days one forgets to ask,—"Who is my neighbor?" These are days of unconscious divination. The vision is sharpened so that each bundle has lost its mystery. One anticipates happenings, things to come, things desired, and no sooner does the empty stocking hang against the jamb of the fireplace than one's wish

is fulfilled, as if the magic wishing-cap were a reality. If these are days of fruition they are days of surprises. One may have doubt of his heartiness of purpose, of being in touch with the sweeter and more vital things of life, but now all is changed. The pessimist has lost his way in his contemplation of the broader highway upon which he finds himself, the optimism and the lovableness of others. He is on a voyage of discovery and the keel of his boat has grounded upon the shore of a new country, a new humanity. Principal and interest pour in upon his table with a profligacy that is unexpected. His investment was mainly in futures and is returned to him a hundredfold. Even on the verge of moral bankruptcy he remargined to reap the profits of a happiness that is not only contagious, but epidemic. He had only to warm his hands anew at the fire of Hope for a little, and his courage and inspiration were renewed and reinforced, and with a glimpse of the new life he went on afresh.

All is not philosophy, or philanthropy even, when one has the virtue of remembrance of the enunciation of Christ, that the true gift of life is the giving it to the things that glorify and sanctify it to others. Consecration has its own meaning. It is the superlative of giving, of surrendering, of being taxed, and if ever one should go up to the Temple to be taxed it is when one's sense of allegiance is strongest, when the feeling of loyalty predominates over other feelings. Spiritual debt is the highest form of human obligation. But to pay one's tax is not all. Abraham's bosom was not for Dives who was a wealthy man, and who fared sumptuously every day to leave his neighbor out of the reckoning. To love one's neighbor as one's self is to make Christmas perennial.

But Christmas to the adult is likely to be something of the prosaic sort, except for its extra good cheer. To the little ones it is a fairy-land of endless good things. Like all other feasts, fastings and holidays, it brings lessons peculiar to itself, and its celebrations that are, perhaps, more rich in suggestion than is at once apparent. All is promise, fulfillment and rejoicing. It is a renewal of the Christ-birth. The best inspirations of the heart are at high tide and have flooded all the lanes of living with new and pregnant sensations. It is neap tide with stinginess and the meaner traits. All things are typical of something in the make-up of life's amenities, fore-runners of better things to come, and yet one must go deeper than the surface to taste its sweetness. If one wants the sweetest bread he must break the crust fearlessly, no matter how tough or forbidding it may be.

It is this same spirit that makes the crowds on the street gather about the great show-windows of the stores. Outside of these anticipations of the holidays, the human tide would move with normal ebb and flow. It would look hardly to the right or left, from the man with cares, to the gamin on the street who makes some discarded dry-goods box his castle. But now the vision is a cosmopolitan one. The gamin of the street sees in the windows of the toy-shops the same colors, the same outline, the same beauty and attractiveness, as if he had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He is even more discriminative, more critical, and his approval of the tout-ensemble is marked with sharper punctuation. He sees all the novelty of invention, of design and illumination. He finds in himself something of the same genius. He translates them into poems, reveries, nocturnes and coon melodies,

unconsciously, with this difference that his needs, ambitions, desires are real, yet empty. Instead of realisms he finds uncertain prophecies. He possesses, but with that exquisite pain that augments itself into the keenest delight in the renewing of his hurt day after day, with only a barrier of plate-glass and his poverty between. Perhaps, after all, his is the rarest pleasure. There is no disillusion, no satiety, no indifference by reason of acquaintance, no annihilation with him. His Christmas is a dreamland. His domain is behind this barrier of crystal. These people within, who sell this treasure over the counters, are his vassals. But Christmas is the Dreamland of the whole year. It has no confines of territory as it has no end of legends. The acres of Jack of Beanstalk fame are on one side and the domain of Cinderella on the other. Mother Goose has some acquaintance with the country roundabout. Castle Bluebeard breaks the level of its horizon, and away to the sunrise glow are the golden gates of Wonderland. Up in the Land of the Midnight Sun where the reindeer paw the deep snows for a bite of moss, the icy domes of Santa Claus' storehouses gleam like hemispheres of silver, and over all shines the Star of that far-off village in old Judea, the Christ-star, before the glory of which, myths, legends and fairy-tales fade as the night before the morning.

Hearts may hunger and tongues plead, but the just rendering is beyond the ken of men. It is not given to us children to know what is best, but in the day of fruition we are satisfied. God is no respecter of persons. He knows that one has and that another hath not. He knows why, and, that He knows, is sufficient.

A grain of mustard seed is a small thing,—but behold, a tree groweth out of it. This is the faith-time. Faith is larger now, than at any other time of the year. It has more faith-bearers, more seed sowers, more Appollos to fetch water. It is seed-time and harvest in one, a time for the full voicing of the heart's elation. These are days of good, not evil. Goodness and truth and mercy are their pledges and they are not bought with money, nor displayed on the counters of the huckster shops. One mines for them in the hearts of men, as he does in the earth for gold, and some have more treasure than others, and some have none at all. These are the true gifts of the Christ-birth, the rarest, sweetest pastoral of all time past or to come. It is the purity of the Immaculate.

What a humble story!

The smell of the cattle and the haymows clung to the hem of Mary's garments, and the Christ-Babe heard, along with the crooning of the mother-song, the lowing of the herds and the cooing of doves about the stable of the village inn. His first breath merged with the scents of the common things of life, and the Magi, to find the Star-Child had to pick their way over the litter of the floor. Only the stable of a humble wayside inn before, but after, it was the most illustrious spot on earth, glorified by Christ, as He in after times took delight in glorifying the fruits of the fields and its commoners, making them lesson-bearers to His children. The great things of life are its simple things,—the great gifts for these days are those that need no apology, no return, no speaking-gifts, but rather those that seem to merge in silent acquiescence with the incoming and outgoing of the recipient. Ah, there is wisdom in the giving of even the smallest and the cheapest!

Christ and Nature are akin. The earth and the sea are his, and all that

are therein. Man can propagate his own kind, but the humble flower of the field is beyond his conception, and the flower is His creature. Bless the corn-blossom and the tall dark firs of the wood. There is in them much of silent consecration and regeneration. They are among the voiceless truth-bearers whose speech is potent and entrancing. They are among the poor and lowly of earth and should not be forgotten.

But the crowds thin out, and the heretofore ceaseless chatter comes intermittently. The lights in the shops are out. The tired man of business and his subordinates are going home to the anticipated pleasures of the morrow. The snow is done falling, and the stars seem nearer the earth than ever. The bells are on the stroke of midnight. The glow of Bethlehem shines on heart and face, and the Mother of Christ is glorified anew in this commemoration of her son. The aureole of Mary's tender solicitude has descended upon the mother of the household. Mary and Martha are one. The home is uppermost in every thought, and the happiness, the surprise and the joy of giving and receiving has become the world's creed.

Brooding over all and protecting all is the peace and good-will of another world. Earth but once has known a more blessed and rare. What better way to end up the last days of the old year! for these gladsome holidays are their fruition. If one could remember,—but with their going the flowers fade along the way, and the dry, arid ruts of life bring one many an unlooked-for jolt and tumble. The pleasant ways grow hubbly and stony, and one is in strange country, and when night overtakes the tired traveler, he is alone, and like Dives, has no one to bring him even a cup of water. It is better not to forget. The thrifty thrive, and the unthrifty grope about the rubbish piles and are condemned to the old rut of a morsel in season or out of season. Men should not forget, and happy is he who sees his opportunity in time, and makes himself his own gift-bearer to carry the message of these halcyon days to him who hath need, and who finds it blessed to receive.

THE CHRISTMAS VISION OF THE ASSISTANT ORGANIST.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

The young assistant organist, Cuthbert McBean, came into church at five o'clock on Christmas afternoon. The morning had been brilliant with winter sunlight; but later on, a heavy, dense mist, almost like rain, had gathered, so that the church, except for the great sanctuary lamp, and the starlike light at the Christmas crib, was very dark indeed. He made his way slowly up the familiar aisle. Not one child, not even the most devout and constant haunter of the sacred place, scarcely ever solitary, was there. He knelt, and he smiled a little, all by himself, remembering what he had heard the old Sacristan say, one night, when he was locking the crowd out after Vespers.

"How can you make us leave our Blessed Lord alone?" a girl, with heavenly eyes and an angel's voice, had asked him reproachfully. (She was safe and happy now, that Christmas Day, in a Convent of Perpetual Adoration.)

"There's better than us with Him!" Brother Rodriguez had replied, ungrammatically but truly.

They were great friends, the venerable Sacristan and the young musician. Few words ever passed between them; but, without words, they sufficiently understood each other's ways. The one would linger about the altar fondly, while the other's fingers strayed lovingly over the organ's stops and keys; and each was very well aware that what the other did was done most earnestly, with all the whole heart's best endeavor, for the Lord within the tabernacle, so dear to both.

Brother Rodriguez had his own very definite and certainly not unfounded theories in regard to sacred music. Not without fruit had he been the Sacristan so many years in the grand church of the Gesu; and heard the music of composers, who are the world's wonder and admiration, Sunday after Sunday, and feast after feast. Not without much shrewd wisdom gained, had he endeavored to link the music with his prayers, and with the reverent spirit of Holy Church. He knew well why he liked that delicate young assistant, who always had to take the second place, and never wielded the baton as director of a Christmas or Easter orchestra; but who also never made the vaulted roof above one's aching head resound as if it would cleave asunder, and fall down upon the worshipers below, in the crash and clang of a triumphant military or operatic march.

Cuthbert McBean would sit just as contentedly for hours, practising, with nobody but the Brother to hear him, as if the church were crowded with all the musicians in the city. Often he played something that the Brother loved, simply to please him,—Gounod's Sanctus, Chopin's Funeral March, soft chords of "O Veni, Jesu! Veni, Amor mi!" or the old Gregorian De Profundis. And if, sometimes, under his skilled fingers, the notes of a tremendous Dies Iræ pealed forth like an archangelic trumpet, the Brother stoutly maintained that the "touch of the master was in it;" and that, under such firm, controlled touch, the roof could never fall, till the time of the Master of all things should come!

"That lad up there plays the

organ for the greater glory of God!" the Brother said to the Father Rector one day, when they met in the sacristy; and, unseen, heard Cuthbert playing as softly and as sweetly as though a Solemn High Mass were being sung by the best quartette in the city.

On this dark Christmas afternoon, at five o'clock, however, not even the Brother Sacristan was in the church, which was in itself a very unusual thing. Cuthbert McBean knelt by the crib awhile, watching the Christ-Child's holy face, the loving eyes of the Virgin Mother, the intent countenance of the faithful St. Joseph; even the minutest details, the quaint manger bed, the ox, the straw. All his earliest Christmas memories were linked with that Christmas crib; his childhood, his boyhood, his Communions, his prayers,—sweet thoughts that he could not tell, even to his mother,—only to his organ; and there he often told them, for angel ears, that heard.

By and by, he left the crib, and knelt at the high altar. What marvelous stillness, what perfect peace, dwelt here! Here, really, was Jesus Christ. All the lad's sensitive nature felt that Divine Presence, that unearthly peace, the true Christmas peace. All the chivalrous loyalty within him sprang to greet it.

"There's better than we are, here, I know," he exclaimed, half aloud, in the stillness. "But the angels sang at the first Christmas, and there is no music here. Ah, dearest Lord! let me take the angels' part for them."

Down the dark aisle he sped, and up the stairs, to his wonted place in the magnificent organ gallery that had been designed by one who ardently loved the Sacramental Lord; so wide that no singer had any excuse for not kneeling; and with the key-board and bench so placed that the organist was always face to face with the tabernacle and the altar.

Cuthbert opened the organ and pulled out a stop or two; then he paused, to drink in again the inspiration of the scene. The light in the Christmas crib flared up for a moment, flickered, and died away. All the light then, in the immense edifice, came from the unique, massive lamp of solid brass, with its seven crimson cups, suspended from the lofty arch. The vaulted roof, like St. Peter's ship, turned upward, big-ribbed and high,—the tall, pointed windows,—showed no sign of their gilded tracery or brilliant coloring; but, in their shadowy recesses, something seemed to sway softly, and to tremble, as if, indeed, in that Christmas twilight, more than man was there. The majestic marble altar, a mount of solid snow, rose in dim outline against the darkness of the wall behind it. The seven lamps, like the seven mystical gifts of that Divine Spirit, who breatheth where He will, touched, with faint roseate hue, cross or cornice or candlestick, here and there, uncertainly. The same roseate gleam rested, delicately clear, and steadily, however, on the tabernacle door, as if well aware of the Divine Presence enshrined therein.

"I am all alone with Jesus Christ, on Christmas night," the young musician thought jubilantly.

In the darkness and the stillness, delicious music thrilled forth from beneath his fingers, as if his very heart were in them, and spoke to the Christ-Child's Heart. He thought, rapturously, that he had never played so well before.

But, suddenly, in that darkness, without stir, or sound of voice, or light of candle, it was to him as though a firm hand was laid gently on his fingers; and, in a moment, they and his heart itself stood still.

Then—his soul heard that which man strives in vain to tell, for it is unspeakable; and he saw, with the soul's vision, that indeed the Lord had, with Him, those who are "better than we."

By that same faculty, only a thousand times intensified, whereby he would have recognized his father or his friends, had they entered suddenly, he perceived that the church was full of the Guardian Angels of all the dead who had ever loved and worshiped in that sacred place. Harp and viol and flute and lute were with them, made of some heavenly mechanism, and tuned to a harmony beyond the dream of earth. Baby voices mingled therein,—the angel voices of the little ones who had been baptized and gone to Heaven from the Baptistery of the Gesu; and all were singing sweetly to the Babe of Bethlehem, the listening Lord on His altar throne.

Then other things took up the strain. Birdlike notes rang from the evergreens twined about pillar and window, notes full of a mysterious woodland melody, in which a trill of more wondrous ecstasy than lark's or nightingale's was blended, distinct and true. Window and roof and floor gave forth celestial harmonies. The flood of soundless song ran from fresco to fresco, from statue to statue. From station to station, all along the Way of the Cross, was heard the "Stabat Mater," far other than Rossini's; a canticle of gladdest joy, because the all-wise Lord had once allowed His dearest to suffer with Him, and to share His woes; and now, with Him, she reigned.

Nearer the altar, over and over again, the sweetest acts of Eucharistic joy were rising; the unnumbered acts of faith and love and thanksgiving, after unnumbered Communions, never forgotten, but forever preserved in heavenly keeping by the Lord to Whom they were made.

"My Beloved to me, and I to Him," they sounded in delicious unison. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo; et in terra pax, hominibus voluntatis!"

Cuthbert heard it all; and, as he had never done before, he understood the Benedicite. Outside the church a driving rain had taken the place of the dense fog; he heard its pelting drops and the violent gusts of wind; but they all were attuned to a grand, orderly cadence, as they beat against window and wall and roof. He realized now to the full, for his soul heard it, that "the showers and dews, the clouds and darkness, the night and day, the fire and heat, the frost and cold, all green things, the mountains and hills, the whole earth, the spirits and the souls of the just," on that holy night, "blessed the Lord; praised and exalted, and gave Him thanks forever."

Nothing was overlooked, nothing too small for notice. The all-seeing Lord was mindful of everyone who had ever there been mindful at all of Him. The precious bits of Mexican onyx, set in the high altar, were re-echoing in the strangest, loveliest way the stalwart mason's earnest words: "When I had the privilege of setting those marbles in that altar, I was up all alone in this church, until half-past eleven o'clock." Once again, in delicious melody, the feet of happy children, going to their First Communion, sounded along the aisles like joy-bells ringing, or like the voice of the Holy Innocents around the great white throne. Up and down, transformed to music, went the untiring feet of the faithful pastor, who had superintended the building of the church with ceaseless care, from the corner-stone to the cross on the lofty spire. Up and down, with songs of special ecstasy, went the feet that had

carried the Blessed Sacrament, in procession, in Benediction, and in Communion, for fifty years.

Each separate thing had its own voice and separate melody, clearly recognizable, and all were blended in such a harmonious chorus, full of such unearthly rapture, that the young organist in his highest musical delights had never so much as faintly dreamed such melody could possibly be. An intense longing that he might be permitted to take part in that heavenly chorus, possessed his soul; yet he heard nothing that seemed to be his. All that he had ever known before of music appeared to him now as folly, and his own work like so many discords. A most painful sense of his unworthiness seized upon him. Then that firm, awe-inspiring, yet kindly touch on his chilled fingers passed off from them, and paused as if in blessing above his youthful head bowed down in deep humility like an ignorant child's. The chorus of all those blessed souls and all those marvelously sentient things swelled once more, and for the last time, around him; and the words they sang were these: "O ye holy and humble of heart! bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all for ever!"

Lights flashed from pillar to pillar along the church's nave. It was nearly time for Vespers. Cuthbert heard his name called softly; a foot came up the stairs, and the old Sacristan stood beside him, gazing with gentle concern at his pallid face. "Alone—and asleep,—my boy?" he asked kindly.

Then Cuthbert smiled. "Never alone here, Brother," he replied. "You ought to know that, surely."

"And it's all the better you'll play to-night for knowing it yourself," the Brother continued. "Father Rector has just sent word that the organist cannot come this evening. Suddenly ill. And you must take his place."

For the first time! To play, on Christmas night, in the crowded church of the Gesu, with such an audience as would be there, despite wind and rain, to hear him! A while ago, it might have roused some latent pride. Now, however, with a dazed look still in his wondering eyes, the assistant organist spoke; and the words he humbly said, were these: "And who am I to stand before the Lord, who am but dust and ashes?"

Men heard, that night, in the church of the Gesu, such music as they had never heard before. There was no march from Parsifal, and no postlude from Athalie. Something like the very melody of the first Christmas rang through it; and no one stopped to consider who the composer might have been. But many a man thought, with sudden, hot tears, that he heard angel choirs, and that the Babe of Bethlehem stretched out His tiny hands and asked for a little loyal service, a little answering love, from those He came to save on Christmas Night. Even the strangers from outside the fold knelt humbly down, as the Blessed Sacrament was lifted on high at Benediction to bless the world; for the divine anthems seemed to them to open Heaven's golden gates, and to unveil the beautiful, blinding Vision of the Face of the Most High God.

Vespers over, two young men passed out from the church together, with a look of unwonted awe upon their faces.

"A marvelous evening this!" said one of them thoughtfully. "I do not regret, now, that I was not the man detailed to report Handel's Messiah, at the Grand Opera House, to-night."

"Nor I," returned the other, "Yet

I acknowledge that I can analyze neither the charm nor the musician's power. You are a Catholic, so perhaps you know."

"Only a poor Catholic," the man replied, regretfully. "But, if I can put my thought in words, I should say that the organist had forgotten completely that any such beings as you or I or himself existed, and that he truly believed he heard the angels' first Gloria in Excelsis, and was repeating it for God alone."

"That's it exactly," exclaimed his companion, "and I feel the truth of it myself. But you could hardly write that in your newspaper report, could you?"

"Perhaps not," was the reply, slowly said. "Perhaps not. But I wish I could think that all our daily lives were like it. It made me remember—though of course you can't understand me—it made me remember my innocent childhood and my First Communion Day."

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I.

The north wind whistles a carol;
The pine tree murmurs a psalm;
And chiming notes
From silver throats
Ring out on the night's chill calm.

II.

But deep in a lowly cottage,
Where late logs glimmer and die,
A mother mild
To her little child
Croons a first sweet lullaby.

THE POSTAGE-STAMP PEOPLE.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

The three of Them went by the house of Madame Queyronze, shoulder to shoulder, though one lagged a little, the one who stooped the most, who had the most sunken chest, the most cadaverous jaws, the most cavernous eyes. There was a fourth, the youngest, who, although almost as dark and desperate-eyed as the three, was by contrast fair and flourishing. But he generally took his walks abroad by himself.

None of them ever paid the slightest attention to anything or anybody. They walked as though the pavements did not exist, and other pedestrians were phantoms of the air. People always gave them the right of way and looked at them with open curiosity, though Campeachy boasted many others of their ilk. Others who kept ward over fruit stands, or sold vegetables and pomegranates, figs, oranges and bananas from donkey wagons on the streets, or from schooners at the wharves.

They were therefore contemptuously classified under the general and comprehensive term of opprobrium, Dagoes. A term that in Campeachy —a place never much given to scientific investigation — included Sicilians, Greeks, West Indians, Guatemalans, Mexicans, the dark-eyed, dark-skinned, "purple blooded" from the various isles of the sea,—Lascars, whatnot,—anything not distinctively and unmistakably "white."

They had another designation, however. Among the children "of the block" they were known, sub rosa, as "the postage-stamp people," because of the announcement privately circulated by Genevieve Queyronze, aged eight, on the undoubted authority of an elder brother, that They lived exclusively on a diet of postage-stamps.

Other things confirmed this statement.

"How's that?" had inquired a certain Theodore, cousin to Genevieve on the American side.

"Well," explained Mdlle. Queyronze, "Camille, he say, They come into the Office and write and write and write, all the time. Breakfast, dinner, supper. Then They go to Mr. Redcliffe and ask can They have some stamps for the big fat letters to send to Spain and Mexico, and Mr. Redcliffe he say, 'Oui—certainement' . . ."

"I bet he doesn't," interpolated Theodore, "They don't understand French. . . . He says,—'Si, Senors.'"

"I don't care," continues the volatile Genevieve, "he say, then, 'Si, Senors,' and Camille he gets them O so many stamps. Whole sheetful at a time. And They stick them on the big envelope and run out . . . vite! . . . to get them off before the mu . . . glue . . . what you call it? The stick dries, . . . so They can eat them. Camille he say They live on those stamps. Just think! Do you s'pose that is w'y They are so very thin and black, Theodore?"

"Of course not, idiot. . . . You really don't believe Cousin Camille meant They ate the stamps?"

"But yes; I do. He said so."

"Well, they don't, goosey. They just lope to the nearest dago restau-

rant and swap the stamps for a square plate of chili, or some hot tamales. That's what."

Theodore, the American, marches off, but Genevieve, the Frenchwoman, the unconvinced, repeats Camille's story to a younger and more credulous audience. The consequence of which is that contributions are requested, and for weeks the elder members of the families in the neighborhood are bored and their lives made burdensome by a preconcerted levy on all letters "for the stamps."

"Those children seem to have now a furor for collection of stamps," said Madame Queyronze to Mrs. Frazier, as they sat on the piazza. "In vain do I assure them that the Government of the United States of America pays not one centime for those stamps that are cancelled. They still mutilate the corners of all letters, both foreign and domestique."

She shrugged her shoulders and spread out her dumplings of hands.

Just then the three of Them passed the piazza in gloomy procession. Black of garb with sable silk kerchiefs tied close about their necks, obliterating every vestige of linen . . . perhaps . . . ? Yes; there is not even a cuff rim in evidence. Not even a celluloid attempt at one!

"I wonder who they are and what they are doing in Campeachy?" said Mrs. Frazier, "ugly, black creatures. Are they French?"

"Oh, it is not possible," chirped Madame, her eyes sparkling, "there is nothing in their appearance to lead one to that conclusion. They are Spanish . . . they come from some town on the Rio Grande. So my son Camille informs me. But they are not Mexican. They are of an ancient but impoverished race——"

"They look it," said Mrs. Frazier concisely.

"Ah, mon Dieu, they are in great affliction," continued Madame, vivaciously, "I hear that they are bringing what is called a claim against the Government of the United States for a large piece of land near Campeachy . . . perhaps in the city. Valuable property. But they lack some evidence of great importance. In the meantime,—they starve!"

"Aren't they Catholics?" queried Mrs. Frazier curtly.

"Mais oui; certainement. Sans doute. They attend with great regularity the Cathedral of Sainte Marie."

"Then why don't you Catholics help them? We are always hearing a lot about Catholic charities."

"'Ow can you help a Spaniard?" inquired Madame ruefully, with sweet disregard, "Was it not the other day I did send Rosine to their side gate, after dark also, with dinner from my own table? A portion of that which was cooked for my own family? And was it not thrown into the allee before the very eyes, under the very nose, of Rosine herself? Ah, mon Dieu! I feel as if you had slap me in the face. Quelle dommage! But I turn the other cheek. I send again. Some jelly and some tisane for one who was ill. You see how bad he look? It is thrown out likewise. I do not blame Rosine who declare nothing will induce her to approach herself to that residence again. 'Ow can you help people like that? Eh?"

"You can't," replied Mrs. Frazier concisely, "and what is more, since they're Spanish, I, for one, say, 'let 'em starve.' Look at Cuba."

"Cuba? Where is she?" inquired Madame, sitting up alertly, "I see hair not."

Mrs. Frazier did not conceal her disdain.

"Don't you know there was a war in Cuba between the Spanish and the Cubans?"

"Vraiment! I did hear my son

Camille mention it, now that you ask."

"Well, I daresay these horrible people are wretched Spanish spies," continued Mrs. Frazier vehemently, "and I say, 'let 'em starve and serve 'em right.' "

It looked very much as if They would starve.

Perhaps they regretted the high-spirited action of the lady of the house who pitched the proffered dinner into the alley under Rosine's nose. At all events, They wrangled over various letters and papers from morning till night; a male quartette, interrupted frequently by a female solo in bass-like contralto, and the high operatic soprano shrieks of a child who seemed to be the unfortunate safety valve of the combination, for upon her They fell individually, with blows and piratical ejaculations, whenever matters came to a fresh climax of unendurability.

This small and shrinking victim of pride and ferocity excited the pity of the adjoining householders. Women remonstrated over the side and alley fences in forcible English, which was understood by one of Them at least, and translated for the benefit of the others.

"Pigs of Americans!" exclaimed the mother of the brood in pure Castilian, "may the devil fly away with them." And so on.

But the beatings of Senorita Adina Maria Francesca de Leon y Almeda grew less, though the people next door declared They made up in quality of savagery what They now omitted in quantity of "licks."

And surely the small Adina Maria Francesca began to look, if possible more piteous and pale under her brown than before.

She was a pathetic enough little object as she sometimes crept into the Cathedral, fingering her sandal-wood beads, hardly daring to lift her black eyes to the gracious face that smiled and bent pityingly to her from the shrine of our Blessed Mother. Often would she put her poor little neglected tousled head upon her arms, and her arms upon the altar-rail, moaning to herself, too sick at heart even to pray. As she crept out of the Church one evening, Father Daire who had noticed her, spoke to her. But she was in an agony of fear lest she had overstayed her time of permission, and with a swift frightened, uncomprehending glance at him, she slipped off like a lizard, a dingy little figure in the dusk.

Genevieve Queyronze had an especial friend in Lettie Frazier, a child of nine with lintwhite locks, large, pale blue eyes a la Valliere, and an ardent imagination, that grew with what it chiefly fed upon,—the Arabian Nights and Grimm's fairy-tales. It was owing to her that the collection for stamps had been levied on an unsuspecting and long suffering community, for Campeachy was preparing for the annual Christmas festivities, and 'ti tante at the Queyronzes and 'Ahnt Phoebe' at the Fraziers, and female relatives of all degrees of spinsterhood everywhere were doll-dressing, toy-making and fancy-working until public and private expectation was wrought to the highest pitch.

Lettie, however, despite her New England "strain," had the Campeachy expansiveness of soul. She took the stamps diligently collected, soaked them carefully off their respective bits of paper, put them up in neat packages of twenty, tied with vari-colored bits of string, and she and Genevieve packed them delicately into a bonbon-box filched by Genevieve from Camille's top bureau drawer.

"There," said Lettie, "They'll have

one good Christmas dinner, if They never did before. I don't suppose anyone can eat many stamps all at once. I think there are four packages apiece. You remember Amina and the rice."

"But she was a Ghoul," whispered Genevieve, fearfully, "maybe the old fat woman [if the Senora had only heard her!] is one, too! I wish somebody would change her into a black mare and beat her like she does that poor little girl. The idea of Theodore saying Camille was joking. You know how They threw into the alley the dinner and jelly and tisane Rosine took them? They just like to eat postage stamps. They are bewitched . . . Oh . . . !"

She looked piercingly at Lettie.

"What's the matter?" inquired Lettie, turning dough-white with alarm. "Maybe they eat the stamps for the sticky stuff, and we've soaked all these clean!"

Lettie drew a deep breath. "We can put in a bottle of mucilage," she said quickly.

"Have you a nickle?" inquired Genevieve.

"N-no."

"Neither have I . . . but . . . there's a bottle in Camille's room. I don't believe he uses it except to make his mustache stick out. I'll get it."

She flew away and presently returned with the mucilage, for which they made room at the sacrifice of a good many stamps.

"Wait," said Lettie, "I have something else I want to put in, just for Her, so I'll get a bigger box."

She went off and came back with a cigar box and a string of beads.

"Why, Letitia Frazier, that's a rosary. Where did you get it?" said Genevieve, curiously. "Do let me see it?"

"It's mine," replied Lettie, "it used to belong to papa's half-sister, Ahnt Lenora. She was a nun and she left it to me, and I'm going to put it in here for Her.

"My, it's very pretty," said Genevieve, fingering it enviously, "it's the very prettiest rosary I ever saw. What is it made of? Such lovely beads! What beautiful colors. And what is on this gold medal?"

"I don't know," said Lettie, indifferently, "it is some curious language."

"How can you give it away?"

"Well, I'll never use it, and She's a Catholic, you know . . . and I'm sorry for Her. Perhaps if She is starving She can sell it, as people do in stories."

"Sell her rosary?" cried Genevieve, "never! She'll be more likely to pray on it for something to eat."

So they put the beads in the bottom of the box with a scrap of paper twisted about it to the effect that it was for the "Little Girl," put the stamps and mucilage atop, and fastened the lid down with great expenditure of string and paper and patience.

"We don't know any name to put on it," said Genevieve blankly.

"Oh, we can just write 'Merry Christmas,' on it and leave it on Their steps and ring the bell and run away, Christmas eve night," replied Lettie, who had thought it all out.

"That's tomorrow," said Genevieve, joyously, jumping up and down.

Accordingly, just at dusk the next evening Lettie, with her lintwhite locks, disposed a la Kenwigs over each shoulder and a very conscious expression on her small white face, ran up Their miserable front steps, deposited the box on the doorsill, a bunch of violets on the box, gave the bell a vigor-

ous pull and then in sudden panic took to her heels. Though she had half expected to wait until some one of Them opened the door and then deliver the gift with a speech carefully rehearsed for the occasion, or perhaps with only a smile and a bow, so that They might imagine her a "Christmas Fairy." However, her courage failed at the sound of the bell, but the effect of the long plaits and pale blue frock were not entirely lost. The youngest of Them was gazing idly out of the front window which opened on the little porch, and he surveyed her with indolent curiosity and amusement, wondered at her ring and precipitate run, and then went to the door and discovered the gift. The violets he stuck in his tightly-buttoned-up frockcoat, with a smile; the box he carried into the dining-room where They were squabbling over the supper-table waited on by the miserable Adina Francesca.

"Madre de Dios!" exclaimed the eldest and most saturnine, "what have you there? Beware! It may be dynamite."

They all started violently and looked around apprehensively.

"Open it not, Juan," exclaimed another tremulously.

But Don Juan grinned and translated the "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" in Lettie's precise chirography on the wrapping.

His mother took the box imperiously from him, tore off the paper, and wrenched off the top.

"Stamps! . . . A bottle also of glue wherewith to size them . . . Is it a jest, think you? . . . And wherefor?"

She looked passionately about her, a volcano of flesh in a purple calico with a huge untidy mass of jet hair. A sudden dull red flamed simultaneously in Their sallow faces. Don Francisco put his hand to his belt.

"It is an insult," he cried, "a damnable insult," mindful of the many decorated squares obtained from Camille at the 'office.' "Shall these Americanos insult us to our teeth?"

He looked around at his brothers ferociously. The consumptive one was still blushing brickred. Don Juan was grinning sardonically. Senora De Leon, to whom this was Greek and Sanscrit, flung the box contemptuously upon the floor. Its contents flew far and wide, a shower of stamps. The mucilage bottle burst and deluged them and the bare filthy floor. The next occupants of the house never could get the floor clean of its decoration. In the midst of the ruin the gold and opal rosary jingled and glittered, reflecting prismatically the light of the bad-smelling kerosene lamp.

"Que es esto?" cried the Senora Donna Isabella, stooping greedily toward it. Her fat prevented her. "Bring it to me," she cried imperiously to the unfortunate Adina, who picked it up from its puddle of mucilage and received a hearty cuff on the ear for its sticky condition.

"Dios!" shrieked Donna Isabella, falling heavily back into her chair which creaked ominously. "Look... behold! It is a miracle in our behalf. Mother of God! Whence did it come?"

"Who brought the box?" demanded Donna Isabella impatiently.

Don Juan thought himself lucky to know, by accident.

The next morning, Christmas though it was, Lettie was dismayed to behold the youngest and "fairest" of Them approaching The Castle (her house). He crossed the moat (the gutter), passed the portcullis (came into the front gate), and ascended the stair (went up the front steps).

"What? Already? And on Christmas day? Extraordinary....but in

perfect keeping with the customs and etiquette of the The Arabian Nights. The Princess of China patted her lint-white braids, smirked at herself in the looking-glass, deposited her doll in a chair and flew to tell Lucinda to go to the door. That dusky daughter of Africa greeted the astonished Don Juan with sundry shuffling curtsies and toothly smiles and "Chris'mus gif', mossa: Chris'mus gif' !"

He thought her crazy, and the reiterated parrot-cry ruffled his uneasy temper. He brushed by her into the parlor with the curt request to see the master of the house, immediately ....hasta!

Lucinda, much provoked, went back to announce the call "Ob one ob dem no 'count dagoes w'at libes roun' de cornder, Moss Edwin. I'se mos' afeerd to leabe him so long by hese'f een de front parlor, but I reckon he ain' gwine tote off de Tree. Come fuh say 'Chris'mus gif' ' hese'f I done reckon. Humph!"

Mr. Frazier concealed his surprise at the call more successfully, and Don Juan adopted the American manner and went at once to the point.

"I have come to make inquiry concerning this, Senor," he said briefly, holding the rosary out before Frazier's astonished eyes. "Whence comes it to you?"

"That's just what I'd like to ask," replied Frazier. "How on earth did you get it?"

The Spaniard flushed and cast a fiery glance at him. "It was left at our house but yester-eve by your little daughter, in company with a box of inexplicable postage stamps already cancelled and a vial of glue. .... The interpretation of the gift is obscure. I therefore hasten to return the beads, begging, however, their history. Originally they were ours. They did belong to Senorita Adina Francesca Mercedes Maria Cisneros de Leon y Almeda. . . ."

Frazier drew a deep breath as the sonorous syllables rolled glibly from Don Juan's lips. "Why .... senor .... I do not for a moment doubt your words, but the rosary belonged to my half-sister, Leonora Preciosa Frazier. She was a religious in a Convent here. The beads were given her by one of the Superiors at one time. And at her death she left them to my little daughter Letitia Leonora. I will ask her about them."

To Lettie's sore dismay she was haled to the bar of the Spanish Inquisition and put to the torture by question. Forgetting the Arabian Nights and her Imperial State, she cast herself upon her father's neck, and between sobs he managed to extract the true story of the Christmas box.

"And I was sorry for Her. She goes to the Cath . . .edral . . . and They beat Her . . . and the beads were hanging in my room and mama won't let me use them, so I gave them to Her."

A fresh outburst.

"But the stamps? What on earth did you children mean by giving stamps and mucilage to these people? They can't use them."

"They eat them," she sobbed, "They live on them. Camille Queyronze says so. He told Genevieve so. And we wanted Them to have a good dinner on Christmas."

More tears.

Mr. Frazier glanced at Don Juan and sincerely hoped he had not heard, or hearing had not understood. He felt the impossibility of explanation and he could not help laughing, for They were called "The Postage-Stamp People" by every bank clerk in Campeachy.

Don Juan glanced from the laughing father to the sobbing daughter with quick suspicion.

"There was a mistake about the Stamps, senor," said Frazier, coolly. "It seems the children in the neighborhood have been making a collection of them," he choked a little, "and the rosary which was intended by my little girl as a Christmas gift to your little . . . "

"Sister, senor."

"Sister, got in the wrong box, I reckon. You say it belonged to your family? That is very remarkable indeed."

Don Juan misunderstood.

"It is perfectly true, senor. I have proof . . . "

"I am sure of it. I shall be delighted if you will allow your sister to keep it. My half-sister was the only Catholic among us. May she rest in peace. Her mother was from Mexico. . . . "

Don Juan's eyes sparkled.

"Of what Convent was she a religious, may I ask?"

"Of the Sacred Heart. The mother house is in New Orleans. They've a beautiful new convent on Beach Avenue near the Ocean. Their present Superior is Mother Mary Phillipine."

Don Juan hesitated as he slipped the opal beads through his slim, dark fingers meditatively, then:—

"Senor, I will be frank with you. This rosary which in so extraordinary a manner has come again into our possession has saved the family honor, and perhaps the lives of the De Leons. We have been for nearly a year in the city fruitlessly endeavoring to make good our claim to a certain valuable grant of property now in possession of your Government. Our claim has been denied . . . the De Leons have been branded as adventurers and liars." His nostrils expanded, his lips tightened.

"We needed but one clue to establish our cause. We find it in the Superior of the Convent to whom these beads belonged. They were indeed blessed."

He lifted the crucifix to his lips. Frazier had lived in Mexico a good many years. He held out a hand which was warmly clasped.

"I congratulate you, senor," he said pleasantly, "I am glad to have been instrumental in the hands of God in restoring your family fortunes. It is a peculiarly auspicious day, also. . . . Wait a moment, I pray."

He whispered Lettie who had dried her tears and was sitting on his knee with a plait in each minute hand, gazing with admiration into Don Juan's dark expressive face. She tripped lightly away, conscious of her new frock, and soon returned convoying the pacified Lucinda bearing a waiter containing a decanter, glasses and a plate of cake.

The gentlemen drank gravely, complimenting each other, Lettie touched with her glass the rim of the gallant Don Juan's. He bent and kissed her microscopic hand, bowed himself picturesquely away. Apparently collected he was inwardly on fire.

Two hours later the Superior of the Sacred Heart went into the reception room to meet Senora De Leon, her daughter Adina and her son, Don Juan Vicente. Mother Phillipine had been a woman of experience in the world before she became a religious. She was intensely interested in everything connected with the Campeachy House of the Order, and in her leisure moments employed herself upon a history of the Order in America, for it had been founded in troublous times and had experienced many and strange vicissitudes.

The life of Mother Maria Mercedes formerly a Cisneros de Leon, was well known to her, yet when she

found herself confronted by the De Leons, she was astonished, for she was to read a chapter in the life of the saint hitherto only guessed at by the religious of the Sacred Heart.

When certain papers, dark with age, had been handed over to Donna Isabella, the Superior, whose eyes had been irresistibly attracted by the forlorn Adina, she of the soiled silk finery and wistful face, now held out a gracious hand to her.

The poor child looked timidly at her mother, who overflowed the largest chair in the room.

"Go," said that imperious autocrat impatiently, "go instantly. Fall upon your knees and embrace the hand of Mother Phillipine. Yes, and her feet also, and the hem of her robe. She has saved our House from destruction, and has raised up the honor of Spain which has been trailed in the mud of America."

"Letty was sitting on his knee."

Her fierce eyes blazed, for a moment she was magnificent.

"Give Glory to God and Our Blessed Mother," said the Superior gently, drawing the trembling little creature to her bosom. Her heart yearned over the desolate one. She believed that the Blessed Virgin had indeed favored this family in an extraordinary manner, but,—She looked at Adina's shrinking, unhappy face and for a moment wondered at Our Lady's benevolence.

Then:—

"Thy name and that of thy ancestress is the same, is it not, my child?" she said in the only language Adina understood. "Thou art named for a saint," she continued tenderly, "She has brought thee to me."

She turned appealingly to Senora De Leon, for Don Juan had sauntered to a window and was gazing reflectively at the oleanders and pomegranates of the Convent close. "Will you not leave the little Adina with me, Senora? You will have much

care and business on hand. Your sons look to you for direction, for you are the head and soul of the family. The little girl will be additional care for you. I will gladly relieve you of that much responsibility."

Adina crept closer to her under her veil; slipped both thin arms around her waist. The nun could feel the beating of her heart, and tightened her own clasp about the trembling figure.

Donna Isabella cast a dark, disapproving glance upon the child. At heart, perhaps, she was fond of her only daughter, but her pride and interest were both centred in her sons.

"I thank you for your timely offer, Mother. I accept it with acknowledgment of pleasure and relief. I will have no time for female children and their frippery and foolishness. Epa! But you will find her a pig for obstinacy and must use the whip."

The Superior shuddered and blushed vividly like a girl, or as if she had been suddenly struck herself. "Thou wilt be a good child, I am sure. Wilt thou not, 'manita?" For reply the little Adina kissed her hand passionately.

That night after Mother Phillipine had tucked her into a small bed beside her own, the child cried herself to sleep for pure joy. At dead of night she woke with a sobbing scream. A quiet hand was slipped under her. Two strong, soft arms lifted her, two soft warm lips were pressed against her convulsed cheek. "There . . . there. It is Mother Phillipine, 'manita. Cry not. Do not be afraid. I love you."

The last three words . . . how sweet they were in her own tongue . . . how unfamiliar . . . how heart soothing.

She fell asleep again and dreamed that she was in heaven, close held to the heart of our Blessed Mother.

"Thou wilt be a good child I am sure."

Col. Theodore Roosevelt.
Governor-elect of New York.

AN UNPARTISAN VIEW OF THE LATE ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD KNIGHT.

Since New York has for many years been accounted the political storm-centre of the country, some remarks by an impartial observer of its political conditions and tendencies will be of interest to the many thoughtful readers of this magazine.

In the first place, however, let me record a doubt as to the correctness of the general opinion expressed in the preceding sentence touching the political position of New York in relation to the country at large. My impression, verging on conviction, is that New York, despite her thirty-six electoral votes and the tremendous

weight of Wall Street, is not going to be as influential in either the Democratic or Republican Presidential Conventions as generally she has been in the past.

The centre of political potentiality has been steadily moving West, like Bishop Berkeley's "Course of Empire." The campaign of 1900 may not be Bryan and McKinley over again, but it promises to be something very similar; and singularly enough all the omens in New York, all the foreshadowings from the recent political conflict, point to the West as the rational place of choice for the Presidential candidates of both parties.

Let us look closely, then, into the present face of New York politics in order to comprehend this trend. Primarily, it is clear that New York as a State, though it went Republican by about 20,000 votes, has not endorsed the McKinley administration. Consider the astonishing plurality of 268,000 two years ago for the gold-dollar President and then account for its shrinkage to Roosevelt's pitiful less than ten per cent.

It is clear that only the picturesque personality of Roosevelt, recently sombreroed with a brilliant military record, saved the Republican party from defeat. And this was only a partial factor in producing the result. Had Richard Croker kept his mouth shut and himself in the background, and had he let the up-State Democrats select a candidate, they would have "picked a winner."

But Mr. Croker thought he had everything amicably arranged with his Republican partner Mr. Platt, so that the legislature should be under the thumb of Platt, the state offices under his (Croker's) jurisdiction and Col. Roosevelt lost in the shuffle.

Platt, however, was unable to deliver the goods and Croker cannot blame him. Platt did his best. But Croker by his foolish attack on Judge Daly alienated many votes that would otherwise have been cast for Van Wyck. Judge Daly, to be sure, was defeated, but it cost the Democratic ticket about 10,000 votes in Greater New York, and up the State it is fair to assume it cost, at least 5,000.

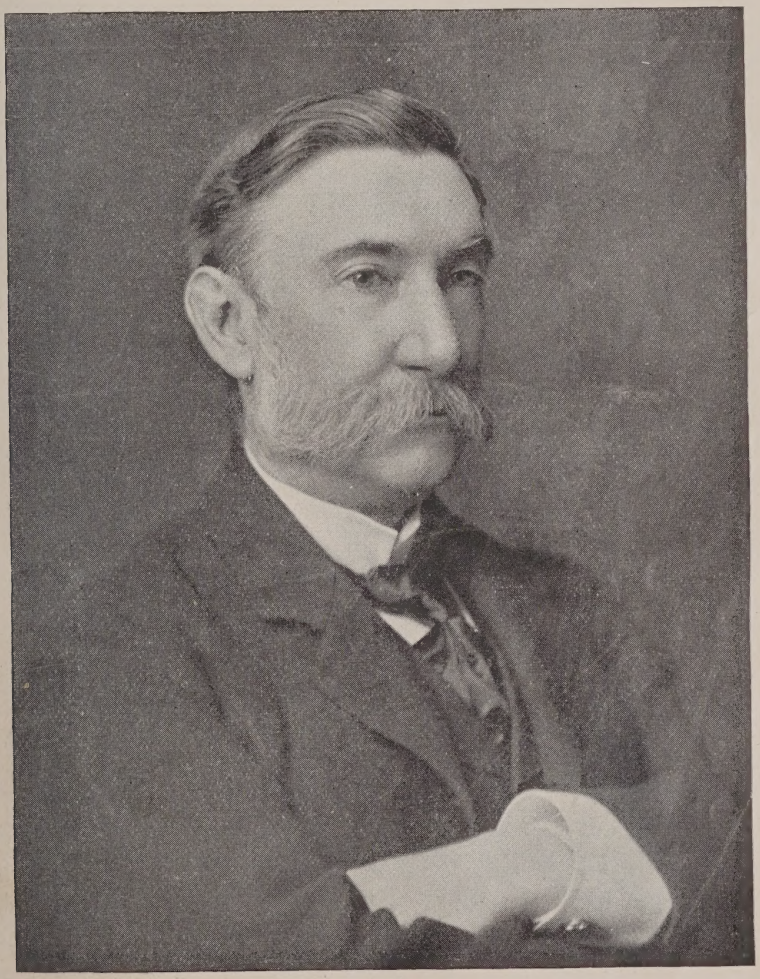
The 10,000 which this poor politics cost the Democracy in Greater New York was enough to turn the election, for it must be remembered that 10,000 subtracted from the Republican is equivalent to double that number added to the Democratic vote. It is apparent, also, from a study of the returns that the silver sentiment did cut more of a figure than any student of politics had calculated upon. Exactly how much cannot be computed; but a low estimate would be 10,000 voters in the State who either refrained from voting or gave their ballots to Roosevelt as a rebuke to Croker's platform ignoring the Chicago platform and the silver issue.

Some foolish papers are trying to pretend that silver as an issue is dead. Proof to the contrary is furnished by the action of the Republican party in not attempting any currency legislation, and the recent announcement in an Administration organ that it is not the purpose of the Administration to seek in Congress any currency legislation for some time to come.

If these are facts—and who can deny them?—it follows that the political situation in New York is a marvelous "mix," and that neither party can count on this State as a sure factor in the next Presidential election. Roosevelt comes to the governorship with a slim majority and a thorough Platt legislature on his hands. If he becomes Platt's man, he stultifies his record completely, and alienates all the Independent vote that helped elect him—a vote we can measure pretty closely from the last mayoralty election, and which we will call about 50,000 for the whole State.

If on the other hand he fights

Platt, it is true that much of the Platt following, which is largely mercenary, will go over to the stronger side, as they conceive it. That is, they will cast away their moorings to Platt and join the Roosevelt crowd.



JUDGE JOSEPH F. DALY.

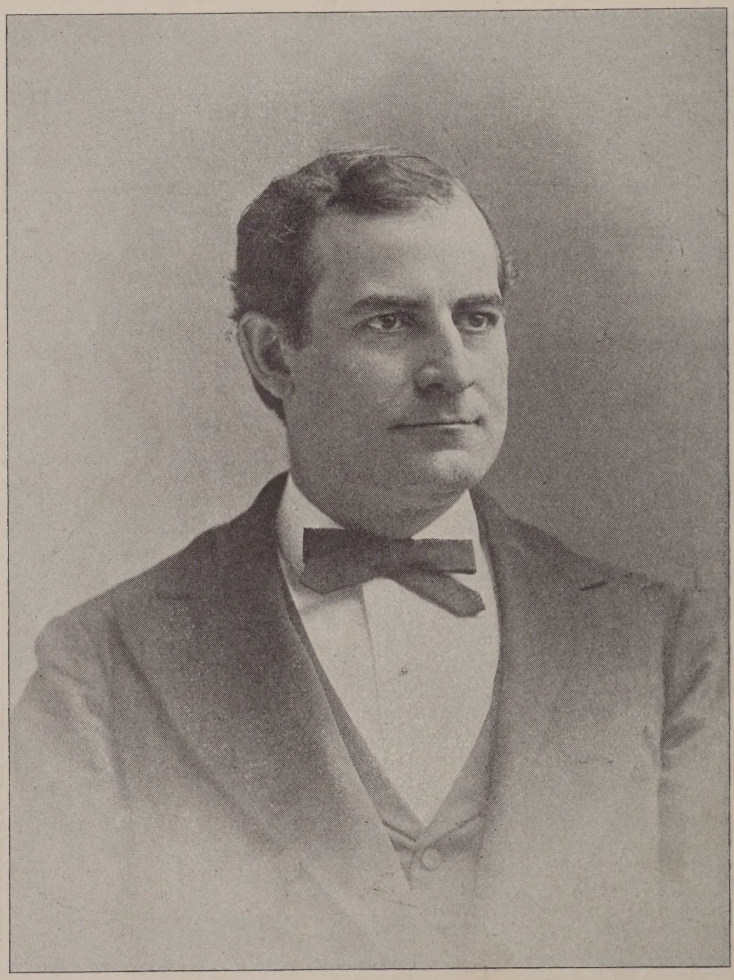
But not all will do this. Platt has made many friendships among his mercenaries. They will stick and fight harder for him than ever before. Then there is the Black-Payn-Aldridge faction to be considered. They do not love Platt, but neither love they Roosevelt. They have already sharpened their knives and will use them with the fine impartiality of a Malay running amuck.

Hence, whatever way the brilliant young fellow who has just won the Governorship by a curious concurrence of accidents may turn, he must find a fight and chaos for his party as the result.

Somewhat similar is the condition in the Democratic camp. The up-State leaders, chief of whom is Hill,

have no affection for Croker. That is too well known to need explanation. Moreover, Tammany is not solid for Croker any more. Many of its best workers are sore over the money they have lost in betting on Croker's assurance that the election was a "cinch." Besides, every man like Croker who has made a great future out of politics is bound to create enemies in his own camp among those who have not made as much, and who are envious of the pecuniary greatness of their leader.

Then, as before noted, there is the silver faction of the State, of whom that frank and fearless politician, William Sulzer, recently elected to Congress by a thumping vote, may be justly considered the head. Now, although the size of this faction cannot be certainly asserted, one would be very rash to dismiss it from consideration as a negligible quantity in

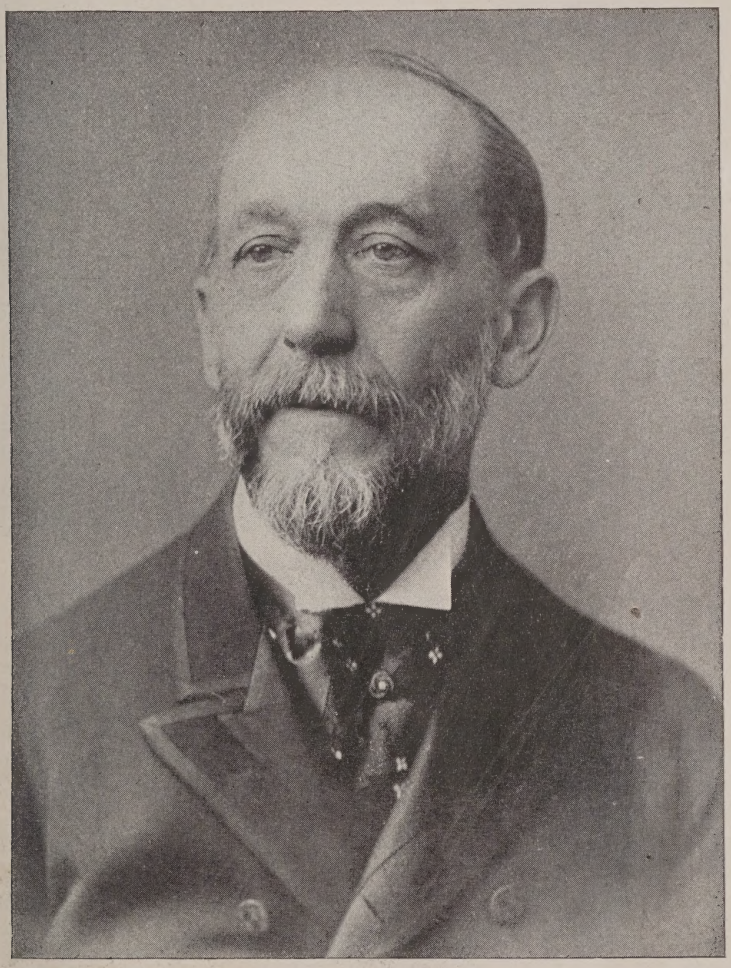


Col. W. J. Bryan.

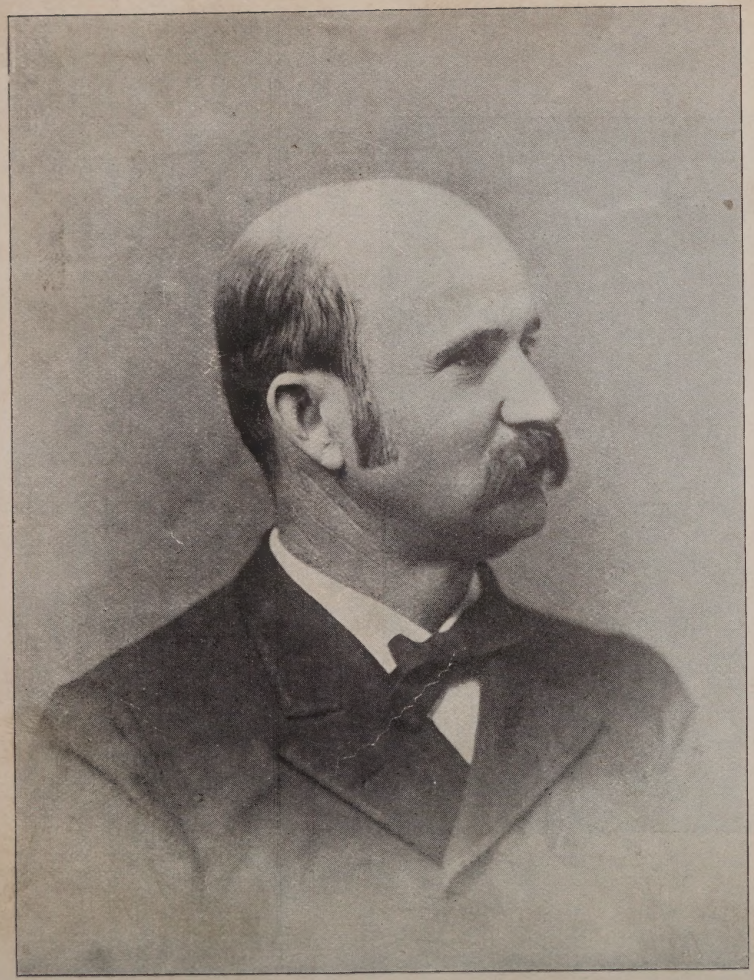
political computations in this State, and all the silver fanatics are a unit against Croker; for they are well aware of the pretty little plot among the Wall Street Democrats to capture the State organization and go into the next Democratic Convention against Bryan.

Bryan is the idol, not only of this faction, but of a very large majority of the Democratic rank and file in New York City and State. Mere accidental mention of his name is enough to start a thunderous cheer in any aggregation of Democrats.

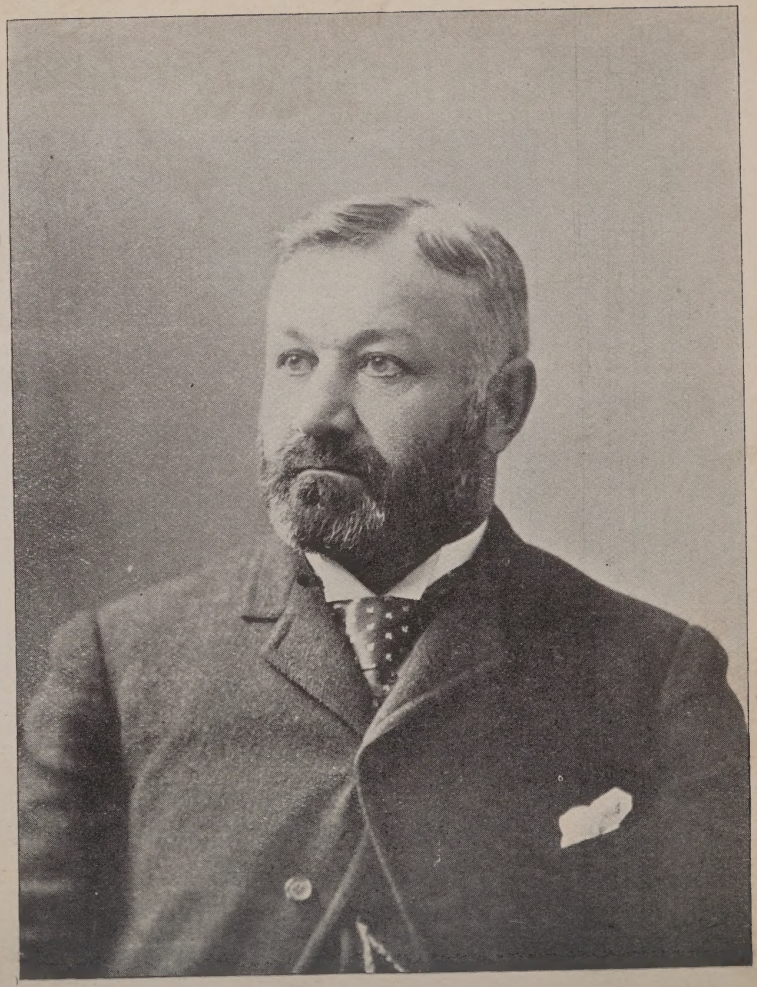
Remember, I am stating facts. Personally, I no more believe in free silver than I do that the silvery moon is a live issue in the firmament, capable of habitation by beings like ourselves! But I cannot dodge the fact that Bryan is beloved by the Democratic masses. He is wanted as the next Presidential candidate,



HON. THOMAS C. PLATT.



Hon. David B. Hill.



Hon. Richard Croker.

and every move he has made in the last year has increased his hold on his party.

Bryan is one of the acutest politicians of our era. A political duel for the Presidency between Bryan and Roosevelt would be a delightful sight—a gladiatorial contest of surpassing interest.

But this does not seem likely to happen. Republican factionalism is pretty sure to prevent Roosevelt's nomination. It is an open secret that the Administration did not want him to win the Governorship. Roosevelt has a harder hill to storm than San Juan in order to reach even the Presidential nomination.

Suppose he should get it, even then, unless he had composed all the factions in his State—no easy task—and unless prosperity, so long promised by McKinley, had arrived in the wake of the Spanish war, the country might go Democratic as it did with a tidal wave for Cleveland against Harrison.

Cleveland was not a popular candidate then, but the people were disgusted with the Republican party. Should another fit of disgust come and a really popular man like Bryan be nominated, who can doubt that he would go to the White House?

Perhaps, with a very narrow margin against such a candidate as Roosevelt; but Roosevelt's chance of the nomination cannot be deemed as good as Bryan's.

On the other hand, we will assume that the Republican Administration and Republican Congress just elected so conduct themselves as not to forfeit the confidence of the people, does it not follow that the War President will succeed himself?

Whichever way events trend, it is clear that free silver, although it may be made an issue in the West, cannot be imposed on the country, even should a Democratic President be elected; for a Republican hold-over Senate would block the way.

From this can be deduced that Wall Street is not going to contribute to the next Republican campaign fund, the millions it disgorged to elect McKinley. Why should it, when a Democratic President would be powerless to hurt the interests of the street?

We may, therefore, look in the main for an even match in the next Presidential campaign as a result of the recent election. Factional handicaps are about a stand-off, and money will not, because it does not care to, play a very important part. If the long promised Republican prosperity arrives, the Democracy will have an uphill fight. If it doesn't, Democracy will have a fine chance. If it comes partially or shows real signs of coming, as now seems most probable, the result will be close.

OUR DUTY RESPECTING THE PHILIPPINES.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

A consideration of the course that we ought to pursue towards the people of the Philippine Islands includes naturally a discussion of what the brand new term Imperialism, lately adopted into our American political vocabulary, means, and what it involves.

To begin with, it means that as a nation we are standing at the junction of two roads; one road is a continuation of that along which we have traveled ever since our birth, leading straight onward; the other road upon which we are invited to march is utterly dark to us, save indeed, as it is illuminated by the lurid lights thrown across it by the experience of European governments. The one is a smooth, safe highway, perfectly familiar; the other an unfamiliar path, rugged and dangerous, stained with blood and strewn with the bones of men.

We are ardently urged by the Imperialists—American Tories is the more appropriate term to apply to these persons—to leave the broad, straight, well-lighted highway that we thoroughly know, to march by the flank along a road we don't know. We are told it is our "manifest destiny" to go this way; that the war with Spain has coerced us into it, and hence we are obliged to annex Porto Rico, the Ladrones and the Philippine Islands with all the men, women and children, white, black and yellow, therein.

Simple Americans who understand nothing about this "manifest destiny" business know quite well that the war with Spain was undertaken for the sole purpose of freeing the people of Cuba from the cruel yoke of Spain; that Congress, by a practically unanimous vote in its declaration of war, declared first the sovereignty of the people of Cuba, and then directed the president to move our national forces to secure it. That was the noble cause for which our men faced danger and death, for which many laid down their lives. They know, also, that the independence of Cuba is now an assured fact, provided "manifest destiny" does not interfere by compelling us to retain a permanent garrison in Cuba.

Personally, I regard the scheme of the Imperialists as essentially bad, dangerous; a sinister assault upon the very soul of the Republic. The proposal of the annexation of thousands of islands, thousands of miles from our shores, is a complete reversal of our governmental policy as we have maintained it from the beginning; it is substantially without precedent, unless the crime of annexing Hawaii within the past year can be legitimately cited as such. With bold, brazen front it menaces the perpetuity of our American system of government.

A nation, like an individual, has certain principles. The Bible assures us that "Justice exalteth a nation, but sin makes nations miserable." An unprincipled nation, like an unprincipled man, merits the condemnation of every right-thinking person. The immortal principles upon which our Republic is founded, on which our Constitution and the whole superstructure of our government and institutions rest, were clearly and definitely enunciated by the Fathers 122 years ago.

The Tories of Europe and America scorned them then—they scorn them today. These principles stand out clear and distinct as the granite monument on Bunker Hill. They mean the brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God, the Christian doctrine of the rights of men.

They are set forth in the Declaration of American Independence thus: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," etc.

Under the searchlight of these principles, lofty and enduring as truth, the scheme of annexation will be seen to be as unclean as it is traitorous. Traitorous is the appropriate term to apply to the infamous proposition which if carried into operation would sap the central fundamental principles of our government. We cannot annex any territory, even the most insignificant island of the seas, without the consent of its people, except by a flagrant violation of these principles. The monarchies of Europe may annex subject peoples; their governments are founded on the doctrine of the inequality of men, and the subjection of some men to others. They have annexed territory by force and fraud in the past; they are doing so at the present hour. But our American government—"A government of the people, for the people, and by the people," which we pray God may not perish from off the face of the earth,—cannot do so.

It is quite true we have the power to destroy our American system, to substitute for it the European or Asiatic, to disregard the solemn injunctions of Washington, to throw aside the doctrine of the great Declaration of Independence as an iridescent dream, but we have no right to do these things. But whatever course we take, let it be taken with eyes wide open.

Our American Imperialists, like their European brethren, have lately become somewhat outspoken respecting the work and admonitions of the Fathers of the Republic. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Charles Denby, ex-minister to China, in the November number of the Forum, unburdens himself thus: "I learned what I know of diplomacy in a severe school. I found among my (European) colleagues not the least hesitation in proposing to their respective governments to do anything which was supposed to be conducive to their interests. There can be no other rule.... I recognize the existence of a national sentiment in accordance with the supposed teaching of Washington's Farewell Address, which is against the acquisition of foreign territory; but the world has moved and circumstances are changed. We have become a great people."

It may be readily perceived that this gentleman learned his notions of diplomacy in an immoral school. Vice and virtue, justice and injustice, were evidently regarded as convertible terms in that school. Washington and the Fathers taught otherwise. Washington says: "Observe good faith and justice towards all nations." Denby assures us the world has moved since Washington's time and says: "I am in favor of holding the Philippines because I cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so except the seizure of territory in China." Washington admonishes the American nation to be honest. Denby boldly suggests that we should steal in China provided we conclude not to

steal in the Philippines. Verily, the American world has moved respecting the ten commandments if this man and his fellows represent any considerable portion of it.

Denby continues: "We have the right as conquerors to hold the Philippines. We have the right to hold them as part payment of a war indemnity. This policy may be characterized as unjust to Spain; but it is the result of the fortunes of war. All nations recognize that the conqueror may dictate the terms of peace." The brutal frankness of these statements is their sole redeeming feature. Their downright pagan morality is clearly apparent. The power that we possess to do certain things is here declared to be the right to do them. The power to do injustice, to commit sin, is converted into the right to do it. The writer is thoroughly saturated with the morality of the "severe school" in which he acquired his notions of diplomacy. The prescient mind of Washington distinctly foresaw the time when such men would arise in the land, preaching a doctrine subversive of the vital principles of our government as well as a doctrine of public immorality under the guise of patriotism and enlightened self-interest.

Toward the close of that incomparable Farewell Address, his legacy to the American nation, the Father of His Country says: "In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good—that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism—this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated."

It is alleged we have conquered the Philippines. The truth is, as everybody knows, we have merely destroyed a Spanish squadron in Manila harbor and aided the Philippine insurgents in pursuance of the war operations deemed necessary to liberate the people of Cuba. The insurgents who have been in arms for years against Spanish authority beleaguered Manila on the land front while we held the water front until the Spanish garrison was compelled to surrender. We haven't conquered a solitary island in that vast archipelago of the Pacific. We haven't fired a hostile shot at the inhabitants. Indeed, on the contrary, we have been their stalwart allies and friends, acting in concert with them to destroy Spanish rule. In many respects, but without formal recognition of their independence, the position we occupied toward them was substantially similar to that which we held in Cuba.

Notwithstanding these patent facts, we have men who call themselves Americans crying out that we have conquered them, that the ten to fifteen millions of inhabitants in these islands are ours by right of conquest, the fruits of our victory over Spain. Such an idea in conception has a virulent flavor of the barbarous ages, of European thought, utterly discordant with, and antagonistic to our American ideas and institutions. The right of conquest over human beings! The right as masters over the Philippine islanders, or any other people upon the earth! Out upon the foul assumption. We trampled it out in blood at the cost of hundreds of thousands of

lives on the battle-fields from Bull Run to Petersburg when the nation arose in majestic wrath against the slave oligarchy. Master and slave cannot exist together within the jurisdiction of the American flag. We recognize no classes or species of servitude. We are a nation of citizens, no subjects among us.

Not a soul among the American Tories has the temerity to propose the annexation of these islands as an integral part of the American Union—that is to say, to admit the millions of savage, quarter-civilized, semi-civilized and civilized people to the rights of citizenship of the United States, with representation in Congress. Everyone knows and admits they are not fit for our form of government. The proposition, therefore, of the Imperialists, however it may be disguised in flamboyant talk about "manifest destiny," "dignity of the flag," "world power," and such like, is to erect over these people a provincial rule administered by military government and maintained by a standing army. Vassalage and freedom cannot exist together. An irrepressible conflict prevails between them. Citizens or subjects they must become. But every child born under the American flag, whatever the race or previous condition, according to the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution, becomes an American citizen, clothed with all the rights and prerogatives of citizenship. The children of the Philippine and Ladrone islanders or any other people over whom we acquire jurisdiction become, perforce, without cavil or question, citizens. We cannot tax them without their consent. It is absolutely repugnant to our principles.

Our fathers, men of honesty and character, declared that taxation without representation was a crime. For seven long years in the Revolutionary War they fought to establish that as an abiding principle among us.

The test provided by our institutions and confirmed by experience for the admission of communities into our political household is this: Whenever it is proposed to admit such, the main questions to be considered are:

Are the people proposed to be incorporated endowed with that degree of intelligence and virtue which will fairly enable them to discharge the duties of citizenship?

Are they adapted, or capable of being adapted, to citizenship and to form a State of the Union for themselves?

If the answers to these questions are in the affirmative, admit them; if in the negative, they should be rejected. These are the practical questions we put when considering the admission of the people of United States territories to statehood. There is no other safe test. Indeed, we apply that principle whenever we admit a foreign-born man to citizenship.

It is pointed out that several precedents for annexation have been established, from the acquisition of Louisiana to Hawaii. This last-named was a crime,—the first perilous step on the downward path. We should refuse to repeat it. Louisiana and California lay contermin us to us, sparsely settled territories. Texas joined us with the consent of its people, and sub-polar Alaska is practically uninhabited. It is right to observe that all these acquisitions except Hawaii were made of contiguous territory lying within the pale of the Munroe Doctrine, not of territory thousands of miles away outside that pale. The acquisitions made were around our barn-yard door, to speak in homely phrase, necessary to round out to the proper outlines the national homestead of a great people.

The people of the Philippines can govern themselves better than we or Spain or any other external authority can govern them. They can, themselves, maintain the most fitting government suitable to their present conditions. That is the sound American doctrine since the assumption of the Southern slave-holders regarding black men was stamped out in blood over thirty years ago. Our attempt at civilizing the red men is a dark chapter of American history—one of fraud, crime, extermination. Spain, with all its cruelties in South America, shines bright in its treatment of the Indians by comparison with us.

As I write these lines black men are shot down in the streets of some of our American cities because they dare to go to the polls to vote. They are publicly notified from the city of Wilmington, N. C., that some of the white people of that city, a minority of the voters, have armed themselves for the purpose of shooting them down at the ballot boxes on election day. This notification is spread broadcast throughout the country in the columns of the press and it excites no wide-spread indignation; Gov. Tanner of Illinois, says he will shoot to pieces with Gatling guns, colored miners who dare to come into his state to take the place of white miners out on strike. Colored men have been burned and hanged in many sections of the South by mobs who exercise a free hand. This latter has been of such common occurrence for many years past that it hardly excites a ripple of excitement until the outraged black man strikes back at his assailants.

There is another salient feature of the annexation question which has been practically overlooked, and that is, it involves the preservation of the Monroe doctrine. In the message laid before Congress by President Monroe, on Dec. 2d, 1823, it was declared as our settled American policy on certain vital questions that "In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our interest to do so . . . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

From this it may be observed that the famous message of President Monroe means two things,—each the complement of the other. One is a notice to the powers of Europe that we will view with disfavor, as dangerous to our peace and safety, any attempt on their part to extend their power in this hemisphere; the other is a notice that we have never taken any part in their quarrels, nor does it comport with our interest to do so. In brief, it may be said, taking the whole context of President Monroe's message, that it says to Europe, "hands off, you must not annex any territory on our side of the Atlantic or Pacific; we, the American people, will keep our hands off territory in the hemisphere dominated by you."

Our duty to the people of the Philippines is clear. We should not falter in performing it. We aided them in breaking the Spanish yoke. Now let us aid them by advice and counsel in setting up such form of government as they themselves may determine upon. Keep our forces there until they get their government established. Then withdraw them leaving them our benediction. Our duty to them is done. Let them govern themselves well or ill. They can govern themselves better than anybody else can govern them. That is the American doctrine of government.

THE FASHODA QUESTION.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

Shortly after General Kitchener entered Khartoum in triumph with the black standard of the Prophet in his hand after his great victory at Omdurman, he learned with pained surprise that, if he and his army had advanced southward from Cairo some fifteen hundred miles, there were others who had gone farther. About three hundred and sixty miles south of Khartoum certain mysterious "whites," he was told, were encamped and had been there for months. Who were those audacious "whites," that, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet, had reached a point five degrees higher than he himself had yet attained? Evidently, they must be Frenchmen, and these Frenchmen must consist of Captain Marchand and his little party, whose marvelous journey across Africa from the mouth of the Congo on the Atlantic, surpasses everything in African exploration, even the feats of Stanley himself, in genuine heroism. Thus, before the English had started on their march from the Delta of the Nile in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, with perhaps, the most admirably organized army the world has ever seen, a little handful of Frenchmen, neglected by their government, without resources of any kind except those supplied by the barbarous countries they traversed, after enduring for over two years, perils and sufferings of every description, succeeded in making their way to the sources of the Nile, and took possession of Fashoda, a ruined village on the White Nile, long before them.

England was thrown into a fury of angry excitement when the news arrived there. At first sight, this vindictive rage would seem utterly unreasonable, for Fashoda has the reputation of being the most pestilential spot on the great river. It is inhabited by a few hundred fishermen who eke out a miserable existence by fishing, and their morals are so low that an honest man among them is said to be regarded as a freak of nature. Moreover, the village and the district of which it was the capital were entirely abandoned eight years ago by the Egyptians. Ever since, the country has been a sort of No Man's land, to be seized by the first comer, according to the prevalent international morality, which considers that the natives have no voice at all in the matter. It must be said, however, that the methods of Marchand were French rather than English He entered Fashoda without noise or fighting or shooting down the natives, acting just as he had done in the case of all the preceding posts he met on his journey. The French have many faults, but the hideous butchery of the wounded dervishes by the English army on the field of Omdurman would never have been perpetrated by French soldiers. Still, there were some grounds for the agitation of English statesmen and journalists.

In the first place, Fashoda is almost on the borders of Abyssinia, within hailing distance of Menelik, and Menelik, if not an ally, is a friend of France. In the event of a war between France and England, the intervention of the army that conquered

Italy might have important consequences. Moreover, Fashoda would be a connecting link between French Africa in the west and the trade routes to the Red Sea, through Menelik's dominions. Furthermore, the ideal policy of English statesmen like Rhodes and Chamberlain is that England should have an uninterrupted road between Cairo and the Cape, passing through the Transvaal, and that her African Empire should extend from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope and the borders of the Indian Ocean. She is fully aware of the many obstacles, geographical and political, she will have to encounter before realizing this ambitious project: the German and Portuguese possessions, the Free States, especially the Boer Republic and President Kruger, who will not be at all inclined to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. In fact, the scheme was little better than the phantom of a daydream until the last couple of months. Then a delusion of the wildest character took hold of the usually phlegmatic Englishman: it was that the United States was prepared to further his policy at any expense of blood and treasure. He has been assured that this is the case by such patriotic Yankees as William Waldorf Astor, whose influence among Americans may be guaged by the fact that he expended thousands of dollars in corrupting a New York congressional district, and yet failed to prevail on it to elect him to Congress! A French garrison in Fashoda would be a decided interference with this fine project. The village is so situated, with regard to Abyssinia and the numerous confluents of the Nile, that those who held it could easily interrupt communication between north and south.

But, apart from these hopes of England, the advantages she expects from the sole and undisturbed possession of the entire Nile valley are incalculable, and many of the ablest of the French explorers sadly admit that her expectations may be realized. The English company of the Niger controls a part of its valley as well as that of its affluent the Benoue. By means of those rivers, as well as by the railway it is building to Lagos on the Gulf of Guinea, it will be enabled to drain the productive wealth of the Soudan. One of the least important of these results will be the utter ruin of Tombuctu which the heroism of French explorers won a few years ago, for Central Soudan will be completely controlled by English commercial policy, and either the port of Lagos or an English city built on the mouth of the Niger will be the greatest commercial emporium on the west coast of Africa. To prevent such a calamity, France must have a port on the Nile or an emporium on the Red Sea.

It can now be easily seen why a swamp with a few huts and ruins on it has assumed such transcendent importance, and why two great nations were ready to dash at each other's throats until a few weeks ago. Under the circumstances, the brutality of the portion of the English press devoted to Mr. Chamberlain, and of Mr. Chamberlain himself, has nothing surprising. It requires very little provocation to render that representative of the "lower middle class" brutal, and here it must be confessed the provocation was considerable, so considerable that England was prepared to go to war if Marchand and his eight French officers and half a hundred Soudanese did not clear out of the place at once. The French nation has submitted, humiliated and ashamed, and evidently deter-

mined to spare no expense in rendering its navy so formidable that England will hesitate before she proceeds to such extremities with her in future.

The only agreeable feature in the entire proceedings has been the conduct of the Sirdar Kitchener on his meeting with Marchand at Fashoda. Nothing could exceed his courtesy in the performance of a painful mission. The Irishman and the Frenchman understood each other at once and parted with mutual esteem and almost affection. It was fortunate for the reputation of England that the Sirdar did not send as his deputy one of those native English officers who are so famous in Africa and India for their vulgar arrogance towards everybody not belonging to the regimental mess.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

ARCHBISHOP CHAPELLE, OF NEW ORLEANS.
Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico.

The acquisition of Porto Rico and Cuba by the United States means a rather radical change in the government of the Church in those islands. The religious provinces of the conquered country, of course, become affiliated to the American hierarchy, and already an American prelate has been selected to preside over the Church's interests there.

The Pope has appointed Archbishop

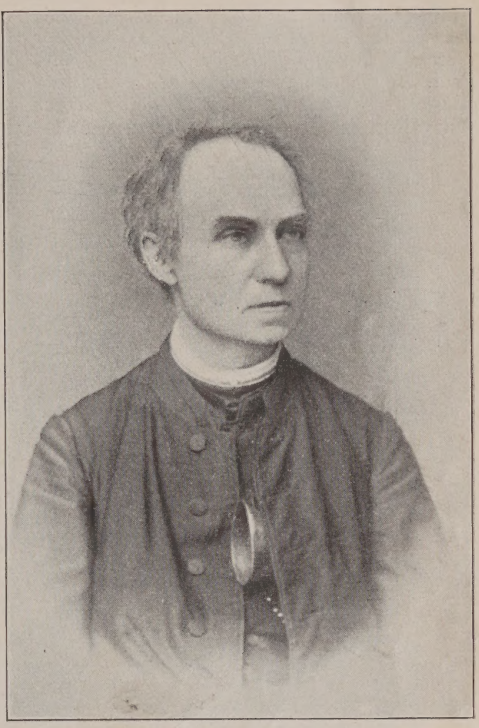
Chapelle, of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico. He will also become apostolic representative in the Philippines should the United States take possession of that archipelago. The terms of his appointment create him Apostolic Delegate to all territories acquired by the United States from Spain.

He is a warm personal friend of President McKinley, and as the question of Church and State is one of the most serious problems facing the government in the new territories, the importance of Mgr. Chapelle's opinions, derived directly from the Pope, can hardly be exaggerated.

"The Holy Father," he said, "will welcome in the new territories the happy order of things under which the Church has prospered in the United States. He believes in religious liberty before all things. My duties will be to enable the bishops to place the Church on a footing suitable to the new political changes that will take place by virtue of the treaty of peace within my sphere and the duties proper to my position. As a thoroughly loyal American I may be able to help our government in the work of reconstruction."

Not a little interesting is the testimony borne in the Himmel und Erde, the organ of the Urania Society of Berlin, to the scientific achievements of Father Braun, S. J. Herr Ginzel, of the Royal Astronomical Calculation Institute of Berlin, writes:

"Among the most ingenious attempts of recent times to determine the density of the earth and its gravitation constants, must be reckoned the labor of the Jesuit Father, Dr. C. Braun, the former able director of the Archiepiscopal Observatory at Kalocsa in Hungary. . . . The preliminary studies of his apparatus—for a very complicated apparatus was necessary—were begun by Father Braun as far back as 1886. He was not, however, in the favorable position of other physicists, who have at their disposal large pecuniary resources from the Government and physical laboratories. He was obliged to make pecuniary sacrifices himself, and construct a considerable part of the complicated instrument with his own hands. Under these difficult circumstances, Father Braun was not able to begin his observations till 1892. In 1894 they were completed and submitted to calculations. . . . When it is remembered that Father Braun is already advanced in years and that his health leaves much to be desired, we shall command assent when we say that his labors afford a rare proof of scientific energy and ideal self-sacrifice on the part of a remarkable man."



Rev. C. Braun, S. J.

Rev. L. Nougaret of Toledo, Ohio, is one of the most beloved chaplains of the order of "The Catholic Ladies of Ohio." He has also done notable missionary work in his own city, being the originator of the now famously successful Suburban Sunday School System. By its means he has brought into the fold a vast number of children, and has enlisted a host of young men and young women in the noble work. Fr. Nougaret possesses a most magnetic personality. He is a powerful pulpit orator, and his influence has often been compared to that of Montalambert. In zeal he is certainly second to no one.

The poet-critic Stedman, in his book on American poetry, gives a few lines to what he terms the Irish-American school. His definition is a little misleading, as some of the poets he cites were more

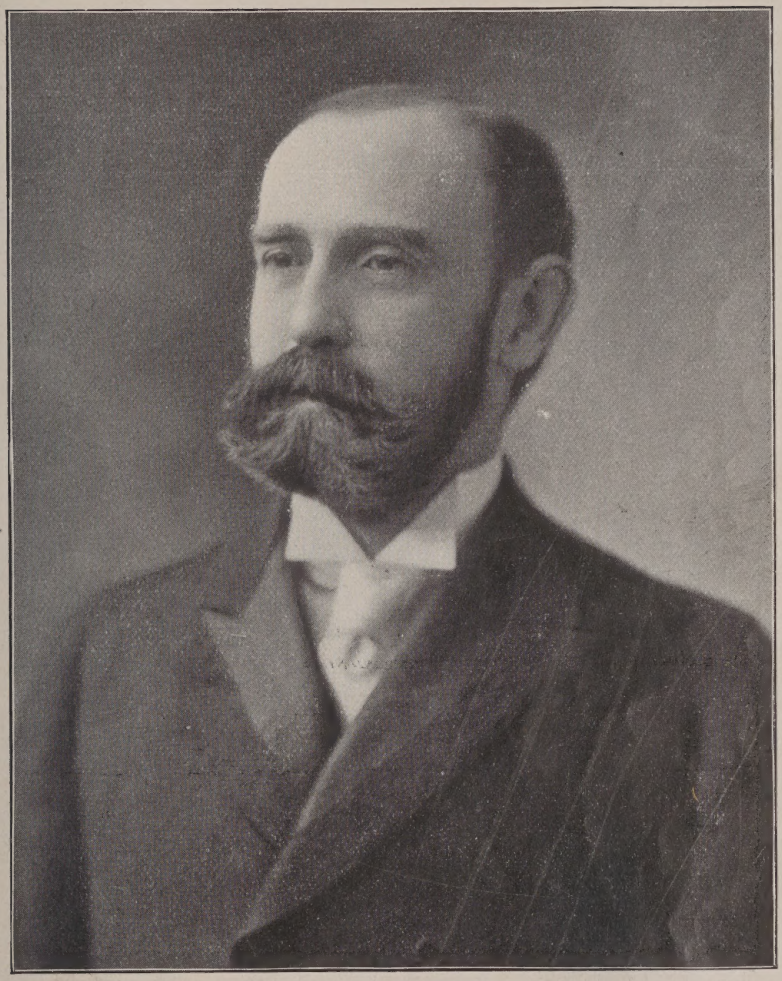
American than the troop of lesser bards that grace his polished pages. It is rather a strange notion of American critics that Prof. Boyesen, having cast aside the language of Norseland to sport in the larger waters of our English tongue, is metamorphosed into a true American, while the literary sons and daughters of Irish parents, born and striking root in American soil, are marked with a foreign brand.

In this Irish-American school one meets with the name of Maurice Francis Egan. "A sweet and true poet," is Stedman's criticism. Coming from a master in the art of literary interpretation, it must occupy a place in all coming estimates of Dr. Egan's poetry.

Maurice Francis Egan, poet, essayist, novelist, journalist, and all round literary man, was born in Philadelphia, May 24, 1852. His first instructors were the Christian Brothers, at their well known La Salle College in that city. From La Salle he went to Georgetown College, as a professor of English. After leaving Georgetown he edited McGee's Weekly. In 1881 he became assistant editor of the Freeman's Journal and remained virtually at the head of that paper until the death of its founder and the passing of the property to other hands.

REV. L. NOUGARET, OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

The founding of the Catholic University, and the acceptance of its English professorship by Warren Stoddard, made a vacancy in the faculty of Notre Dame University. This vacancy was filled by Mr. Egan. He subsequently joined the staff of the Catholic University of America, and



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D.

is now one of the leaders in literary Washington.

Dr. Egan has published the following volumes: "That Girl of Mine," 1879; "Preludes," 1880; "Song Sonnets," London, 1885; "Theatre," 1885; "Stories of Duty," 1885; "Garden of Roses," 1886; "Life Around Us," 1886; "Novels and Novelists," 1888; "Patrick Desmond," 1893; "Poems," 1893. To this list must be added innumerable articles in magazines and weekly journals. Judged by the signed output, it is safe to write that Dr. Egan is a very busy man. The wonder is that a mind so occupied by so many diverse things can write entertainingly of each.

Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Editor "New York Tribune." Mr. Moore, Secretary. Senator William P. Frye, of Maine.
Senator George Gray, of Delaware. Ex-Secretary of State William R. Day, of Ohio. Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY REV. D. A. HANLEY.

Christmas Day extends a greeting sacred and peculiarly its own to Christian lands and Christian people. Its coming is marked by a season characteristic of its sanctity, joy, and hope. The centre of faith and religion calls this time the Advent Season.

In fitting words the Evangelist gives voice and warning note, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths." The altar loses its ornaments and flowers. The Gloria is not intoned. Verily cheer with the gaieties of life lose place in this sombre prelude. Penance and Advent are one. But already Advent is taking on a tint of joy and the hour of salvation is near at hand.

The landscape to the Christian horizon mingles with the shades o'er Bethlehem's way. Celestial dew covers mother earth. The embrace is significant. The crib and the manger are of Heaven and earth. A big bright star hovers in and around the scene. Its magnitude and brilliance eclipse the "wee little twinklers," and shadows from the Milky Way lose vision as the Wise Men of the East follow in the beacon's trail as on and on it speeds its way. The course is traversed. It has spent its motive force. Strange freaks in nature outdone by this ethereal traveler are the subject of the Magi's meditation. Silently they have followed whithersoever the star of hope would lead them.

Now the journey is done. Shepherd voices are heard. The moun-

tain tops are snow-capped. The valley is attired in virgin alb. Winter has set in. 'Tis bleak and cold and the Magi seek for shelter. Meantime the star of hope shines from above just over the stable. It is stationary and in the zenith of its power. The sky is illumined. What mystery does this heavenly guide reveal to man? Why does nature herself stand in awe while her cherished laws fail to explain the phenomenon? It suffices, 'tis mystic! The Magi find their way to the stable and knock for admission. They had heard and read of the Messiah, the long expected one of Israel.

Once beyond the threshold they behold in the halo of divine truth, virginity, maternity, and divinity blending—the Mother Immaculate—the babe God Incarnate. The Magi kneel in adoration and the angel chorus tells in song of the Mystery of the Incarnation "Adeste fideles laete triumphantes venite venite in Bethlehem Natum videte verbum caro factum." What feelings permeated the souls of the Magi! Penance is past, 'tis now Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

Aside from the religious view of Christmas, the home is happiest on Christmas Day. Parents longingly look for their children to be with them. The table, heavy with the good things of earth, supplies food and cheer for those who grace it seldom, or once in the year. The yule log creaks with tales of childhood as the old folks tell of infancy, its cares, its trials and joys. Santa Claus and benevolent legends are whispered by the zephyrs. The little ones fain would lie down to sleep. Sleigh bells jingle and "all goes merry as a marriage bell." A hearty salutation is the mutual "merry, merry Christmas" of friends. The day is passed in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. All feel happy. There is something about Christmas Day which suggests a light heart. Perhaps though the day is sad to more than one. Recalling the past brings vividly the memory of loved ones not at the table, neither around the hearth nor in the centre of the old fireside group. Mother may not be there. The embers show it. They do not glow as they used to. Father is away. The children miss the tread of his step. Brother, sister are absent too. Their smiles and cheerful, happy looks are of the past. Home is not what it used to be on Christmas Day. Yet all told, there is no day in the year so welcome, so fraught with joy and pleasure, as Christmas Day. The old enjoy it. It's the young folks' feast. It is the time for presents too. The little ones look on the morn for the actual visage of Santa Claus, and a well filled stocking is the pride and joy of these young hearts. The day is spent in exhibition of what it has brought. In service and in song it begins and ends. "Venite adoremus, venite Christum Dominum" bids the faithful assemble in the Parish Church and join with the priest and choir in hymns of praise and glory. The response is grand in number and in fervor. The matin hour finds the church full to overflowing and while yet the mellow sunshine struggles for admittance the Sanctuary lamp burns bright, serene and steady. The Sanctuary lamp is the figure of the star of hope that led the Wise Men to the stable at Bethlehem. The Sanctuary lamp is the beacon that lights the way to the Holy of Holies and it never burns brighter than on Christmas Day. The joy of the earth has come. 'Tis Christmas Day. The day our Lord was born. "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus."

WINONA.

BY ANNA M. JOHNSTON

(Concluded.)

"Why, don't you know? I thought you had come to bid me good-bye. I leave for St. Louis this afternoon. I shall never return, as I intend to take up my life-work there."

"Your life-work!" he echoed, staring blankly at her. "Marie, I must speak with you. I have not come to bid you farewell. I did not even know that you were to leave. I wish to speak with you on a very different subject." He took both her unresisting hands in his, and told his love in a few, simple, manly words, her frank eyes and flushed cheeks conveying her answer, even before she whispered it to his waiting ears. Neither was conscious of the lapse of time till Lavelle entered the lodge, saying: "Come, my daughter, it is time to go."

She rose and embraced him, the light of her new-found happiness shining in her face. "I am a fickle girl, dear papa," she said. "I cannot go now. Colonel Floyd has just asked me to be his wife."

The trader was astounded. He looked from one to the other in bewilderment, unable to realize, all at once, the great good fortune that had fallen to the lot of his beloved child. The suddenness and brilliancy of this unlooked-for denoument completely overcame him, and he sat down on the nearest chair to recover himself. Passing the back of his hand across his eyes, he cleared his throat, and said simply, but in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I am very glad my little girl will have so good a husband. She is a good girl, Monsieur, and I hope you will be very kind to her."

What a leveler is love! Colonel Floyd grasped the hand of his future father-in-law, saying solemnly, "So help me God, I will." In the exuberance of his joy, he would have felt almost equal to shaking the hand of his prospective mother-in-law, but that shrewd dame, divining the situation, wisely held herself aloof.

Colonel Floyd never knew how he reached his quarters that night, but a special Providence took charge of the accepted lover, and saw that he came to no harm. He did not meet Captain Raymond till the next afternoon, and then no announcement of his success was necessary. His bright smile and happy face conveyed to the quick, half-jealous eye of the other, the certainty of the fact. Smothering his feelings with an effort, he wrung his commander's hand in sincere though sad congratulation.

When it became known throughout the post that it was their gallant colonel himself, and not Captain Raymond, who was to wed with the daughter of the Sioux, the prevailing sentiment was one of profound amazement; but loyalty to their commander prevented a too free expression of opinion on the subject.

The next mail for the East, bore to the war department at Washington the resignation of Colonel Floyd. His future was already mapped out. He had an independent fortune, and only his love for his profession had bound him to army life. His approaching marriage changed his whole career. The new love crowded out the old, and he would not think of exposing his bride to the vicissitudes of life at a frontier army post.

As soon as his successor arrived, they would bid adieu to the wilderness, the Indian village, the lonely post, and travel; first, in their own land, then go abroad for a few years

and perhaps settle permanently in a foreign land.

Marie was charmed with the prospect, and only stipulated that the marriage should be celebrated by her friend and guardian, Pere de Smet, and that their first visit should be to the dear old convent and the good sisters of the Sacre Couer at St. Louis. Colonel Floyd gave a ready assent.

A fortnight later, the familiar figure of the missionary was seen in the village. He was astonished beyond measure and highly gratified at the exalted fortune which had so unexpectedly come to his protegee, and he regarded it as an unmistakable manifestation of the workings of Divine Providence. A few days later the marriage ceremony took place in Marie's own room which had been fitted up as a temporary chapel.

The group assembled there on that occasion was a noteworthy one, well worth an artist's pencil; the priest, in sacerdotal robes, and the handsome groom attended by Major Wilson and Captain Hunter, in the brilliant uniforms of their rank. The bride, in simple, tasteful attire, was very fair to look upon, at least, so thought her lover and his friends, who now saw her for the first time. She was in the peculiar position of having no friend of her own sex to attend her during the ceremony, but her father, with the native dignity that he could summons in an emergency, remained at her side. A few steps away stood her mother, deeply moved and interested in the novel ceremony. About her were grouped her other children, and a little farther off, seeming less grim than usual, stood the bride's uncle, arrayed in the gorgeous festival costume of a Sioux chief.

Congratulations and adieus were said simultaneously, and the wedded lovers went directly to the post where the colonel had made special preparations for the reception of his young bride. She filled her new position with grace and dignity, while her beauty and her affable manners soon made both officers and men forget to comment upon "The colonel's strange infatuation."

Captain Raymond, summoning his pride, as well as his good sense, to his aid, was the first to offer congratulations after their arrival at their quarters. "Kismet," he sighed regretfully, to himself as he noted the ideal happiness of the well-mated pair, and he continued to be, as of old, the most frequent and welcome visitor at the commander's quarters.

In the spring, as soon as navigation opened on the river, General Turner was sent out to relieve Colonel Floyd. Preparations for departure were speedily made, and by the first of May, when the boat made her first downward trip, they were ready to go. On that morning, Marie went over to the village alone to take leave of her family. It was an affecting parting, her father holding her clasped in his arms as if he could not relinquish her forever. When she returned, her eyes were red with weeping and she murmured constantly, "Dear, dear papa!—poor mother!" Her husband forbore to check her grief until the warning whistle of the steamboat was heard, then, putting his arms tenderly about her, he said, "Come, love, let us go," and looking up into his strong, loving face, she dried her eyes, and placed her hand within his, ready to go with him to the ends of the earth if he so willed it

A crowd of officers and soldiers were already assembled at the landing to bid good-bye and Godspeed to their beloved commander and his fair bride. Adieus were hastily said, hands were wrung in silent parting from old comrades in arms, and then

they crossed over the same gang-plank over which Marie had lightly sprung less than a year before. The whistle shrieked, the captain shouted, the wheel churned the water to a white foam at the stern, and the boat moved off.

A hundred caps waved wildly in the air, a hundred friendly voices shouted good-bye as the travelers stood on the deck and waved farewells. But Marie's last farewell and last glance were toward a dusky, silent group that stood apart on a little knoll near the river bank. When they were shut out from her view by a bend of the river, she hid her face on her husband's breast and wept.

A cordial reception awaited them at the convent on their arrival in St. Louis. Amid smiles, blushes and happy tears, Marie introduced "My husband, Colonel Floyd."

The feelings of the girl were literally too great for utterance. This was another act in the romantic drama begun a year ago, and one roguish damsel whispered to Marie, that if that were the result of a few months' residence in Dakota, she wouldn't mind taking a trip thither herself.

After visiting the great cities and the popular watering places of the East, they went abroad and spent two years in traveling, and finally located in Paris.

They still reside there. Their beautiful home is the centre of an elegant hospitality, while the charms of its mistress make her the queen of the social circle in which she moves.

Three children came to brighten their home. The eldest, noble and handsome like his father; the second lovely and winsome as her mother; while the third, in color, features and traits of character is as veritable an Indian as though he were born and cradled in a tepee, on the wind-swept plains of the Great West. His parents made him the object of their tenderest solicitude, hoping by a careful education to eradicate the hereditary instincts which were so pronounced in childhood, but only a partial success crowned their efforts.

When the news of the terrible disaster of the Little Big Horn was flashed across the cable, the American colony was stirred to its centre, for many had relatives or friends among the gallant men, who went down that day before the victorious savage.

Marie was overwhelmed with sorrow at this culminating act of vengeance on the part of her ruthless kinsman, while her husband mourned for the awful fate of many a loved old companion in arms.

It was the topic of conversation at the American Ministers' levee a few evenings later, "What can be the matter with Mrs. Floyd?" asked a guest. "I just mentioned that terrible blood-thirsty massacre, when she turned deadly pale, and begged me never to mention it to her again."

"My dear," said the astute lady addressed, "those creoles are so impressionable; you know her husband was a distinguished army officer, and he has doubtless told her of his experiences with those blood-thirsty Sioux. She probably imagined she saw the whole dreadful tragedy enacted before her eyes and it was too much for her sensitive nature."

"Poor Major Raymond," said the first speaker. "He was my cousin, we were playmates and the dearest of friends during all our young lives; and to think of him, noble, gallant gentleman that he was, lying out there on those dreary plains! It makes me sick at heart!" and the lady wiped away the tears which the harrowing recital had called up, and turned to greet the Russian Ambassador, just then approaching.

THE END.

JOHN DUNCAN'S CLOCK.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

What a wonderful old thing it was as it loomed out of the darkness up there against the wall; it had a large round dial whose queer old-fashioned figures seemed forever chasing one another over its smooth surface in an unending race with time. Very old, very antique it looked with two turned columns running up its length on either side and supporting the dome above, and it was of a commanding height too, standing fully eight feet from the floor. Underneath the dial was a queer old door, and behind the door a queerer mass of hanging chains with great weights depending from them wherewith you wound the clock—for there was none of your modern keys or ways about it at all; it was eloquent of a day long since gone by—of a time when the world did not spin so swiftly perhaps nor set us poor mortals so mad a dance. Very wise and knowing it seemed to be as it gazed benignly down upon the other objects in the room—it seemed to know it was a great deal older than they and had a right to be patriarchal in consequence, just as it seemed to think it quite beneath it to act as all other well-ordered clocks are wont to do; no one ever heard of such a mixture of quarters and halves as it gave vent to when it tolled the time. First came the hour itself, then the quarters, and most frequently, by way of good measure, the whole process was repeated several times until it seemed as if bedlam had broken loose in clockdom, and had determined never to resume a normal state again.

At least so thought John Duncan who had been accustomed to its eccentricities for as long as he could remember; whenever he looked at it on Christmas Eve it seemed to let loose a swarm of ghosts upon him. Faces—dear, sweet faces, that long ago had been with him by just such a fire, on just such a night, listening to the old clock just as he did now—gazed at him from the firelight; bright, fresh young faces, lit up with laughter and the joyful anticipations of the morrow smiled as they had been wont to do, while o'er them all, like a benediction, beamed a fair, sweet face, framed in a sprinkling of gray with the same light of mother love that made the time an epoch in his life. And now they were gone, they had melted away so swiftly, so silently, leaving naught but a sad, sweet memory that was pleasure and pain—all in one. Ah well, something splashed on his hand and glittered like a jewel in the firelight; he gazed at it a moment, then brushed it tenderly away, for it seemed very dreary sitting there all alone with no one for company but that solemn old clock—the only thing in the room besides himself that had a semblance of life; as if to prove the fact, it suddenly burst forth into a perfect babel of sound, repeating stroke upon stroke as though it would never cease. John looked up.

"A quarter past one," he murmured, "and yet you are making as much of a fuss as though it were twelve. What a queer old article you are anyway, you act as though you were the victim of some irresponsible hob-goblin instead of the guardian of sedate old Father Time—what's the matter with you?"

For answer there came a noisy whir, a sharp click, and then the hour and quarter all over again; then everything grew very quiet. Leaning back in his chair he fell into a

reverie, which brought all the memories of his life back pell-mell.

"Ah well," he murmured with a sigh, gazing at the glowing coals, "it's what we all come to I suppose."

"John Duncan—cheer up!"

He started and gazed about him; everything was quiet and orderly—could it be—was it, the clock.

"Yes, it's I, don't look so frightened:" it continued briskly, "I am going to talk to you as you need to be talked to."

He gazed at it in wonder. What a transformation it had undergone; it seemed to be half clock, half man—a long compressed sort of man with a very large head, and a very large face, and a body that was long and narrow. It was wonderful!

"First of all, John Duncan,—you're foolish."

John perhaps was too surprised to deny it, so it quickly resumed.

"Here you are—a man who ought to know better, moping about as though life, and yours in particular, were quite a failure, as though you had quite exhausted all capacity for good. Ridiculous! Why, if you but helped to lighten the burden of a single human soul, you have not lived in vain. Can't you see that your life was made empty but to give you the better opportunity of filling it? Have you never thought of that? Of course not, and yet you go on bemoaning your lot as though you had quite passed the useful stage for anything but money. You're not a bad fellow, John, I know you well enough to know that, but your better self has become a trifle shrivelled and dried up in the struggle of life so that you are just a little selfish; too apt to wonder what's going to happen to you, to the total exclusion of everyone else. There is no necessity for you getting down there and developing acute melancholia, even if it is Christmas Eve and you are all alone. Those you loved so dearly are still with you as of yore; they never forget you as you sometimes do them. Don't you know that death is merely a transitory stage to a higher and better life, so that you are not alone at all, for their hearts never beat so true nor with such perfect sympathy as now, when no intervening cloud of poor mortality dims their vision; and if your faults show, so too all the clearer do your virtues. Think more of others, John, and you will forget to mourn about yourself; as you attain complete forgetfulness, so will you be happy. For instance, don't pounce upon poor Wilkins in the office as though he were the most helpless case of carelessness that ever lived, just because he forgot your letters; remember how often you did precisely the same thing when you were of like age. And poor Johnson, don't be so ugly and snappy with him for nothing at all; you know very well that despite your ridiculous prejudices you have been often forced to admit that he performs his duties most conscientiously, with a painstaking exactness that would do credit to anyone; don't do violence to your better feelings in such a way as that; remember that Johnson is fighting life on fifteen a week, with a family in the background, so that it is not to be wondered at if he is absent-minded at times.

"Remember, if you have had little pleasure, you have missed too, a corresponding amount of sorrow: the two go hand in hand, the one following always where the other has been before. You see, John, I've had some experience,—in fact, I've come to be quite a philosopher up here against the wall, and then, too, I've grown wise with age, for, to be candid, I am old, very; and I'll admit it's a long time since I interested myself in any-

body—or talked so much"—it paused a moment and gave a wheezy old whir to prove it, then continued, "but I am interested in you, first, because I know you so long, and secondly, because I entertain a high regard for you. I am always privileged to grow confidential on Christmas Eve, but have never done so until now, when the occasion really seemed to require it, but—alas! my time is up—ponder on what I've said, make the best of your opportunities for good; and above all, cheer up, John; cheer up!"

There was a loud whir, a bang and clatter, and starting up he found the old clock ticking away calmly, with nothing strange about it. He rubbed his eyes, stretched his legs and got up.

"By George," he muttered, striding over to the window, "I've been dreaming and now it's morning, Christmas morning!"

Outside the snow had ceased falling, revealing a vista of purity that stretched as far as the eye could reach; over in the East a purple line was drawn across the sky marking the van of the retreating storm. All was Peace. Nature breathed a benediction upon the sons of men.

"It is Christmas morning," repeated John, with a glad light beaming from his eyes. There was a new meaning in the words for him and something seemed saying even now—"Cheer up, John; cheer up!"

"I declare," he murmured half aloud, "I never felt so light-hearted in years, never. Poor Johnson, I've been unjust to him, but I'll make amends from this forth,—I will indeed. I'll make some one happy if I can; it's really remarkable how different I feel, and all due to that wonderful old clock." He gazed at it almost with affection, while it ticked calmly on, oblivious of his new found appreciation. Suddenly there burst forth on the wintry air a wild chaos of joy, as the bells of a near-by church pealed forth their glad welcome to the Christmas morn.

"I'll go to church," he exclaimed decidedly. "I'll begin my good intentions properly."

And go he did, while everyone marveled at the uncommon ardor and genuineness of his "Merry Christmas." There was something wonderfully taking about it that surprised himself and delighted his friends who never for a moment thought of John Duncan's clock.

MOTHER'S PRESENCE AT CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The merry bells may jingle in the good old-fashioned way;
In merriment we mingle, with the music holding sway;
The "Gloria in Excelsis" is sounding everywhere—
But, really 'tisn't Christmas, if mother isn't there.

She hangs a newer halo round the mistletoe on high;
A spirit of bravado drives away the weary sigh—
For sorrow is no mistress, and life lets go its fear,
Amid the joys of Chistmas, when mother, dear, is here.

The fire upon the hearthstone lights up with ruddier glow;
The laughter is more mirthsome, bubbling forth in frolic flow;
The Christ-Child truly comes to us, in all His heavenly cheer,
If the advent of old Christmas finds mother, also, here.

QUESTION BOX.

1. Boston inquires: In reciting the Litany of Our Lady is it proper to say "Queen conceived without original sin" before "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary" or after?

2. Why do some Catholics and especially those of the older generation say at the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer: "deliver us from all evil," instead of "deliver us from evil?" Is there any authority for the use of the word "all" in this case?

3. I asked a priest once why we do not have the Litany of the Sacred Heart at our First Friday devotions, and he told me that this Litany was not approved. What did he mean?

1. From time to time an invocation has been added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, as for instance, the invocation: "Help of Christians, pray for us," was added in memory of a great victory of the Christians over the Turks, whereby Europe was saved from Mohammedan invasion and Mohammedan immorality. This as you may notice, has been inserted as the last of the invocations before those that are addressed to Mary as Queen. So, too, the words "Queen conceived without original sin," were added to the Litany, in memory of the decree of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX. in 1854.

The words, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary," have been added since Leo XIII. has given so much honor to Mary as the "Queen of the Rosary," and has given such an impetus to this devotion. Therefore, as a matter of chronology, the title "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary," comes at the end of the Litany.

2. The use of the word "all" is evidently a matter of custom whose origin may not be very easily traced, but there is no necessity and no authority for the introduction of the word. "Deliver us from evil" is the correct rendering. The Greek word which we have had rendered into English by the word "evil" has been considered by some writers to mean the evil one. In this sense the transition from the preceding petition, "lead us not into temptation," to the petition deliver us from the evil one, serves as a beautiful climax; but, more generally, and, no doubt, more correctly the real meaning is "deliver us from evil," meaning that we are to be freed from all moral evil, or from the hindrances to our spiritual progress.

As we have prayed for freedom from sin when we asked God to forgive us our deeds, and for deliverance from temptation, now we ask Him to defend us against all spiritual danger. So great an authority as Suarez rightly observes that physical evils too, may become spiritual dangers and impediments, and in this sense, we pray also to be delivered from them. Therefore, those who added the word have not done anything against the sense of the prayer, but the word is still superfluous.

While speaking on this question, we might call attention to the doxology which is found in the authorized Protestant version: "For thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen." This does not belong to the text of the Holy Scripture. These words evidently came from the practice of ending the prayer with a doxology, as now we frequently add to the Psalms and many other prayers in the Catholic Church, the doxology of "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost." This was first written in the margin, and by some later writer inserted in the body of the text. The word "Amen" is found in our Catholic Bibles, and St. Jerome has placed it in the text of his translation, but like the doxology, it is probably only of liturgical origin. It is derived from a Hebrew word signifying "Truth," and so we have understood it in the sense of "So be it, or may it be so." This meaning will suggest the reason why it has been added to the prayer.

3. The only Litanies approved for the Universal Church are: "The Litany of the Saints; the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus." These then are the only Litanies that should be recited in public offices of the Church. Other Litanies like that of the Sacred Heart may be recited as a matter of private devotion.

Catholic asks: 1. How often must one go to confession in order to gain any indulgences he may have the opportunity of gaining?

2. In one of the recent numbers of the "Question Box" the statement was made that Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has not changed in his attitude towards the Italian government. Would you kindly quote for me the exact words of his latest letters on the subject, as I have been unable to find them in the papers or magazines at my disposal?

1. The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has expressly stated that those who approach the Sacrament of Penance, as a rule, once a week, thereby satisfy the

obligation of confession for gaining any indulgence within the week.

2. The Italian Catholics, exactly because they are Catholics, cannot renounce the desire that their Supreme Head should be restored to his necessary independence and his entire liberty in a full and effective manner, this being an indispensable condition for the freedom of the Catholic Church. Upon this point they will change their opinions neither for threats nor violence. They will bear with the existing state of affairs, but as long as this will aim at the downfall of the Papacy through a conspiracy of all the anti-religious and sectarian elements, they can never, without violating their most sacred duties, agree to uphold it by their adhesion and support. To demand from the Catholics a positive co-operation in maintaining the present state of affairs would be unreasonable and absurd, since it would then be no longer lawful for them to obey the teachings and precepts of the Apostolic See, and they would have to act in opposition to it and pursue a different line of conduct from that followed by Catholics of all other nations.

Hence it is that, in the present condition of affairs, the action of the Italian Catholics, keeping apart from politics, concentrates itself on the field of social and religious activity, and seeks to improve the moral tone of the people, to make them obedient to the Church and its head, to remove them from the dangers of socialism and anarchy, and, lastly, to relieve their wants by numerous works of Christian charity."

Scholar writes: When I was present at the last session of the Catholic Summer School one of the lecturers spoke on the subject of hypnotism. I noticed that a vast amount of interest was manifested by all who were on the grounds, and though I was most anxious to attend the lecture, I was, unfortunately, unable to be present. I inquired from some of those who attended the lecture, as to the practical conclusions given by the reverend speaker, but not being entirely satisfied with their answers, I would like to ask through your "Question Box," what is the attitude of the Church in regard to hypnotism.

Theologians are generally agreed that those who use hypnotism for obtaining effects which are probably within the domain of nature, cannot be considered guilty of wrong doing. So then, the mere use of hypnotism for the removing of physical evils, cannot be considered as absolutely forbidden. But when hypnotism is used in any way that is against the moral law, or for any purpose which is against the moral good, or in any way tends to effects beyond natural powers, it must certainly be considered unlawful, and so the Church regards it. In any case, it is so dangerous and so likely to lead to results of immorality or superstition that we can only advise its use or application even as a physical remedy, when such use or application is made by a physician of marked abilities and established morality.

Convert writes: While I was studying the doctrines of the Catholic Church, my husband who was and still is a Protestant, handed me one day a small medal, saying: "This was given to me by a Catholic friend, who stated that it would help me in making money. You can have it seeing you are interested in the study of Catholic notions." I was very indignant at what the Catholic had told him, and though I had no knowledge at the time as to the Church's teachings on the matter, I felt sure that the Church could not approve of such superstition. Now that I am a Catholic, I would like to know what answer to give to him on such matters.

1. This is but one instance of many which we have to deplore. We do not know in what category we should class persons who make such statements, to the scandal of their hearers, and to the detriment of religion. We have seen prayers entitled: "That never fail." We have known the faith of people to have been played upon to an extent that is beyond comprehension. Faith is deserving of our consideration, and Our Divine Lord Himself has given every testimony as to the power of faith, and to the efficacy of prayer. That the Church honors medals and other such articles is true, but that she encourages such use as our correspondent tells us of, or could maintain such doctrine as the "Catholic friend" implied, is certainly false.

In our September number we had occasion to answer G. C. who could perceive only ignorance and evil to his own great scandal and that of a Protestant friend in their travels through Catholic countries in Europe, and that our answer has been widely read and commented upon is known to us, from a varied correspondence which we have received thereon commending the vehemence of our reply to G. C. We would be pleased to print the long erudite letter sent us by a Chicago correspondent, but, while we thank him for the interest he has manifested, and ap-

preciate his kind spirit in supplementing our answer with records taken from researches in Criminology to show that Catholic countries are certainly not behind Protestant countries in morality, we feel that we may leave G. C. at rest, and permit his own investigations to supply his former lack of reliable information.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Choral Sodality Handbook," arranged and compiled by Rev. James Anthony Walsh of St. Patrick's church, Boston, satisfies a long felt want. It contains hymns, canticles and litanies, with full musical score, suitable for sodalities and Sunday schools, and to these have been added the office of Vespers and Compline of the Immaculate Conception and Vespers for the Dead, together with many selected and indulgenced prayers. The musical portion of the manual has been carefully selected, and the music rearranged to meet the requirements of ordinary voices and make the manual useful to all. The hymns selected are those in greatest favor, many of them classic, and to these the reverend author has added many of his own composition. With all this rich abundance the manual hardly exceeds in size the one which is generally in use and which has no musical portion whatever We gladly welcome this little handbook and venture to hope that it will replace all others now in use, and become eventually the standard manual of all our sodalities.

Boston: Flynn & Mahoney, 25 cents.

Of quite a different character is a volume of poems, entitled "Whispers of the Pines," by Kathleen Monica Nicholson. Miss Nicholson is a sweet singer and her poems are intinct with poetic life. To a fine, discriminating sense of the beautiful she unites an admirable faculty of poetic expression which enables her to pour forth the rich stores of her imagination in a graceful and beautiful profusion, which is as elevating as it is pleasing. The diction of these verses is singularly rich and appropriate and is at once recognized as the product of a gifted and poetic mind. We quote from the opening stanzas of the second poem of the volume as showing the easy and apt way in which the authoress casts her thoughts in a poetic mould

"Floats a song in the breath of spring
That stirs each lifeless limb,
When a thrill of the summer's wing
Comes at the great sun's whim."

"Each fibre and nerve of earth
Bursts forth in living song,
And flow'r and leaflet's birth
The lofty strains prolong."

To these whispers of the pines of Lake Superior's shore are added echoes from the Green Isle, which, under the title of "Songs from Innisfail," breathe forth in forms of beauty, sentiments of patriotism and national hope.

Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.

A volume of poems from the pen of Emily R. Logue, entitled, "At the Foot of the Mountain" contains verses breathing a deeply religious spirit and expressed in chaste and simple language. There are over twenty poems in the volume and many of them are exquisitely tender and instinct with a faith, that stops not at the boundaries of this world. Thus in the concluding stanza of the poem "Sic transit gloria mundi," we find this sublime faith held forth as our richest heritage:

"We dry the bitter tears
That fall o'er buried years,
And turn towards the smiling skies
So far above our weary eyes.
Oh! Earth, when thy vain idols fall,
One hope remains to comfort all
Of our fond hopes the dearest, best—
In Heaven, there is rest!"

All the other poems of this little volume are animated by a like sublime faith.

Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

The singular power of using the common incidents of daily life for the purpose of illustration was possessed in a remarkable degree by Henry Ward Beecher. No public speaker in America approached him in making the most of his own personal experiences to drive home a lesson, and his discourses abound in these homely illustrations, which give a personality and power to his addresses, which could hardly be attained in any other way. These personal allusions have been culled from the various sermons and addresses through which they were scattered and have been published by Mr. Beecher's private stenographer, T. J. Ellinwood, under the title of "Autobiographical Reminiscences of Henry Ward Beecher." The personal note, which is dominant in these selections, invests them with a peculiar interest and the indefinable charm attaching to personality is ever present to the reader's mind.

New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., Boston: Little & Brown, 75 cents.

Too many books on Spain, written by Americans, are narrow, distorted views of its life and people; that the one before us, entitled, "A Corner of Spain," by Miriam Coles Harris, is an exception and is a charming account of the Spanish experiences of the authoress, as delightful as it is instructive. Her visit to Spain was, for the most part, confined to Malaga and its environs, and she charmingly describes the country, the people and the national life and characteristics, as they came under her observation. Her view is neither narrow nor superficial, but broad and comprehensive and displays an intimate knowledge of Spanish life and customs, such as only continued residence and immediate contact with the people could give. She has entered, too, into the spirit which actuates Spanish life and gives us charming pictures of the Spaniard as he is, with his simple yet profound faith and noble, generous instincts. The vulgar prejudice, which mars so many books of this description, finds little room in these interesting pages.

Boston; New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The first lecture in the Ingersoll Lectureship course of Harvard University delivered by Prof. William James, has been issued in book form under the title of "Human Immortality." The author, accepting all the conclusions of modern psychology, solves in this lecture two difficulties which are brought forward against the immortality of the human soul. We noticed a tendency to speak disparagingly of scholastic philosophy and its conclusions, which leads us to believe that the learned professor has confined most of his study to the moderns, and is not sufficiently acquainted with the great scholastics, especially St Thomas, to pass an unbiassed judgment concerning their work. Our experience with scholasticism has been quite different, and we have been amused to note that the greater and deeper the researches of the experimentalists in the psychological field, the nearer their conclusions approached the principles already attained by the intellectual workers of the School. The conclusions of the latter, too, are definite and clean cut, and lack that vague indefiniteness which we have found in the work before us. We are glad, however, to bear tribute to the work of the professor, and to note that he upholds the idea of human immortality and rejects the materialistic view which taints the literary productions of so many of his fellow-workers in the psychological field.

Boston; New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., $1.00.

"New Testament Studies," by Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University, is a school book in which the author endeavors to make the gospel narrative more interesting and instructive to the children of our Catholic schools. This book is the fruit of experience in teaching children for years, and is designed to bring out into bolder relief the principal events of our Lord's life, as they are stated in the sacred Scripture. The catechetical form is, for the most part, employed, but the meaning of the lessons is explained at fuller length by moral reflections and Bible talks, which supplement many of the lessons. Every lesson is founded on a Scripture text, and thus this book attains the double object of making the Bible better known by our children and of impressing upon their minds the principal events of the life of our Lord. Many fine illustrations enhance the interest of the book for children.

New York: Benziger Bros., 60 cents.

The publication of "The World's Unrest," by James Field Spalding, is an event of interest to all students of the religious conditions of to-day. The author, formerly a distinguished divine in the Episcopalian church, now a devoted Catholic, a man of wide and varied read-

ing, the possessor of a finished literary style, sets forth in this volume the position of the Catholic Church in its relation to many problems which are agitating the world and calling for settlement. Most of the essays have originally appeared in the Sacred Heart Review, and their appearance in permanent form will be welcomed by many who recognized their merit and their appropriateness in present conditions. The book is not controversial in tone, but mainly expository, and is a calm, judicious presentment of the position of the Church, of her claims upon the consciences of men, of the reasonableness of her doctrines and their efficacy in applying to the world the remedy which its unrest so sadly needs. In avoiding the technical language of the theologian and bringing to bear upon his subject the resources of the literary man, the author has admirably succeeded in giving a new presentation of the case. After preliminary chapters upon the unrest of the world and the need of supernatural religion expounded by a definite, visible and authoritative Church, the author takes up one by one the principal doctrines of the church and shows how reasonable they are and how well adapted to meet the needs of mankind. Sincerity, joined with Christian forbearance, is the note struck in these essays, and this quality will give them a value with all serious and sincere thinkers, which it would be hard to estimate. We wish for this book the widest possible circulation, as we are convinced that its calm and temperate utterances will bring light to many sincere and anxious inquirers for the truth.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $1.25.

The history of the English novel, its origin, its progress, its rise to universal popularity, its perfection in Thackeray, Dickens and others, and its tendencies in our day, form the subject matter of the briefer edition of an "Introduction to English Fiction," by William Edward Simonds. In the essay on the present tendency of the novel the author discusses the realism of Victor Hugo, Zola, Tolstoi and Ibsen. This is a valuable little hand-book for the student of literature as well as for the general reader.

Boston: D C Heath & Co., 30 cents.

Primarily intended for those professing the religious state, "Striving after Perfection," by Rev. Joseph Banna, S. J., should prove of great benefit to all classes of readers. His pungent, short sentences, full of meaning, admirably enforce the lessons which he teaches, and his pithy way of putting truth before the reader at once arrests and holds his attention. The quotations from sacred Scripture are rich and varied and increase the devotional element of the reflections A good book for meditation or spiritual reading.

New York: Benziger Bros.

"Stories on the Rosary," by Louise Emily Dobree, is the second book of the kind issued by the same author. The present volume consists of tales relating to the five sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary, and, like their predecessors on the five joyful mysteries, are all intensely interesting and may be read by all with enjoyment and profit. The author has a singular faculty in showing, by means of these stories, the wonderful part which the Rosary may play in common, everyday life, and the strong influence which this devotion may exert in the forming and moulding of Christian character. We heartily recommend this little volume.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 50 cents.

Fancy fur collars and collarettes will be worn quite as much this season as last. Many will be made with tab ends, and ornamented with quantities of animal tails and heads. One of the fads is moufflon combined with Persian or krimmer. This was effectively demonstrated in a collarette, with a yoke of krimmer and a wide border around the whole garment of the moufflon fur. Hudson Bay sable and seal is a very stylish combination for collarettes. The animal scarf for the neck is now enjoying fashionable favor, and comes in blue fox and red fox. These scarfs are very lifelike, having the mounted head, as well as the brush and legs. Those interested in muffs will find them in all furs, including chinchilla, ermine, mink, martin, etc. The fox set is quite pretty, consisting of the animal scarf and a muff ornamented with the head, brush and feet of the fox.

If you wish to see these, and have a little time at your disposal, you will find they are but a small part of the magnificent display of furs, a rich and most varied assortment, on exhibition at the store of George L. Griffin & Son, on Washington St., between Summer and Franklin Sts. The Messrs. Griffin are gentlemen's as well as ladies' furnishers and furriers.

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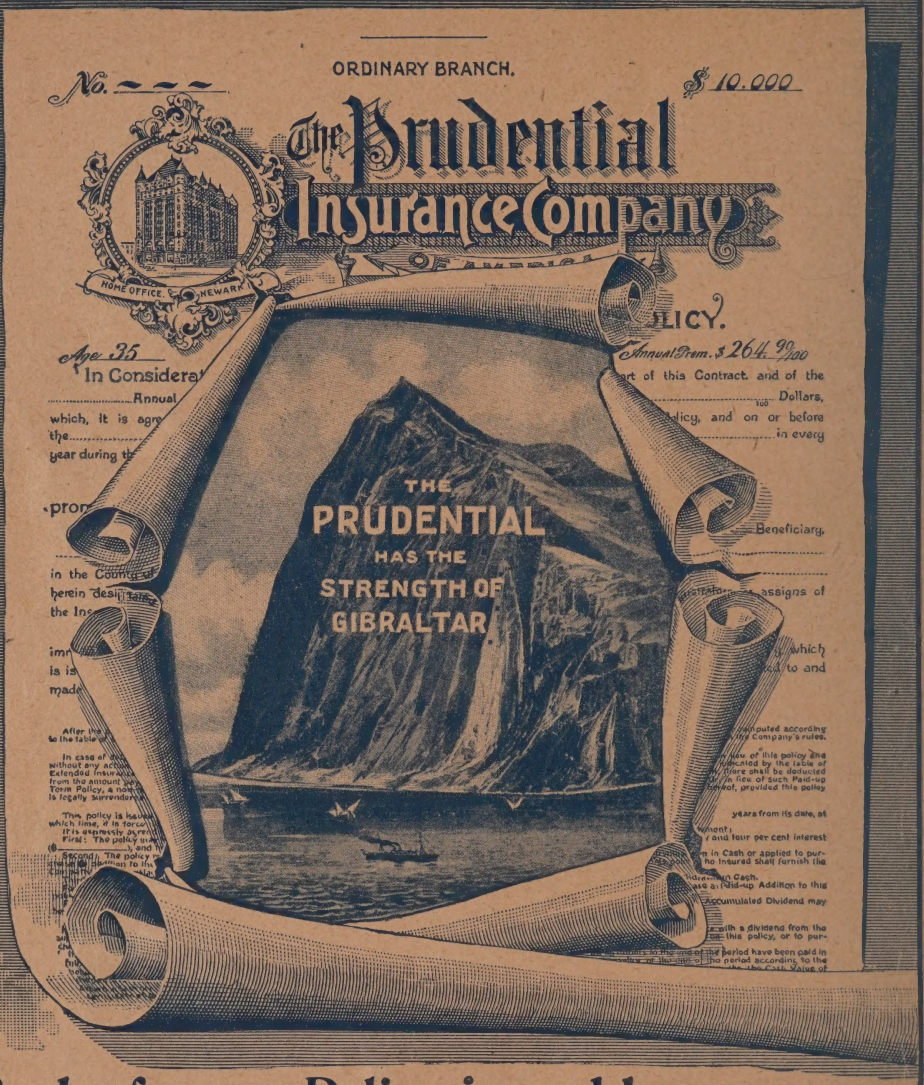

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